



PORTOCARRERO CARDINALIS S.R.E.

*A Monster Strange, we mean, to Shew
A Bishop Halfe and Halfe a Beau:*



PORTOCARRERO CARDINALIS S.R.E.

*A Monster Strange, we mean, to Shew
A Bishop Halfe and Halfe a Beau:*

THE
HISTORY
Political and Gallant
Of the Famous
Card. Portocarrero
Archbishop of *TOLEDO*.

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Done out of French.

L O N D O N,

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THE TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

NOW that all *Europe* is in Expectation to see what will be the Issue of the Duke of *Anjou's* thrusting himself into the Spanish Throne, we thought we cou'd not oblige the World more, than by publishing what Means and what wicked Instruments were made use of to impose a French Prince on the Kingdoms subject to the Crown of *Spain*.

The Translator's Preface.

Every body believ'd that the Duke of *Harcourt*, the French King's Embassador, had gain'd over Cardinal *Portocarrero*, first Minister of State, to the late Catholick King *Charles II*, to his Master *Lewis XIV*'s Interest, by the usual Methods of the French Court, to debauch the faithful Servants of Kings and Princes from their Allegiance to their Sovereign and their People, by Flattery, Deceit, Bribery, Promises and Threats. Sometimes to fawn on them like a Spaniel, and basely to cringe and dissemble as the Envoys of *France* have lately done to the *Swiss Cantons*. At other times, to Hector and Bully them as they not long since did the Republick of *Genoa*. And having by his Clandestine Practices sow'd Divisions in the Spanish Councils, to perswade *Portocarrero* to put himself at the Head of a Faction in favour of the House of *Bourbon*.

'Tis

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'Tis too notorious that the Vulgar pay a blind Obedience to the Priesthood, and the Duke of *Harcourt* was not at all out in his Politicks to begin with the Church, and having secur'd the Archbishop of *Toledo*, Primate of all *Spain*, to his side, the Inferiour Clergy came all over of Course, and the Populace follow wherever they lead them. The Grandees of the Kingdom had nothing to do after this, but to comply with the Madness of the times, and make the best Terms they cou'd for themselves.

The gaining of the Cardinal Primate from the Interests of the House of *Austria*, under whose Government he was born, bred and advanc'd, by whose Recommendation he was promoted to the Roman Purple, and to whose Service he was engag'd to be true, by many solemn Oaths, was a Step which caus'd as much Wonder in the rest of *Christendom* as Resentment. The Nations did not admire to find a Monk false, and a Priest a

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Traytor, the Histories of late times have afforded such frequent Instances of both, that they might very easily believe a Fryer wou'd be a Rogue, when a fair Temptation offer'd. They consider'd that a French Embassador might represent to a Bigotted Cardinal, the Danger of his Religion, if the Spanish Crown shou'd be worn by a Prince in the Confederacy against *France*, most of those Potentates being downright Hereticks : And these Reflexions, with the Promises and Offers, that a French Minister will make on such Occasions, must be too strong for a weak Oath or Engagement, for Duty or Gratitude to resist. Yet when they remember'd how old the Animosity was between the *French* and the *Spaniards* ; that for almost Two Hundred Years, the Two Crowns have been in perpetual War, and that their Subjects are naturally Eremies to one another, they were at a loss to think what Charms the Duke of *Harcourt* work'd with
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to overcome this Hereditary Hatred, and reconcile a *Spaniard* to a *French* Tyranny. Not that the Subjects of *Spain* are more free than the Slaves of *France*, but even in Slavery there's Choice of Masters, and *French* and *Spaniards* alike wou'd be rid by no Tyrant but one of their own Blood. The following History will give great Light into this dark Mystery, and the Reader will there see that of all the Ministers which the Great Monarch has in his Nursery of Embassadors, he cou'd not have pitch'd upon one more fit for his purpose than the Duke of *Harcourt*, who besides his other rare Qualities, was so extraordinarily modest, and self-abasing, that there was nothing so scandalous, no Office so base, which he wou'd not undertake for the Advancement of his Master's Grand Project of the Succession. And the *French* King, who has liv'd long enough, and been at Expence enough to know the Humours

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mours and Passions of all the Ministers in the Courts of *Europe*, and on what side he must attack them, if he wou'd seduce 'em from their Fidelity to their Sovereigns; no doubt, gave the Duke of *Harcourt* some hints, that he shou'd first endeavour to insinuate himself into the Cardinal's Confidence, that he shou'd by all means make himself necessary to him in his Pleasures, and being young, his Presence and Figure wou'd give him Opportunity to furnish himself with the finest Beauties in the Court of *Spain*, which he shou'd present to the Cardinal; for to be sure he knew very well, that as proud and covetous as the Archbishop was, he lov'd a Wench as well as Money or Power.

With these Instructions, *Harcourt* we may suppose departed from *Paris*, to *Madrid*, and carry'd with him Bills of Exchange sufficient to debauch a Nunnery; but how he proceeded
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in his Embassy, how he fell into the Cardinal's intimate Acquaintance, and behav'd himself in his Post of *Procurer*, how he provided him with Beauties, disencumber'd him of his Bastards, dispos'd of his cast Mistresses, and engag'd the Cardinal by it so deeply on his side, that he prevail'd with him to sacrifice all that a Man of Honour holds dear, his own Liberty, and that of his Country, to his Friendship, we shall not repeat here, but refer the Reader to the Author of this Work, which was written by a Frenchman, and is now render'd into English for the Satisfaction and Diversion of all true Englishmen.

We are apprehensive that some over nice People will be apt to think we have taken too much Liberty with the Character of a Person of such Reverence, as the Archbishop of *Toledo*, and may condemn the Translator as guilty of all the Author's

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Scandal, by making it publick to the English Reader.

The Author's own Preface is a Justification of his Design, and we believe ~~he~~ has sufficiently excus'd himself in the matter; for if there is living upon the Face of the Earth, a Priest, let him be never so highly dignify'd, who for his private Interest, and the satisfying his Lust of Power or Money, shall betray the common Cause of *Christendom* to the Tyranny of the French King, there is not in humane Speech a Name foul enough to mark him with. To spare such a Person out of Complaisance to his Function, is a Piece of Civility that is against Reason and Justice, and Mercy in that Case is Cruelty.

We wou'd by no means be thought to encourage the ridiculous Mirth of some People, who are never witty, but at the Expence of the Clergy, whose Jest turn all on the Priesthood,
and

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and who treat the Divine Laws, and the Dispensors of them with equal Freedom and Contempt. 'Tis certainly a poor Pretence to wit, to imitate the common Place Satyr of Farce-makers, and infamous Buffoons, whose Quarrel with the Clergy is in Defence of Vice and Atheism, and to justify their own Immoralities they wou'd represent the best of Men to be as wicked as themselves.

This is an Error on the one Hand; and on the other, those are guilty of Folly and Injustice, that wou'd spare a Traytor to his Country and Religion, a Betrayer of the Cause he is engag'd in by his Lewdness and Impiety for the sake of his Cloth, as the fashionable Clergy affect to call their Cassocks. Bad Priests, are of all Men the most dangerous in a State, because the People generally govern themselves by their Example.

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I have known a sober learned, Religious Minister, reform a drunken, gaming, whoring Parish, by the exemplary Virtues which he practic'd among them by the sweetness, of his Behaviour, and the strictness of his Life.

And on the contrary, many a drunken, factious, litigious, gaming Pastor has been the ruin of his Flock, and common Experience shews us, that those who value the welfare of their own Souls, and their Neighbours, ought to deal with such a one as a publick Nuisance, and happy wou'd it be for *Christendom*, if by Impunity they were not become Satyr Proof, and being exempted from secular Punishment they did not desie Reflection.

We wou'd not as the Author of the *Short View* insinuates, be thought to aim at our own Clergy, by our falling on the Musti or the Pope. We suppose we may with safety
speak

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Speak freely of a Cardinal and Bishop of *Taleda*, without giving Offence to the Heads of our Orthodox Church, and if any one is unreasonably offended, he must reconcile the Work to his Spleen without our Assistance.

As for the truth of this History, we have contented our selves with the Author's Memoirs, without enquiring farther into the Matter -- And we are not accountable for them, whether they are authentick, or otherwise, all that we shall say, is, that 'tis very much in Verisimilitude, that a Monk who can be guilty of so damnable a piece of Treason, as to sell many Millions of his Fellow Subjects for Slaves, wou'd make no manner of Scruple to keep a Whore or two, and cut the Throats of their Offspring.

The Stile of this History is suited to the Subject, the French Author consider'd he was writing of a *Spaniard*, and endeavour'd in his Language and Similes, which are very of--

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often lofty and irregular to imitate the Spanish Fustian, and Hyperboles. The Translator knowing the English are not so fond of unnatural Flights as their Neighbours, has reduc'd the Stile and the Metaphors nearer to the Standard of Nature and Reason than he found them.

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THE
AUTHOR'S
PREFACE.

THE Work I am about to Publish, will have different Censures past on it. I doubt not, but some Persons will condemn my Undertaking, and accuse me for daring to attack an Archbishop, to publish the amorous Intrigues of a Man of so eminent a Character.

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Charactor, who has distinguish'd himself by his Ability and Industry and whom Posterity can never enough admire for his Politicks.

— However, when these severe Judges consider a little with themselves, and reflect that we cannot say any thing too bad, of a Man who so ill employs the Talent God has put into his Hands, I believe they will not so much disapprove of my Enterprize; and if they don't publicly commend my Zeal, they will at least be glad that I have done it.

I don't deny but that Cardinal Portocarrero deserves equally to be admir'd, and esteem'd as well for the Penetration of his Judgment, as for his Subtilty in Poetical Affairs. Yet these good Qualities are
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so confounded with his Vices, so tarnish'd by the Wickedness of his Corrupt Nature, that we ought to have very little Respect for them.

What can be more a crying Sin, than to forge a Will, not only to exclude from the Crown of Spain, the Prince whom God and Nature ordain'd to wear it, but also impudently to despise the greatest part of the Potentates of Europe.

I confess 'tis against the Christian Law, and the Maxims of Piety, to divulge the faults of our Neighbour, and to set the Sins which he committed in Secret, to the view of the whole World. But we live in an Age, when 'tis impossible to hide another's Vices and Crimes without

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running the risk of being accus'd to palliate or approve them.

Besides, my Design is not to defame Portocarrero.

Neque enim alterius Exprobratio, seu accusatio, sed proprium delictum infamat.

I only endeavour to prove the truth of a common Observation. That the Person who is not ashamed, knowingly, and deliberately to commit one Sin, opens a Door to let in all others.

Be it as it will, I have ventur'd to expose this History to the publick. If it likes my Performance, such Approbation may encourage me to go on with the second part.
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If I have the Misfortune to be mistaken, I shall not break my Heart about it, but satisfy my self with this Consideration, that my Zeal for the good of Mankind hinder'd me from concealing such Crimes, and put me on exposing them to the Judgment of all Men of Worth and Honour.

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The Author's Preface.

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OF
Card. Portocarrero
Political and Gallant.

THE King of Great Britain having put a stop to the French King's Conquests, and reduc'd that Proud Monarch to a necessity of demanding a Peace, which had been so much desir'd. All Europe began to recover themselves after the Fatigues of a Long and Cruel War, that had drain'd the People of their Blood and Treasure. There was no Nation suffer'd more by it than Spain. Her Ancient Valour and Fame were no more. They were past like a Dream,

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and her Crown which was once so Powerful was now in such a tottering State that it cou'd scarce support its self. But when the Treaty of *Ryswick* was concluded, and the Towns and Territories which *Lewis* the XIV. had ravish'd from Her were restor'd, She conceiv'd Hopes that her Empire wou'd be re-establish'd. She rejoyc'd to see her several Languishing Kingdoms lift up their drooping Heads. Yet her Joy was mix'd with Fear, the ill State of the King's Health took away much of the pleasure of the Peace, His Indisposition threatning her with a new Revolution. Her self and her Neighbours were uneasy on that account, and in pain to know what a turn 'twou'd give to Affairs if such a Misfortune should happen.

The *Spanish Clergy* who are not so entirely taken up with Spiritual Matters, but they find leisure to meddle with Temporal, busy'd themselves more than ordinarily in this which indeed was of the last consequence, there being no Successor declar'd had his Catholic Majesty dy'd at that Juncture. The sum of their Priests Religion is to seduce the most resolute, and lead 'em to Atheism and Impiety, and instead of directing
others

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others in the way to Heaven, it teaches them to study how to grow great in this World, to advance themselves to Honours and Offices, and render themselves capable of the Government of Nations.

The Famous Cardinal *Portocarrero* Archbishop of *Toledo*, first Person in the Kingdom next the King, had a long while been hatching a Poysonous Viper in his Bosom, and at last brought it to Light. 'Tis surprizing to think how he was able for so many Years to hide his Ambition, and Avarice, which *France* had promis'd to surfeit with Riches and Power if he wou'd espouse her Interest, and how he cou'd meditate so important an Affair as the Succession to the Crown, and betraying his Country without giving jealousy to so many wary *Spaniards* as were concern'd to oppose him. Tho' Covetousness and Pride are the peculiar Vices of Old Age, yet the *Cardinal* had still an Inclination to the Sins of his Youth. He consider'd that Business is a Course Diet of it self, that it might be convenient for a Man of his Years to relish it with an Amour: And by the singular dexterity of the *Romish* Priesthood, reconcil'd his Love with

his Politicks making the one subservient to the other.

It fell out by a lucky accident, that he Contracted a Friendship with the *Conde Montagno* a Grandee of *Spain*, who all his Life-time had been conversant in Intrigues of State, and was perfect Master of those Mysteries. *Montagno* was transported with the good Fortune of his Acquaintance, hoping to improve his Quality and Interest to his Advantage. He often invited him to his House, and treated him so nobly and so chearfully that he got what he meant by it the Favour and Confidence of the *Cardinal*. Besides his Fine Gardens and Flow'ry Walks, and an Entertainment of the most delicious Fruits which that Rich Country cou'd afford. He Presented to him the Lovely *Montpelliere*, whom he had Marry'd in *France*. She was Young and Charming, her Husband Ugly and Old, her Complexion was as Fair and Clear as a Bright Morning. Her Eyes more Brilliant than Eastern Diamonds: The Roses and Lilies dwelt on her Cheeks. Her Breasts swelling like two little Hills of Snow, threaten'd those that ventur'd on them with Ruin and Death. She was all that Fancy

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can Paint or Love Desire. Her Birth was as Illustrious as her Beauty, and her Wit distinguish'd her so much in the *French Court*, that She every day increas'd the Number of her Adorers. But *Montagno* was the happy Man who bore away the Lovely Prize from a World of Rivals. The King of *Spain* sent him to *Paris* to negotiate some Affairs for him at the Court of *France*; where he saw this celebrated Lady, and at the first glance catch'd the Disease with which She infected all that approach'd her. He cou'd not presently imagine that 'twas possible for a Man of his Age to be in Love, till the Fires that sparkled in his Eyes discover'd, that at Threescore he was sick of the Distemper which had troubled him at Sixteen; and he cou'd think of nothing but of warming his frozen debilitated Limbs in the Arms of the Adorable *Montpellier*. He lost no time, but discover'd his Passion the very day that he saw her first; and tho' the Lady cou'd not without regret think of throwing away her Youth and Beauty on a Man of his Age. Yet considering his Quality and immense Riches she suffer'd her Pride to prevail over her Pleasure, and accepted of him for her

Husband. 'Twas this Charming *French* Woman that wounded the *Cardinal* to the Heart. He felt a Thousand Emotions at the sight of her, and not being able to support the Violence of his Desires, without getting time to breath, recover'd himself of the Confusion she put him in, he took his leave of her and went Home.

He endeavoured afterwards by his Affiduity and Services to gain upon her Affections; and notwithstanding he was old enough to think of something else, and that his Episcopal Function render'd his design the more Criminal: Yet consulting his Glass he flatter'd himself that there was something meritorious in his Person, and the Image of the Fair *Montpellier*, which was still present to his mind, and haunted him in his Closet and in his Chappel, wou'd never let him be at rest. All his Reasons against his Passion were of no Force: For as often as he thought of her the Hopes of Fruition triumph'd over his Fear and his Virtue, and he resolv'd to make it his whole Business to shorten his expectation, and by possessing, ease him of the Pains he was in to possess her.

Her carriage was so civil and obliging that he was vain enough to fancy the
small

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small favours he had receiv'd from her were encouragement to demand greater, and if he cou'd manage his Intrigue with as much cunning as was requisite in so nice a matter he might hope to be happy. Yet there were so many difficulties to be overcome that he was frequently at a loss, how to proceed and made his Secretary *Don Fernando* his Confident in his Amour, intending to employ him in it; either to save Money by saving his Personal Visits: For Lovers at his Years have sometime so much caution, or to prevent the shame of a denial if she shou'd not prove as kind as he expected. He communicated to his Trusty Secretary how much he was smitten with the Young Countess, and commanded him to counterfeit the Lover and address himself to *Livia*, *Montpellier's* Woman, to sift out of her, her Mistress's Disposition towards him. He bad him assure *Livia* that his utmost Ambition was to merit her good graces, and to insinuate that he wou'd marry her, by which means he might have the free access to the Countess, and when he had gone so far, and was well receiv'd by *Madam Montpelliere* for his good will to her Maid, that then he shou'd tell

her Lady in ambiguous terms of his Masters Passion for her. The *Cardinal* undertook to introduce him to the *Conde Montagno*, and give him an opportunity to make an acquaintance with him, that he might the more easily and safely execute his Commission, and in the meanwhile he wou'd himself wait to see what Time and Fortune wou'd do for him.

After he had dispos'd of his Affair in this manner, he continu'd his attendance at Court. Where the next day in the Afternoon he met the Count: They reciprocally complemented each other on the last Visit; and *Portocarrero* told *Montagno* that his Secretary *Fernando* had Ogled his Lady's Woman so much, he was become desperately in Love. That he did not doubt if the Count wou'd be so kind as to encourage it, his Suit wou'd be successful, and a word from *Montagno* wou'd do the Business. The Count was ravish'd with the *Cardinals* Proposition. He said he was Proud of an occasion to shew his Affection and Respect for his Eminence, and desir'd him to take a turn or two in his Garden. Which was all that *Portocarrero* wanted of him, they presently took Coach and went to *Montagno's* Gardens, where they found the
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Countess entertaining her self with the delightful Solitude of a Summers Evening. The Western Breezes perfum'd her Walks with the sweet Odours of Orange, Citron and Jessamine Bowers, through which the Sun declining darted his gentle Rays. The Cardinal seated himself by her in one of those Fragrant Arbors, and *Fernando* who attended him, in the midst of their Conversation touch'd his Lute, and play'd a soft sighing air which equally surpriz'd and pleas'd them.

I see, says *Montagno*, you have an Infallible Secret to reach Poor *Livia's* Heart, and I assure you, you have a zealous Advocate in me. *Fernando* thank'd him very respectfully, saying, he had no more to wish for than the continuance of his Favour. They rose from their Seats, and soon after *Montagno* to divert the Cardinal who seem'd melancholy, carry'd him to see his Cascades and Waterworks. Alas Poor Man! 'tis not all the Water in thy Fountains can quench the fires in *Portocarrero's* Breast: Didst thou know the Subject of his sadness, and that thy Wife can only cure his Disease: Thou woultst not be so ready to Pity a Traytor, who comes to

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rob Thee of thy Honour, and bring an Eternal disgrace on thy Name.

Little did the Count imagine that he was accessory to his own Shame, and his Wives guilty Joys. What shall one say? So Fate wou'd have it, and *Montagno* was not the first Fool that has lay'n such Obligations on his Rival. The *Cardinal's* Love fit encreasing, he pretended his Melancholy was the symptome of a dangerous Distemper that threaten'd him, and excusing himself for leaving the Count so soon he return'd home. Where he reflected on his Present Condition, complaining that since he had first seen the Countess, Peace had been a Stranger to him, and that seeing her again, which he believ'd wou'd give him some ease, rather increas'd than diminish'd his Pain.

Oh Flattering Fortune, he cry'd, why dost thou trouble my repose? Why didst thou present me with the means to enjoy the Woman I love, and in a moment ravish it from me. Why am I more enflam'd, if thou wilt never relieve me. And what have I done to provoke thee to torture me beyond my strength? Go on, I know this deceit, thou delightest to persecute me, and by the
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Number of thy Victories wou'dst reduce me to a Condition the most deplorable of Mankind. Thy Artifices are in vain and shall never disturb my Soul. Ah unhappy — Here he broke off his Amorous Soliloquy, and the disorders of his Mind growing greater; he threw himself on his Bed, to try whether sleep a Friend to other Cares, was a relief to Love the most troublesome of all. Let us leave him to his Dreams and Visions, and seek out *Fernando* in *Montagno's* Gardens; where with his Voice and his Lute, he is carrying on his attacks on the Countess's Heart and her Womans. The Count when his Company was gone went back to Court, and the Countess bad *Fernando* follow her with his Musick to a place where *Eccho* wou'd add a double Pleasure to his Harmony. She led him to the side of a little River, which ran through the Garden, and seating her self on the Bank, she commanded *Fernando* to sit: Who resting himself against a spreading Palm that hung over the Stream, tun'd his Voice to his Instrument, and entertain'd the Lovely Countess with a Song the softest he cou'd think of, to inspire the Lady with
tender

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tender Sentiments of which she was of
her self too susceptible.

S O N G. I.

*See Sylvia, see a Captive Swain
By Love and you undone,
As Bold as Icarus, and Vain
To soar so near the Sun.*

II.

*The Burning Heat he feels and fears,
With Waxen Wings to fly,
And higher as he mounts despairs,
To reach the distant Skie.*

III.

*With Trembling like a guilty Slave
He waits your last decree;
A Word from you will kill or save,
Will bind or let him free.*

IV.

*Then hear him and with Love comply
Ere Pity comes too late;
Ah! do not to his ruin try
The Rigor of your hate.*

He had scarce ended his Song, but
the Countess looking about and sighing
said, do you know Fernando the Author
of these Verses: Yes Madam reply'd
the Spaniard too well, they were the
last words of the Illustrious Prince Da-
vantes, who dy'd some Months since. The
Countess chang'd Colour, and having
re-

recover'd her self out of her surprise, she turn'd to him saying, is he then Dead *Fernando*? He answer'd, I know nothing to the contrary; the Countess reply'd, he has made a good exchange, of this Mortal for an Immortal State, and the Shades in Paradise by the benefit of his Conversation will have their Joy still the more perfect. Tell me sincerely *Fernando*, was his Mind as amiable as his Body; did they resemble one another, and might we Judge of his Person by his Wit? His Mind, *Fernando* answer'd, was without blemish, the only fault that cou'd be found with it was that Love, the cause of his untimely end, was entirely Master there. The Countess continu'd, pray who was the Fair one that held this Unfortunate Lover in such hard Bondage? You put me close to it Madam, reply'd *Fernando*, I dare not name her before you; fear nothing said the Countess, interrupting him, you may venture to confide in me. *Fernando* took Breath a little and proceeded in his Discourse thus. Since you will know all Madam, I must confess freely 'twas the Beauty of the Incomparable *Montpellier* which charm'd *Durantes*, who seeing there were no hopes that his

his Flame cou'd ever mingle with hers, generously bore the Pain of his Love without complaining, and never suffer'd it to disturb the Innocent Cause of his Torment, but kept it to himself till Death in Pity put an end to it.

Ah cry'd the Countess, overwhelm'd with grief, do not any longer impose upon my Patience. At these words one might perceive her fury fly into her Face: Her Eyes like lightning darted on *Fernando's* and *Livia*, fearing for her Lover, the effects of her Lady's displeasure interpos'd and endeavour'd to appease Her, who was in a violent rage, that *Fernando* knowing the miserable State of the Amorous Prince had not apply'd to her to relieve him, before it came to such Extremity. Wretch as thou art! She cry'd, why didst thou let the poor Prince dye so cruel a Death? Is *Montpellier* so void of Charity as to murder so generous a Person? Cou'd she have refus'd a small Favour to him that had endur'd so much for her? Ah wicked *Fernando*, thou hast touch'd me to the quick, and most sensibly injur'd me, where I am most sensible of an Injury. *Fernando* affecting to excuse himself, said, I am sorry Madam, I have drawn your
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Ladyships Indignation on me. However since my silence has been so fatal, I hope my free Confession in what I am about to say will restore me to your Favour: When I have told you, that his Pale Corps lies now embalm'd in the Monastery of St. *Lawrence*, and that by my Interest in the Monks I can procure you a sight of it. The Countess was so mightily concern'd at the Princes Misfortune, that She Mourn'd over him as at the loss of a Lover, and resolv'd to go as soon as possible, and visit the Body of her departed Gallant.

She was up next Morning as early as the Sun, and agitated by different Passions, in contemplation of the Fortune of the generous Stranger, She call'd *Livia* to dress her in Mourning. The Count her Husband was rode forth to Hunt, and by his absence she had Liberty to do what she pleas'd. When she was dress'd in her Weeds, she took Coach and hasten'd to the Cloyster of St. *Lawrence*, Seven Leagues from *Madrid*, where she expected to find her pretended Prince deceas'd.

Fernando and a Troop of Monks receiv'd her at the Gate of the Monastery, and shew'd her all imaginable Respect. They

They conducted her to the Place where the Corps were said to be deposited. The Fryers pity'd him and her, and *Fernando* open'd the Door of the depositary. *Durantes* was seated in a stately Elbow Chair of green Velvet, he had a light Perruque on, his pale Body was richly apparell'd, and in his hand he held a Branch of Myrtle, an Emblem of Conquest. The Countess, at the sight, cou'd not contain her Grief, nor hinder the Passage of some Sighs, which flew from her fair Bosom to Heaven; deploring the sad Destiny of the Defunct. *Fernando* took off a Picture which hung at a Button of his Coat, and gave it to the Countess, she trembled when she saw 'twas her own in miniature. At her Feet a Man was drawn, as hiding himself, the Tears trickling down his Cheeks.

Hitherto she had not Power to say a word, her Attention being wholly taken up in admiring the rareness of the Adventure; yet she made signs to *Fernando*, that she was extremely sensible of the Prince's hard Hap. She softly approach'd to the lifeless Body, and out of Gratitude, was Tempted to kiss his wan Lips, but when she saw there was motion in it, she cry'd, Ah *Fernando*!

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let us be gone, least any Misfortune should happen, and his Spirit shou'd do us a Mischief. No, my Lovely Countess, says *Durantes*, I conjure you by Love, not to fly, since Destiny has brought me to Life again, and Fortune has given me this Consolation, and here I solemnly swear to be for ever Yours, and Yours alone. When he had done speaking he rose from his Seat, and fell at her Feet in the Equipage he was in. *Montpellier* wou'd have retir'd, and *Durantes* thus complaining held her; Ah my Angel! If you have any Sentiments of Pity in your Heart, grant that a Man risen from the Dead may have a share of them. 'Tis you alone that can restore to my dim Eyes, the glorious Light of Love, and revive and quicken me by the Possession of the most charming Beauty that Nature ever form'd.

The Adventure was every way so extraordinary and surprizing, Madam *Montpellier* could not tell what to make of it, she look'd upon his Discourse as a Deception or a Dream; but recollecting her self she answer'd: Ah my *Durantes*! I dare not trust my Eyes, nor can I be sure that what I behold is living or dead: If I cou'd believe my Senses, I shou'd
think

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think your Ghost wou'd perswade me not to mourn, as I have done for your Death, nor rebel against the Will of Heaven. Assure your self however, that as long as I enjoy the Light of the Sun, my Heart shall be an Altar, on which I will daily offer Sacrifice to the Honour of your Memory. *Durantes* embracing her, she sigh'd, and the Prince cry'd out in a Rapture, my Life! my Soul! You've been too long deceiv'd, *Durantes* is not dead, he lives; and all he asks, is, that you'l give him as much Love, as now he brings to you, or else he swears he's ready to die a Thousand Deaths. Oh! No reply'd the Countess, if *Durantes* is alive, let him live: Take, Take my Prince your faithful *Montpelliere*, she gives her self entirely to you, and if you permit her to live in your Heart, she wishes for nothing more. She said these words with an Air, so natural and so sincere, that *Durantes* had no room to doubt of her Love. He was transported with his Success, and catching her in his Arms, he greedily gather'd the Roses and Lillies on her Cheeks and Lips, and at her Mouth, which had made so agreeable Discovery of her Inclination, took Possession of her Heart.

So

So great was their mutual Joy, that they were a while stupid with Extasie, and stood motionless; at last *Durantes* breaking silence, ask'd her. Can you after this, My Soul? Love me as a Monk, and not as a Prince? I am bound in Gratitude to sacrifice my future Liberty to the Society of these Religious, who said so many Prayers for my Resurrection, and to vow my self of their Brotherhood. Ah Prince, the Countess reply'd, what fatal Necessity obliges me to submit to Fortune. How is it possible, that so heavenly a Mind as yours should be subject to the Miseries of this World. No Aimable *Montpellier*, *Durantes* answer'd, no do not think that all Ecclesiasticks throw off their Humanity with their Lay-Habits. Our common Mother Nature inspires us all with the same Desires, 'tis in vain to shut our selves up in obscure Cells, Love finds us out in our Obscurity, and mingles with our Devotion. Happen what will, says *Montpellier*, you shall always be my dear Prince: He reply'd, well, now I shall the more joyfully surrender my self a Prisoner to Love; and shou'd you pity my Sufferings, I shall with Patience endure the most severe Pennances that our Order can inflict,

fiſt, though they were to laſt to my Life's end. But tell me, he continu'd, may not Cardinal *Portocarrero* have a Place in your Heart at the ſame time with Prince *Durantes*? This Queſtion confounded *Montpellier*, till ſhe reflected on the Circumſtances of the Adventure, that 'twas *Fernando*, the Cardinal's Secretary, who brought her thither, that *Portocarrero* had himſelf made her ſeveral Viſits, which probably had rais'd *Durantes* Jealouſie, and that he ſuſpected ſhe might think well of him. To diſabuſe him, ſhe told him: Ah Prince, how miſtruſtful you are, do you imagine I cou'd love a Monk that is almoſt a ſtranger to me, with whom I never exchang'd a Word, except once or twice, when he lately came to ſee my Husband. You make me Melancholly, ſays *Durantes*: The Counteſs ask'd him, for what? Can you from this draw any Inferences prejudicial to my Fidelity. To cure you of your Suſpicions at once, I aſſure you he ſhall never ſee me more. *Durantes* answer'd, then at once you have ruin'd all my Hopes; for if *Portocarrero* muſt never pretend to your Favour, *Durantes* is for ever baniſh'd from the Bleſſing. Here he fell on his Knees, to unfold the Myſtery

stery to her, and pursu'd his Discourse in Expressions like these. My Lovely Countess, you behold a Cardinal at your Feet, and not a Prince. No *Durantes*, but the unhappy *Portocarrero*, who till now, durst not aspire to the Honour of your Friendship. A lucky Accident has given him an Opportunity to make his Passion known to you; and by this Stratagem, to inform you there is nothing of which he is so ambitious, as of your Favour. Forgive the deceit my charming *Montpelliere*, and love *Portocarrero* in the Person of *Durantes*, to whom your Beauty will certainly prove Mortal, unless you permit him to enjoy it. When your Husband shewing me all his Treasures presented you first to my Eyes, the Fire of Love kindled immediately in my Breast, and 'tis only in your Power to quench it. 'Tis to no purpose for you to refuse me the Blessing: Your Cruelty cannot cure my Love, and in the midst of my Torments I shall always adore you, and be ready to sacrifice my Life to your Resentment. At these words he clasp'd her in his Embraces, Printed his humid Kisses on her Lips, and they were both in such Transports,

sports, that one wou'd have thought they mutually exchang'd Souls in the Extasie. Her Vertue was too weak to resist the amorous Cardinal, and her Love for the false *Durantes* was so violent she could hold out no longer, but gave her self up entirely to the Man who was so impatient to enjoy her. When they had been about two Hours together, tasting the Pleasures of their new Raptures, the Fryers who left the Countess and *Fernando* when they enter'd the depositary began to make a noise in the Antichamber, where *Fernando* had past his time well enough with *Livia*. The Monks came to acquaint him, that they were ready to shew the Countess the Quire of their Monastery. *Portocarrero* hearing that the Brothers were without, desir'd the Countess to permit him to put off his Princes Dress, and resume that of a Cardinal, which she willingly granted, the rather because she wou'd not have the Fryers know more of her Adventure. She left the Cardinal, and went into the Antichamber, where she talk'd with the Monks till he had dress'd himself, and came out to wait upon her. The Fryers, who are greedy of gain, as soon as *Portocarrero* enter'd the Antichamber, lead them

them forth to shew them their Treasures and Relicks ; they diverted themselves in the agreeable Walks, form'd by the Branches of Trees which stood in Rows in the Inner-Court. At one Corner of the Court the Body of the Saint is deposited, to whose Honour *Philip II*, built the Monastery, and over it is a Cross of Stone curiously wrought : The Building is square, and about 100 Foot round ; in each Angle is a fine Tower, the Doors are of Marble, the Nails gilded, which by the Reflexion of the Sun in his Meridian, shine like Stars. The Church is adorn'd with the Statues of the Six last Kings of *Spain* all made of Alabaster, having Crowns of Gold on their Heads, and Scepters in their Hands. The Glass of the Window is set in gilded Lead, and the Bars are of beaten Brass.

Tho' the outside is so surprizing, the Wonders within we must confess are more admirable, and 'tis difficult to determine which is greatest, the King's Liberality, or the Workman's Art. When you enter, you perceive a stately Alter of brown Marble, and cannot without Admiration behold the gilded Statues with which 'tis encompass'd. On each side there are always burning Four and
Twenty

Twenty Tapers of white Wax in Silver Sconces ; at the opening of the Quire there stands a Chrystal Mirror, which shews all that is to be seen in the Church in double. The Countess cou'd not forbear admiring the Treasures in it, and own'd freely, that she believ'd there was not any thing in *France* so rare and so rich. Her commending the sight, made the Monks more eager to shew her their greatest Rarity, a precious Stone, about which the Artist had been seven Years at work to polish it : 'Twas a Jasper clear and well polish'd, enrich'd with the fairest Diamonds that the Sun e'er shin'd upon, which a long while held the Eyes of the Spectators as it were in Extasie. The Tomb of the Emperor *Charles V*, and the Reliques belonging to the Church are not the least of its Ornaments.

Night approaching gave the Countess notice that 'twas time for her to go home, so she took her leave of the Fryers, and presented them with a Silver Lamp, which Night and Day was to burn in the Vestry, to illuminate the Brilliant of the Diamonds that were about the Jasper. She also took her leave of Cardinal *Portocarrero*, with an
Air,

Air, the most obliging in the World, and having again and again assur'd him of her Constancy, she promis'd to give him another meeting as soon as he pleas'd. She then took Coach and hasten'd to meet her Husband at a Country House he had a League from *Madrid*, where she found him returning from hunting, weary and sleepy, and by no means qualify'd to receive a Lady of her Temper, as was necessary, when her Imagination had been wrought up to a Pitch by the more vigorous *Durantes*. But for better for worse, she was oblig'd to accept of him for her Bed-fellow. After the Lady was gone, nothing was so insupportable to *Portocarrero*, as her Absence, to see her so soon snatch'd out of his Arms; and his only Comfort was, that he hop'd to have a private Affignation with her very suddenly. We must leave 'em to their Amours, and return to *Madrid*, where the Inhabitants were tasting the sweets of Peace, of which they had been so long depriv'd. Every one there, as in the other Parts of *Europe*, enjoy'd an agreeable Tranquility: The Head and the Members, the Great and the Small, the Kings and their Subjects alike thro' *Christendom*,

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selves

selves in the Pleasures of Peace. The Princes of the Empire had recall'd their auxiliary Troops out of the low Countries, the Garrisons were evacuated, and and the Soldiers disbanded: However, the French King had quite other thoughts in his Head. There was great likelihood that the King of *Spain* wou'd in a short time depart this Life without leaving an Heir behind him, for his Health was so crazy, there were no hopes of his continuing much longer, or of his having a Successor of his own Blood to reign over the Spanish Empire, which set *Lewis XIV*, on contriving how to get that Crown into his Clutches. 'Tis true, the authentick Renunciation which his Wife, the late Queen, made of her Pretensions to that Monarchy was a great Obstacle to his Designs. But when he saw that a general Peace had put an end to all Differences, he thought he had met with a favourable Opportunity by his accustom'd Flatteries to gain the Heart of so fearful and feeble a Prince as *Charles II*, of *Spain*. And above all, to get over the celebrated and subtle Cardinal *Portocarrero*, to his Interest. In this View, he order'd the Duke of *Harcourt* his Ambassador at *Madrid*, to demand

Cardinal *Portocarrero*. 27

mand publick Audience of the Court, and in his Name, to make all imaginable Protestations of the Sincerity of his Intentions to keep the Peace, and that he desir'd nothing more earnestly than to see the Spanish Monarchy in a Condition to recover her ancient Splendor, to which he wou'd contribute by the strict Tye of an inviolable Friendship.

Portocarrero was by this time return'd to *Madrid* from his Pilgrimage to the Cloyster of *St. Laurence*, and being the second Man in *Spain*, and a Person without whose Advice there was nothing done in the Kingdom, his Catholick Majesty gave him to understand the Demand of the French Ambassador, and that he desir'd his Eminence to assist at the Ceremony. Which was put off to the third Day after the Duke had demanded Audience. *Harcourt*, like a cunning Minister, had so dextrously and so warmly represented the Benefit of his Master's Offers, that there were but few who were not deceiv'd by him, and who did not expect to draw very considerable Advantages from this Union, scarce any one perceiving the Hook that the Bait was hung out to tempt 'em to.

The Ambassador presented the King of Spain with the *Great Monarch's* Picture, set in Diamonds, above it was a Crown of the same Stones, and in the middle, a rich Emerald.

When the Compliments on the King's Part and the Ambassador's were over, the Duke of *Harcourt* was conducted to the Hall of Audience in a Magnificent Apartment: The Cardinal, and several Grandees, whose Presence render'd the Solemnity the more illustrious, attended the King and the Ambassador to his Audience. A little while after the Tables were cover'd, and the Cardinal sumptuously treated the Duke. The King by his Countenance, and manner of deporting himself, easily discover'd that the French King's Proposal had not displeas'd him.

Night put an end to the Feast, and every Man went home very well satisfy'd, only Cardinal *Portocarrero* could not sleep, his Heart was so full of Disquiet and Trouble. At Day break, he call'd his dear Secretary to him, and told him of the Anguish of his Soul, and that the lovely *Montpellier* could only quench the Fires that consum'd him. Ah *Fernando* ! help me, he cry'd, to pull
out

Cardinal *Portocarrero*. 29

out of my Heart the Arrow with which Love has wounded me: I believe that by shutting my self up in a Cloyster, my Vow wou'd have assisted me in recovering my former Repose. Alas! How dearly shou'd I pay for it on these Terms, and how uncertain is the Means I propos'd for my Cure. *Fernando* endeavour'd to find out a Remedy to the Violence of the Cardinal's Passion, and remembring *Livia* had told him the Evening before, that the Count would all the next Day, and the following Night be oblig'd to stay at the Council, he told *Portocarrero* that he cou'd never have a better Opportunity to pass his time happily with the Countess, he advis'd him to visit her as her Director; for says he, if you do not hide your Intrigue with the Cloak of Religion, *Montagno*, who is a jealous Old Gentleman will certainly suspect something. Upon which, the Cardinal came to a Resolution, that in the dusk of the Evening he wou'd go to the Countess, and hugg'd himself with the fancy that he might do it with Facility, and without Noise.

But it often happens that when we think we are nearest the Enjoyment of our Wishes, we are then farthest off of

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it. Our Imaginations are like Telescopes, which shew those Objects to be just by us, which are most distant. Thus this unpremeditated Visit produc'd an Effect quite contrary to what he design'd, and caus'd a terrible Confusion and Trouble in the Lover and the Lady : For when he open'd her Closet Door, he found the Countess lock'd fast in the Arms of the Duke of *Harcourt*, who was one of her Acquaintance in *France*. *Montpellier* hearing the Door open got loose, apprehending 'twas the Count her Husband, and left the Duke in the greatest Consternation in the World, but being a young Man who did not want Courage, when he perceiv'd in what Equipage the new Visitor came, and that it was not the Count he flew like a Fury with his Sword in his Hand upon the poor Bishop of *Toledo*, and struck him several times with it, the Weapon found Passage thro' his Cowl, and the Blood colour'd his Gown, which had like to have made a Discovery.

The Countess in the Surprize she was in, cou'd not stay in the Antichamber, whither she ran out of her Closet, she believ'd still 'twas the Count her Husband,

Cardinal *Portocarrero*. 31

band, and rail'd at the Duke for treating him so barbarously ; she fell on him, call'd him Murderer, Traytor, who came to dishonour her House, and who, since he cou'd not himself be quiet at home, was resolv'd to disturb the Quiet of others : Then embracing the Cardinal, Ah my dear Lord, says she, wiping her Eyes, where have you been? How impatient was I to see you, for 'tis you alone that can defend me from the bloody Hands of this Assassin, and deliver me from that Monster, and revenge the Affront he wou'd offer to your House.

She was so transported with Rage, that she seem'd out of her Wits, till by feeling the Cardinal's Dress of a Monk, she perceiv'd she had been strangely mistaken. The Duke of *Harcourt* cou'd not tell what to make of the Farce. He imagin'd that the Fryer's Assignment might be prior to his, and that he was not willing to return without having Satisfaction of the Lady, and laying hold on him in the heat of Resentment, he spoke thus, are you religious Folks given to such tricks as these? And is it thus you bring about the incense of your Churches and Cells? Abominable Fryer, dost thou hide under the Robe of Piety the most

enorment Crimes ? I'll reward thee as thou deserv'dst, I'll shew thy Roguery to the whole World. They shall see that *Harcourt* is not us'd to give Place to such a Wretch, such a Scoundrel as thee. He was going to stick his Sword in the Body of the Cardinal. When the Countess perceiving her Error, fell into his Arms, and assur'd him by her Embraces and Oaths, that 'twas only the Fear of her Husband which made her so outrageous, that she hop'd his Excellence wou'd excuse her, and that she believ'd he had to deal with the Cardinal *Pertocarrero* in whose Power it was to ruin them both.

The Cardinal between Love and Fear had till now been silent. He took Heart and at last began to talk high. He ask'd the Duke if this was the Respect he ow'd to the Bishop of *Toledo*, threaten'd him to complain to the King, and that he wou'd have Justice for the Affront he had receiv'd, that he had good Reason to discourse the Count on the Matter, who he did not doubt wou'd resent it, as he ought, and turn off his Wife. The Duke notwithstanding the imminent Anger he was in, and the Bishop's Character, knowing a Monks Revenge is extraordinary,

nary, and redoubtable, that *Portocarrero* did what he pleas'd at Court. He Bully'd him with his naked Sword in his Hand, and made him swear not to say a Word of what had pass'd, bidding him if he refus'd, prepare to die on the spot. The Cardinal resisted as much as he durst for Self-preservation ; he threaten'd to call out for help, and Wars might have ensu'd, had not *Montpellier*, taking him by the Hand, perswaded him to enter into a League offensive and defensive with the Duke, and her Prayer was so efficacious, that he accepted of her Mediation as the safest way he cou'd take, and concluded a Peace between him and his Rival.

From this Pacification, their Alliance became closer and closer, they liv'd like Friends, whose Designs and whose Pleasures were the same, *Harcourt* indeed cou'd not without Regret resolve to make a Partition Treaty with him, and to divide *Montpellier's* Beauty between them ; much less cou'd he think with Satisfaction of abandoning a Prize which he thought to possess alone. But the Name of *Portocarrero* hush'd these Clamours in his Breast, and the Duke to tempt his Fortune, and make his Market

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at the Cardinal's cost, excus'd himself that he gave way to his Choller; professing, that had he known him, he wou'd have rather spilt the last drop of his Blood, than have offer'd such an Injury to his Eminence's Reputation, that there was nothing more valuable to him than the Honour of his Favour, to which he recommended himself, and shou'd be proud of an Opportunity to shew his Gratitude and his inviolable Fidelity. Thus having interchang'd their Assurances of Friendship, they parted with reciprocal Compliments: The Duke left the Cardinal with the Countess, and he began to improve the Occasion by caressing her in a manner that shew'd the Fervency of his Desires.

There was no Obstacle to the Enjoyment of all his Hopes, *Montpellier* coldly bad *Harcourt* Adieu, and like a true French Jilt flew into the Arms of the Cardinal, as if she had been the most innocent and constant Creature in the Kingdom of Love. *Portocarrero* was now at the Center of his Wishes, and about to feast on the delicious Banquet after which he had so long hunger'd; he clasp'd her and kiss'd her with such fierceness.

ness as if he wou'd have devour'd her Beauties. The spreading Roses which adorn'd her Cheeks, were Charms to him of inestimable Price, and at her Lips he drank such large Draughts of Nectar, as turn'd his Brains with high Excess of Pleasure. The Harvest was near, and he approach'd the Point of his softest Desires, to which, as the Needle to the Pole he naturally inclin'd, when Heaven to save the floating Bark which was in danger of perishing against such Rocks, suddenly rais'd a Storm less fatal to her than the Peril of her late Calm. Aribert, Montagno's Groom of the Chambers, enter'd on a sudden into the Closet, where the two Lovers were toying, they were both seiz'd with fear and trembling; the Cardinal hid himself behind the Hangings in the Antichamber where he remain'd in mortal Agonies, and apprehensive Dire how his dreadful Torment wou'd end. The Valet brought the Countess word, that the Count wou'd sup with her; when the Cardinal knew the fellow's business he recover'd himself a little, yet tho' his fear was in a great measure dissipated, his Chagrin that he shou'd by the Counts coming, loose all the Pleasures he had form'd in his fancy,
by

by having his Mistress a whole Night in his Arms, was a terrible Mortification to him. He sally'd forth from behind the Tapistry, and grievously complain'd of Fortune, who had impertinently disturb'd him in the lucky Minute. The Countess, who was as amorous as himself, and wou'd have been as glad if the Count had stay'd at Court, gave him to understand, that tho' the Journey her Husband had a mind to take, wou'd deprive her of his dear Company, yet she wou'd order it so that in a little time he shou'd be rewarded for the Delays he met with. The Cardinal's flame was so high he cou'd make her no Answer, all that he cou'd say, was to bid her think of meeting as soon as possible, so having kiss'd her tenderly, he gave her a Jewel of great Price, and left her in gloomy Sadness.

His Coach waited for him at the Gate, he got into it, and went home, where the first thing he did was to call to him his faithful *Fernando*. He told to him what had happen'd in his Intrigue, he confess'd, that in the beginning of it, nothing cou'd be more fortunate in an Amour, but that when he thought he might have attain'd the Happiness he sought

fought after, malicious and envious Chance, by a sudden Revolution had precipitated from the height of his Hopes, into an Abyss of Shame and Trouble. However, he continu'd speaking to his trusty Confident, we will not loose a Minutes time, Fortune, the only Goddess of this World, must be taken while she is in the Humour; Heaven, weary to dart always Thunders on our Heads, having presented to our Eyes the Horrors of a Tempest, may delight us with the Prospect of the Sun's gentle Rays. *Fernando*, like a Politick Courtier approv'd of his Master's Design, and added, if his Eminence had left a Letter with the Countess, it might have had a good Effect: For often those amorous *Billets* have more Power over the Fair than the finest Oratory, because the violent Motions of the Soul, and the force of the Passions, chain up the Tongue in such a manner that it can't express what the Heart wou'd dictate, and has much ado to forbear stammering. The Cardinal own'd his Secretary was in the right on't, he commanded him to attend him early the next Morning, and then he said he shou'd have fresh Orders in the Matter.

When

When *Fernando* was gone out of the Room, the Cardinal stretch'd himself on his sinking Down, hoping his Bed wou'd be more easie to him than 'thad been of late. But as 'tis impossible for an Eagle to soar high, whose Wings are not spread, so 'tis impossible for a Heart, full of Agitation and Disquiet, to disengage itself. For the thoughts of Men, when they are busy'd in the Pleasures of the World, are always building Castles in the Air, and fancying to themselves they are in Possession of a Thousand Imaginary Joys, and the fear of losing what they never possess'd, or their concern to possess, what is not worth their Care, hinders their Repose, as too much Application to any one thing always does. In this pitiful Condition was the Cardinal, his Disappointment, his Trouble and his Lust, were so many Thorns in his Mind, which wou'd not let him sleep. And tho' his weary Eyelids were almost clos'd, yet the Remembrance of the barks he met with kept him awake. Sometimes Imagination painted and set before him, the Charms and Graces of his inconstant Mistress, she sometimes shew'd her weeping at his Feet, and complaining of her Husband's ill Usage, then he reflected
on

on the Improbability of a Monk's pleasing so young and beautiful a Lady. Dozing over these Reflexions, his reason began to mingle with his Meditations, and falling into a slumber at that instant, she represented the Enormity of his Crime to him in a Dream.

He fancy'd he saw under his Bed which was strew'd with Roses, a frightful Dragon, that springing forth from amidst the Flowers advanc'd directly towards him, and stung him mortally in the Breast. He awoke with the anguish of his Dream, and not knowing what he did, started in up the Fright, when he was come a little to himself, he said his Prayers, and begg'd his Saints to defend him from the Bite of so dreadful a Dragon.

Well hadst thou done, *Portocarrero*, if thou hadst listen'd to and obey'd the good Counsel of thy Conscience. Thy lawless Desires are so many Dragons which thou nourish'st in thy Heart. They admonish thee by the Blood thou beheld'st streaming from thy late Wound, to turn aside from thy wicked Paths, or otherwise, threaten thee with a deadly Sting. These wholesome emotions in his Soul, as they were soon excited,

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cited, so they were soon stifled, his Passion was like a Torrent which bears down all before it. The Image of *Montpellier* drove that of the Dragon out of his Mind; when the Morning dawn'd he arose to salute his dear Countess in a Letter. He took Pen and Ink, and wrote to her as follows.

Adorable Countess!

MY Impatience to see you, must excuse the Liberty I take to write to you and interrupt you so early. My Love increases daily and grows so upon me, that all my Hopes, all my Desires center in you, and the greatest Felicity that I aspire to, is to exchange my fond Heart for yours. I have study'd incessantly ever since I left you yesterday, how to enjoy again the Pleasure of your agreeable Company, amusing my self with the Expectation of such another interview, helps to alleviate the trouble that your absence gives me. Hasten then, My charming Countess, Your return, and by that means to restore new Life to your poor dying

Portocarrero.

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Cardinal *Portocarrero*. 41

Having made up his Letter and seal'd it, he rung a Bell which was a Signal to *Fernando*, who knowing his Masters Impatience, had already staid a Quarter of an Hour in the Antichamber, to enter. Assoon as he saw him, he gave him the Letter, and assur'd him at the same time, if he minded his Business in the Affair he employ'd him about, he shou'd have no cause to repent his Diligence.

Fernando did his utmost to render himself worthy of the Promises the Cardinal made him. He went away with the Letter immediately, and by good luck met *Livia* Madam *Montpelliere's* Woman on the Road. He pray'd her to give the Letter to her Mistress, and to bring him her Answer, for which he wou'd stay without. *Livia*, who was her Lady's Confident, and in the Secret, took the Letter from him with Joy, knowing very well she shou'd render a particular Service to her Mistress by it. But unfortunately *Montagno* was with her, and *Livia* could not satisfy *Fernando* so soon as he expected. At last she made Signs to the Countess that she had brought her something of Importance, and then she withdrew into another Chamber, where
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the Countess follow'd her. *Livia* gave her the Letter *Fernando* put into her Hands, and withal she represented the Excess of the Archbishop of *Toledo's* Passion for her.

The Countess presently return'd an Answer by her Woman, assuring the hasty Cardinal, that very suddenly he shou'd have another Opportunity; *Fernando* Complemented *Livia* for her Friendship, and promis'd that at another time he wou'd consider it better, and be more grateful, protesting he was sure his Eminence wou'd not suffer such a Kindness to go unrewarded.

They parted after mutual Salutations, and when *Fernando* came home, he told the Cardinal in what an Obliging, Tender Manner the Countess receiv'd his Letter, and how often she sigh'd while she read it; saying, he doubted not but that Paper, which he then deliver'd him, contain'd all that he wanted to Please and Content him. The Letter was thus Worded.

My Dear Cardinal,
M*r* Old Husband's Jealousy hinders me,
 or I wou'd shew the Esteem I have
 for your Sacred Person in a longer Letter.
 Con-

Content your self Holy Father to know, you are too aimable to have any Enemies. Our next Meeting will redouble the Joy which Fortune depriv'd us of in our last, in the mean time, Hope and Live for your Dear Montpelliere.

He folded up the Letter, kist it as often as became so Violent a Lover, and gave his Secretary a very fine Watch, in Acknowledgment for so acceptable a Service, crying out, Ah *Fernando*, Does she know what a Condition I am in? What did she say, when thou told'st her that my Love was inexpressible? Yes, 'tis true, Her Beauties deserve to be sincerely ador'd, and surely she will not be always inexorable to our Vows, and the Incense which we continually offer up at her Altars. *Fernando* wou'd not interrupt his tender Reflexions on so agreeable a Letter, and to give him time to divert himself with his Amorous Meditations, he desir'd Leave to retire; which the Cardinal permitted.

The Countess, whose Mind ran wholly on the Cardinal, pass'd her time very indifferently with her Antiquated Husband at his Country House. She perswaded

swaded him dayly to return to *Madrid*, and to induce him to it, remonstrated that the Country Air did not agree with Him, and if he stay'd long there, he would certainly fall sick. *Montagna*, who was very fond of his French Wife, hasten'd the Dispatch of his Affairs that kept him out of Town, and being teaz'd by *Montpellier* to return, he in a few days came back to *Madrid*.

The few Days that she was absent, were so many Years to the Lovesick Cardinal, he would let no body come near him, not that his Ecclesiastick Function made him look on the Pleasures and Honours of the World with Contempt, but to give a Loose to his Contemplation of *Montpellier's* Charms, and his Approaching Joys. He ran over in his Thoughts all the Accidents that happen'd in his Intrigue, and cou'd never put the Opportunities he lost at the Countess's out of his Mind, despairing ever to meet with such good Fortune again.

When he reflected on the Difficulties that lay in his Way, He Curst his Priesthood, which made it the more difficult, and wish'd, that either he had never seen the Countess, or that he might have

have pretended to her Favours, as well as another. He endeavour'd to banish her from his Heart, by calling to Mind what he had been a Witness of, Her Inconstancy, Levity and other Imperfections; to set 'em against her Wit and Beauty. But Love had so much the Ascendent of him, that her Beauty was always last in his Thoughts.

He rejoyc'd that she was come nearer to him, and contriv'd how to have an Affignation with her, with Speed and Secrecy. Every Body was preparing to celebrate the Anniversary of King *Charles's* Birth Day with Shews and Feasting. The Ladies of the Court were sure to attend there that Day; and the Cardinal, who, as has been said, was the next Man to the King, cou'd not fail to wait on his Majesty on so Solemn an Occasion. The Day came, and as he was standing in a Balcony with the King, to view attentively the Spectators. The Countess appear'd among the rest, in her richest Dress and her gayest Airs. The King was himself surpriz'd with the Lustre of her Beauty, bid the Cardinal observe her, extolling her Person and her Mien.

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The Cardinal was already too well acquainted with her Merit. One might perceive that he Ogled her the most earnestly of any one, and with the greatest Pleasure, either through the Excellence of her Beauty, or the Violence of his Love. The Crowd of Spectators on each side of the Presence, wou'd not suffer him to leave the King and draw near his Mistress. He cou'd only gaze on her. When His Majesty retir'd, he was oblig'd to wait on him to his Closet. Which hinder'd his entering into any close Conversation with her at that time.

There was a Ball in the Evening, where some Gentlemen desir'd the Countess to Dance, which she did, so finely, that the whole Court were both charm'd and amaz'd. The Cardinal, who was passionately fond of such sort of Diversions, curst his Robe for depriving him of so happy an Occasion, which his Love might have improv'd. He was heartily vex'd at it, and if the Respect he ow'd to his Character had not had greater Power over him than his Passion, he wou'd have been transported beyond Decency, and doubtless had committed some Extravagance. The Countess herself was not
free

Cardinal *Portocarrero*. 47

free from Trouble. The Cardinal's last Proof of his Love had made such Impression on her Soul, that she cou'd not easily forget it, she had no Inclination or Affection for any one but Him. In a word, he entirely and only had Possession of her Heart, and she cou'd think of nothing but how to renew and confirm by nearer Tyes their former Friendship. It happen'd luckily that her Husband had been too busy with the King's Health, and got drunk, which render'd him unworthy the Honour of her Bed for that Night. The Countess out of Shame or Modesty cou'd not openly declare to the Cardinal his Circumstances and hers, she was afraid he wou'd guess the meaning too soon, and though she wou'd fain have had him know she was to lye alone, yet she cou'd not tell how to discover it. She made Broad Signs, and a Hint to so Intelligent a Lover as *Portocarrero*, was enough to let him into the Matter.

The Cardinal, as a Gallant Man ought to do, knew how to make his Advantage of the Opportunity put into his Hand. He order'd *Fernando* to observe the Place where the Countess retir'd. The Secretary diligently performed his Office,

Office, and gave his Master an Account that the Lady was in such a Room, which look'd into the Place where the Cardinal waited for his Return. On this Information, His Eminence resolv'd to visit her about Midnight, hoping by that time the Company would be all dispers'd to their several Homes and Assignations. For it was Pity so much good Dancing and good Diamonds shou'd be shew'd on such a Festival to no Purpose: That Entertainment is reckon'd insipid in *Spain*, where Love is not the last Dish of the Banquet. And their Ladies wou'd not be at so much Pains to get Colds and Surfeits, at their Masks and Balls, out of a Complement to the Court, if they hop'd to pleas'd no body but themselves by it. The Coast being clear, *Portocarrero* imagin'd now was the Time for him to make his Approaches to the Fair *Montpellier*, who, he flatter'd himself, lay Wishing and Impatient to take him to her Arms. He scratcht at the Door softly, but no Countess; she was so fatigu'd with Dancing, that she no sooner laid herself down on her Bed, than she was bury'd in a profound Sleep. And *Livia* who either didn't care to rise, or was as drowsie

drowfie as her Dame, and did not, or made as if she did not hear him. There was a Stair-case which led to an Upper Apartment, from whence he cou'd at a Window get into the Countess's Chamber. The Cardinal, who came on purpose to have a whole Night with her, undrest, mounted the Stair-case, got into the Outer Chamber, and begg'd his Mistress to pity him and open her Bed-Chamber Door. Alas, she had not the Use of her Hearing, a sound Nap had driv'n her Amour out of her Head, and whether she dreamt of it or no, is not come to our Knowledge: Sure we are that she did no more than dream, and the Weather being not so warm as suited with the Cardinal's *disbabilé*, he was oblig'd to give over scratching at her Door, and return the same way that he came, so home he went and to Bed.

He there muster'd up all his Curses against his Ill Fortune. The Thought of his last Extravagant Action confounded him with Shame, and he was so mad with himself for running after his blind Desires, for having trodden his Honour under Foot, and exceeded all the Bounds of Decency, that he reckon'd there cou'd be no Punishment so great, no Persecu-

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tion so violent, as the Scandal of this Unhappy Adventure, of which he was afraid there might be Witnesses who wou'd blab, and that on the Morrow 'twou'd be the publick Talk and Jest of *Madrid*. He sigh'd from the Bottom of his Soul, not for Sorrow of his Sin, but in Terror of the Shame, and in the Transports of his Grief, he thus exclaim'd against his Destiny, Ah Miserable! Thy Eyes indeed have chosen well for thee, but Fortune is unjust, and opposes thy Designs, Thou hast to thy Cost experienc'd, Poor *Portocarrero*, he said, laughing at himself, Thou hast experienc'd what a violent Passion Love is, which turns Desire into Rage, and draws down inevitable Confusion on all that are inflam'd with it. Hence Care and Disquiet, Trouble Me no more, Shall I never sleep again. He thump'd his Pillow in these extraordinary Emotions, like a Fanatick Priest in one of his Enthusiastick Raptures, and tumbling from one side to the other the Pillow in the Heat of his Resentment got uppermost, and in this Posture, what with the Fatigue of his Mind and his Body, Sleep took hold of him when he

least

least expected it, and he snor'd it out pretty well till Morning.

He wak'd with Day-light, and order'd *Fernando* to put his Invention to work to find out a Remedy for his Disease. He communicated to him the sad Haps of the Evening before, and how ill he was rewarded for his too fierce a Flame. It may be says he, *Fernando*, our Neighbours heard the Hubbub, if so, what is it Malice may not make of it? A Story never loses in Carrying. He had gone on in his Reflexions, but he consider'd he had said too much already, and 'twas to be too familiar with his Domestick, to expose himself to his Raillery and Contempt. *Fernando* comforted his Master, pray'd him to banish such Melancholly Ideas from his Breast. If his Eminence had committed a Fault, he was ready to bear the Blame, and desir'd him to lay it all at his Door.

The Festival for the King's Birth Day was to continue the Day after it, which being above half spent, The Cardinal was oblig'd to make his Appearance at Court, he was drest to the best Advantage in his *Pontificalia*, and rode in his Coach to *Buen retiro* Gardens, the finest in Spain, not only for the Riches that

have been expended upon 'em in Ornaments, but also for the serene and healthy Air that we breath there. 'Tis without doubt a Place where the Sun darts his Beams, the most agreeably of any in *Europe*. His Eminence wou'd fain have carry'd the Countess thither in his Coach, but his Apprehension that he shou'd blush at the Affront he imagin'd he had receiv'd, prevented him, who otherwise wou'd have aspir'd to that Happiness.

His Majesty was not come thither, when the Cardinal alighted at the Gardens: He took his Faithful Secretary with him, and sat down in one of the most obscure Grotto's. The Countess whom a Dream had discompos'd in the Night, had retir'd some time before to a Place in the Garden not far from the Grotto, to divert her Melancholly, she presently spy'd out Two Persons who seem'd in earnest Discourse, and out of Curiosity to know the Subject of their Private Conversation, she drew nearer to them. 'Tis easie to imagine how she was surpriz'd to hear one of them say to the other. What will she think of us *Fernando*, when she knows what a sort of a Life we lead last Night? To be sure
 she

she did it to make a Jest of me and laugh at my Folly. No My Lord, reply'd *Fernando*, I'm positive the Countess was dead asleep. Here they were silent a while, and *Montpelliere* was glad to understand what they were upon, came up still nearer to them to know more of it. *Fernando*, like a cunning Fox that soon scents the Hunter, turning about perceiv'd something stir among the Leaves of the Arbor.

Both the Master and the Man went out immediately, and saw 'twas the Countess; she was sitting on a Bank, her Head leaning upon her Hand, her Posture shewing the mournful State of her Heart. The fearful Cardinal dar'd not approach her, and doubting between Hope and Fear, he knew not what to determine, for such is the Nature of Blind Lovers, that what they seek after with most Eagerness, and are most smitten with at a Distance, when they have found it, they wish it a far off from them.

He was just going to retire when this sorrowful *Oenone* began to reproach her. *Paris* for his too great bashfulness in flying from her in the Moment when Time and Fortune were most favourable to

them both. She offer'd him her Hand, which she had stretch'd out on her Lap, and begg'd him to come and help dissipate her Sorrow by his sweet Society. The Cardinal surpriz'd with such an unexpected Adventure, stood like a Man out of his Senses, and who did not know what he had to do. He greedily gaz'd on her Charms, and the more he beheld, the more stupid the Wonders of her Beauty made him. He was motionless a while and speechless, but at last recollecting himself, he amorously address'd to her in these Words

Ah my dear Goddess! sure Fortune is at last weary of persecuting me, since she has conducted me to the Person that Night and Day I incessantly adore. How shall I ever be able to acknowledge as I ought, so great a Favour as this? Which I have so little deserv'd; all that I can say in return, is to promise you that my Heart shall unaltetably be devoted to your Service. Take it my lovely Countess! take it and put its Loyalty to the Proof. I have sworn to be faithful, and I pray for nothing more passionately than that you wou'd try my Fidelity. *Montpellier* hearing him talk with so much Zeal and Affection, was so well satisfy'd with

with his Protestations, and mov'd by his Love that she answer'd, You are too kind, and too prodigal of your Oaths: But assure your self that there is no treasure in the World so precious to me as these Assurances from you. She then presented him with her Picture, hanging by a Diamond Chain: The Cardinal took it with all imaginable Satisfaction, and protested to esteem it equally with the Original. He threw his self at her Feet, said all the soft things his Imagination cou'd invent, and Love inspire, compar'd her Charms to the Visions, and her Smiles to the Joys of Paradise, and giving way to the Contemplation of the Graces he discover'd, and the Heaven of which he was in view, his Pleasure was too violent for Speech, and he was compell'd to content himself with gazing and looking languishingly on her. Her Caresses enflam'd his Desire, and in his Rage, breaking o'er the Bounds of Respect and Decency, he was embolden'd to rove about her Beauties with his busie Hand, and wander in the delicious Labyrinths of Love and Joy; every touch he fancy'd gave him a tast of Paradise. He had

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past the Fires of Purgatory, and now only cou'd complain of Chance, that envying his Happiness had so long retarded it, and us'd him so barbarously, who was the most zealous of her Votaries; for had she not envy'd him, he had sooner eas'd his Pains by the Fruition of *Montpellier's* Charms. Thus he meditated in the height of his Transport, still gazing on her, kissing her Cheeks and Lips, wandering on those two little Hills of Snow, where Venus waits to lead the longer Lover thro' Troops of Graces to the Bours of Bliss. In the very Moment that his Soul was ready to expire with Extasie, *Livia*, who had not lost her time with *Fernando*, observ'd to him that Company was coming upon them, and his Majesty without doubt was not far off. We may believe 'twas no small trouble to the Love-sick Cardinal and his gentle Mistress to be so soon parted. They were Angry with the Powers above for not encreasing the King's Indisposition, and prevented his coming forth, as it had done yesterday. They blam'd the hasty Progress of the Sun, that by declining too far from his Meridian, had brought out more Company to Bask in his milder Beams, and inter-

rupt

rupt their Joys. All their Complaints were lost in Air, as full and as short as their Pleasures were ; they must part, and return from the fervor of Desire, burning in expectation of sudden Possession, to the cold Fits of Sighs and Wishes. To have done with our amorous Fustian, *Portocarrero*, was oblig'd to put himself in order : His toying had ruffled his Dress and Mind, and having adjusted both with as much Decency as he cou'd on so little warning, he waited on the King.

The Trumpets sounding on all sides, gave the Signal that the Sports were to begin. The Queen came to *Buen retiro*, a fine and magnificent Pallace of Pleasure, and went with her Ladies into an Apartment, to stay there till 'twas time to attend the King into his Balcony. The Duke of *Harcourt* was dispatch'd immediately to ask her if she wou'd see the Bull fight. Her Majesty gave him her Hand, which he kiss'd with profound Respect, and then led her to the Balcony, where the King expected her, and receiv'd her with all possible Demonstrations of Joy and Tendernefs. Again the Trumpets sounded, a Signal to the Assistants, to let loose the wild Horses,

D. 5 Bulls,

Bulls, Lyons, and a Tyger, which were to combat for the Entertainment of the Court. The Tyger had the advantage of all the other Beasts, and without appearing in the least fatigu'd, shew'd by his snorting and Cries, that he wanted other Savages to satisfy his Rage. The King was not of his side, and wou'd not grant him the Honour of the Victory, but order'd a huge Panther to enter the Lists against him; the Panther when she saw her Enemy roar'd aloud as if she threaten'd him to rob him of his Laurels. The Combattants attack'd one another with incredible Fury, they grappled, and fell sometimes the one uppermost, and sometimes the other. The Panther had the odds of the Tyger, the latter having been at it before, and cou'd not defend himself so dextrously as if he had come fresh to the Fight. The Panther bit him in his Belly, which serv'd only to redouble his Rage, and when he saw his Blood he flew upon her with such Force, that he reduc'd her to the same Extremity as himself, and they both, weary with the Fray, lay panting on the Ground.

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Portocarrero, during the Sports, which wou'd not divert his Melancholly, retir'd to his House, ordering his trusty Secretary to inform his Majesty that he was indispos'd, and thereby hinder'd his Attendance on him, that he hop'd 'twou'd go off again, and he shou'd be able on the morrow to perform his Duty, and receive his Commands! The King, who lov'd the Cardinal passionately, enquir'd if his Indisposition was dangerous, and *Fernando* well skill'd in the Art of Dissimulation, a necessary Accomplishment for a Man of his Vocation, describ'd it so artfully, that his Majesty was in pain for his Favourite.

He sent immediately to his chief Physician, and bad him prepare his best and most salutary Medicines for the Cardinal, recommending to him above all things, to take care of the Life of a Person, on whose Preservation the Welfare of *Spain* depended. His orders were as useless in this Case as the Doctor's Prescriptions, not all the Cordials in the Apothecary's Shop, wou'd have recover'd him a Minute the sooner. 'Twas only the Balm of *Montpellier's* Love that cou'd heal his Wound. His Distemper was not any Weakness or Consumption
of

of the Body, but an Agitation of the Heart and Remorse of Conscience. He spent the Night as he us'd to do of late, he never slept a wink, and in the Morning he summoned *Fernando* to come to him, and order'd him to watch for an Opportunity to speak to the Countess, and pray her to make an Assignment for that Evening. *Fernando* undertook the Business with more than ordinary Pleasure, for *Livia* had entertain'd him so sweetly in the Garden, that he had not been able to put it out of his Mind ever since, and she was as eager for another meeting as her Spark, who it seems had given her full Satisfaction as to the Matters depending between them. His Behaviour was so civil, and withal so amorous, that he had entirely made a Conquest of *Livia's* Heart, and an absence of ten or twelve Hours began to make her very uneasy. She receiv'd him when he came, as a Person the most wellcome to her of all things in the World, and begg'd him to follow her, and he shou'd speak himself with the Countess, do his Message, and take her Answer. *Fernando* was as grateful as a Man of Honour ought to be on those Occasions, and came off as well with her Lady. He
exe-

executed his Commission like one who had been bred to such Affairs, and painted his Master's Passion so lively, that the Countess granted his Request, and promis'd to meet the Cardinal that very Evening, he made a low Obeissance to thank her for her goodness to his Master, and desiring the Continuance of her Favour towards him, he took his leave. However, neither the time he had staid, nor the Impatience the Cardinal was in for his return, cou'd prevail over him to part thus with the fair *Livia*, a Thousand and a Thousand times he kiss'd her, and all was too little to shew his Gratitude for her Love and Services. He presented her with a rich Diamond, and she gave him a Ring worth his Acceptance, especially since she took it of her Finger, and promis'd him at the same time, that when they met next, she wou'd endeavour to get farther out of his Debt. So having sworn as often as Lovers are us'd to do in their first Fits, that they wou'd be eternally true to one another. They seal'd it with several hearty Embraces, and separated for the present.

In

In the mean time the Cardinal was tormenting himself in Expectation of the Countess's Answer. He rose and look'd out of the Window to see if he cou'd spie *Fernando* coming. When he saw him his Heart leap'd with Joy, and his trouble for fear of ill News vanish'd. For the Heart of Man like a Stone, which when it has reach'd the utmost height that a Sling can throw it to, falls down with a swifter Motion than it rose. Thus our Impatience from Fear in a moment returns to Hope, when it loses its strength by the Presence of him who till then was the Cause of it.

The Cardinal, when his Confident enter'd, had not Patience to stay till he had told him what he had to say. He was toss'd by Hope and Fear, and wou'd know in one word how the Countess did, and what Answer she sent him. *Fernando* gave him so satisfactory an Account of his Embassy, that his Master highly extoll'd his Conduct, and to gratifie him for his Industry, gave him a Purse full of *Doublons*, with a Promise that if he kept the secret, he wou'd be sure to make his Fortune. *Portocarrero* feasted himself upon the Images of his approaching Raptures, he anticipated the

the Pleasure by his fancy, and in the Extasie of his lawless Meditations was guilty of many things unbecoming the Gravity of an Archbishop. Sometimes he reflected on the Exquisite delight to clasp the Countess in his naked Arms, sometimes he wou'd vow and protest, and speak all the tender things which he expected she wou'd say to him; he wou'd often figure to himself with what fierceness he shou'd kiss and embrace her, and his Eyes dazled with the false Lustre of his visionary Bliss, made him imagine himself in Possession of those Extatick Joys which are only to be found in Paradise. Hast, Hast, ye tardy Hours, he cry'd, and thou O Sun, fly swiftly to the Lap of thy longing *Thetis*. His Rants naturally set him on Rhiming, and produc'd these Poetical Stanzas.

I.

Night to Lovers Joy's a Friend,
Hast, and thy Assistance lend;
With thy Sable Mantle rise,
Spread it o'er the ruddy Skies.
Hasten Goddess, lock up Day,
Bring the willing Fair away,
And hide her Blushes while we play.

She

II.

*She comes, so kind, so killing Fair,
 'Tis more than mortal Man can bear;
 Her wanton look, her loose attire,
 Her every accent fans my Fire,
 And now I clasp her in my Arms,
 And rifle her forbidden Charms.
 She gives a Loose to Love and Me,
 She suffers all she dos'n see,
 Ah Night! how much I owe to thee.*

III.

*Hast, I no longer can sustain,
 The fierce intollerable Pain,
 To love, and be belov'd in vain.
 Lash on the lazy Hours, and lead
 The yielding Beauty to my Bed.*

IV.

*She comes, and to my Arms she flies,
 With humid Kisses, melting Sighs,
 And in convulsive Raptures dies.
 Drive on thy Fiery Chariot, Sun
 Finish the Course thou hast to run.
 Fly swift ye Minutes! Hence with Light,
 And wrap my Love and Me in Night.*

The

The Cardinal was very well pleas'd with himself for expressing his thoughts so happily, and to enjoy the variety of his amorous Ideas, he resolv'd to walk in the King's Garden, where he admir'd the fine Flowers which our Mother Nature has there abundantly brought forth. The Rose and the Lilly put him in mind of those he hop'd to gather in *Montpelier's* Arms. As he was musing on the Pleasures that he expected in the Evening, he insensibly approach'd a Fountain, the most Magnificent that ever was contriv'd by Art. The Shades, the green Walks, and the Murmurs of the Water delighted him extreamly, but above all, he was overjoy'd to see that the Sun was declining, and the Hour he so long had wish'd for was drawing near. The whole course of Man's Life is subject but to one perpetual Revolution of Joy and Sorrow: Inconstancy is absolute Mistress of every thing in this World, sometimes she strews our Paths with Roses, and sometimes with Thorns; to Day Fortune smiles and to morrow she turns her Back upon us.

The Cardinal taking Coach, return'd from the Garden to the City, he order'd
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the Coachman to drive slowly, on purpose to waſt the time, that he wight arrive there in the Dusk. He found *Montpellier* in the Inner-Court of her Palace, ſhe preſently gave him her Hand, and he lead her to her Apartment, where ſhe hop'd to paſs ſome Hours with him very agreeably; the Cardinal was ſo tranſported he wanted words to expreſs himſelf. This Obligation, Madam, (he ſaid) is ſo great, I ſhall never be able to return it as I ought, you give me ſuch infallible Proofs of your Affection, that 'tis impoſſible for me to queſtion it.

The Counteſs ſmil'd to ſee the Cardinal ſo officious about her, to inſinuate himſelf into her good Graces: She told him that ſhe ſhou'd have been the moſt happy of Women, had his Eminence ſome Days before given her notice of the Honour he intended her. They ſaid abundance of ſoft things to one another, and the Cardinal took the Liberty to make himſelf more familiar with her than became his Coat.

He begg'd her to excuſe him if his Hands were too ſawcy, and pardon 'em for being too curious in examining her hidden Treasures, 'tis true, he was a Church-

Churchman, yet his Character of a Prelate did'n hinder him of that of a Lover, that he had the same Appetite as Fryer *Cornelius*, who us'd to impose such Love Pennances on the Ladies, as oblig'd them to discover to their Father Confessors, those Rarities which Nature wou'd have 'em conceal. The Countess was not willing to balk him, and by their mutual toying and Caresses began to participate in his Desires, suffer'd him to do whatever he pleas'd. And passively permitted him to work his wicked Will.

There was a very fine Bed near them, which by its Richness and Magnificence seem'd to invite the Lovers to throw themselves upon it. *Montpellier* sat down on it first, and *Portocarreo*, not much against his Inclinations was bound in civility to follow her; when they were there, they for a while said not a word to each other, but tho' they had continu'd their Silence, 'twas easie for 'em to perceive by their Looks what they both thought of.

Certain it is, that these happy Moments are Instances of a perfect Tranquility of Mind, they bring with them so many charming Delights, and raise the

the Hearts of Lovers to such a height of Extasy, that they desire to dye in the Sweet Transport. Wonderful are the Effects they have on the Soul, they so entirely possess it, that it strikes the Lover Speechless, and his Eyes fix'd on the Beauty of the Object he adores, are ev'n blinded with it's Lustre, and forc'd to close themselves up in Raptures of Admiration and Joy, while his dumb Members are in the most violent Agitation. But as the Taste of a Pleasant Thing does not stay long on the Tongue insensibly losing its Force, so, the soft Pleasures of Love and the Mind last no longer than till they have carry'd a Man to the highest Degree of Heat. Thus was *Montpellier* seiz'd with all the Fury of a Burning Passion, transporting her so far, that she wish'd to expire in the Agonies of her Pleasing Pain.

The Lucky Minute was come, The Lady was lying on a Sumptuous Bed, her Eyes flaming with Desire, her Cheeks glowing with Kisses, her Breasts swelling beneath the Cardinal's wanton Touch, and her Limbs Trembling with Expectation of the last Embrace. When *Portocarrero* who had all this while lay'd close

close Siege to the Place he intended to storm, prepar'd to give the Assault, and the Countess, whose Inclinations cou'd resist no longer, to surrender herself at Discretion: In the very Moment, an Unlucky Incident hinder'd his enjoying the Sweets of his Victory. Heaven wou'd not suffer him to taste such Unlawful Pleasures, and the Noise of the opening the Antichamber Door, broke all their Measures. *Livia* running up to 'em in a Fright, inform'd them *Montagno* was coming up Stairs and wou'd be there in a Minute.

Ah, says the Countess, We are undone if this Jealous Old Fool shou'd catch us in the very Action. *Livia's* News put 'em both into a dreadful Consternation, which was encreas'd beyond Expression, when they heard the Count enter the Antichamber. They were in such an Amaze of Apprehension, they cou'd not tell what to determine.

The Cardinal knew not how he shou'd dispose of himself, if he ran out at the Door, he fear'd to meet the Count, if he stay'd in the Bed Chamber, both he and the Countess were ruin'd for ever. He had no way left, but to hide under the same Bed, on which he

so lately lay in much happier Circumstances, *Montpellier* lay still, affected to be taken ill of the Vapours, and the terrible Surprize she was in, gave *Montagno* good Reason to imagine that she was in danger of a Fainting Fit.

The Appearance of the Count threw the Cardinal into such mortal Anguish, that he lost the Use of his Understanding, he fancy'd on the least Stir he heard, that he was coming to pull him out of his Hole. The Bed was low, and he had not Room to stow himself to any Advantage ; indeed 'twas a mortifying thing for a Reverend Prelate to be necessitated to bend his Body in so narrow a Compass. He durst'n wag for fear of exposing his Reputation, and it might be as much as his Life was worth besides. These Reflexions caus'd a horrible Disorder in his Mind, but what was like to throw him quite into Despair, was the Count's Lying down by his Lady. Who, believing his Wifes Indisposition proceeded from some late Negligences of his in performing his Conjugal Duty, began to caress her, and in the View and Hearing of the Cardinal, did what the poor Bishop had so long hop'd to do. *Portocarrero*, squeez'd under the Bed, cou'd
not

not bear to be a Witness of *Montagno's* Familiarity with his Mistress. He was in a Rage with himself, and like a Lioness that has lost her Young, without considering his own Danger, wou'd have fall'y'd and falln foul of his Rival. But hearing the Count tell his Wife that he must return presently to Court and stay there all Night in Council, he grew a little more compos'd, and waited for *Montagno's* Departure.

The Count did not stay above half an Hour with her, though had not his Wife hasten'd him out of the way, he wou'd have stay'd Two or Three Hours. When he was gone, the Cardinal came out of his Berry, however, his Apprehensions had disturb'd his Brain, and he cou'd not say a Word to the Countess. A Sigh indeed now and then broke it's way, but his Trouble did not wear off as fast as it came on. He stupidly ogled his Dear *Montpellier*, who to recover him, hugg'd him so tenderly, 'twas enough to have put Life into a Stone. And *Montagno* having only whetted her Appetite, by a refreshing Embrace she endeavour'd to drive the Remembrance of past Disgraces out of the Cardinal's Head, and by her Toying to quicken him,

him, that he might finish the good Work which he was beginning when her Husband came upon 'em.

Fear Alas had reduc'd the Cowardly Priest to a State of Insensibility. His Love to the Countess was as violent as ever, but his Heart was like a Lump of Ice, his Senses and his Limbs were frozen, and 'twas as much as the Countess cou'd do by the Warmth of her Kisses to keep Heat in his Lips. What shall the Poor Man do? Confusion and the Shame of his frigid Condition added to his Misfortune, and instead of the most happy of Mortals, which he might have been, he was the most wretched. The Countess did not yet chide him for his Slowness to satisfy the Impatience of her Desires; Yet she cou'd not tell what to make of it, nor what he meant by it, to delay taking Possession of the Beauties he seem'd so eager to possess. Her Looks told him plainly enough what she wanted of him, and *Portocarrero* had not so long been unactive, if his late Fear and Concern had not render'd him Insensible. Wretch, says he to himself, Have thy Senses forsook thee? Cannot such resistless Charms inspire thee with Ability to enjoy them. Where now is thy

Cardinal *Portocarrero*. 73

thy Heart? Where is thy Love? Courage muster up all their Forces, call them to thy Assistance, that thou mayst not go off so disgrac'd as thou art likely to do. He made a Vigorous Effort, and put himself in a Posture to seek out the pretious Treasure that was the Center of his former Wishe. But all to no Purpose, Every thing was out of Order, and whatsoever he did to recover the Vigour of his Passion, 'twas so much Trouble thrown away. The Terror he was in under the Bed still hung on his Heart, and his Limbs who liv'd in entire Subjection to it, dar'd not lift up their Rebellious Heads when their Sovereign was deprest. The whole Man was discompos'd, and the Countess with all her dying Looks, warm Embraces, amorous Dallyances and moving melting Sighs, cou'd not make any thing of use fit for her Business. He stood like a Consumptive Person reduc'd to Skin and Bones, who may have a Stomach for something and be able to take it, but is not strong enough to lift it up to his Head, and finding his Strength fail him, loses his Appetite with reflecting on his Inability to satisfy it.

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The Longing Lady grew out of all Patience with him at last, and her Disappointment made her look with Contempt on his Impotence. She told him in Raillery that perhaps he was Sick, that t'had been better for him to have kept his Chamber and sav'd himself the Trouble of hiding. She rose at those Words and withdrew into an Inner Room, where she lockt her self up, and not all his Prayers and Promises cou'd tempt her to come out again. The Cardinal, whom Shame and Sorrow had struck dumb, wrapt himself up in his Robe and went out of the House the same way that he came in.

He was brought thither in a Stately Coach, in which Lolling at Ease, his Imagination represented to him so much Pleasure with the Countess, that he almost dy'd, anticipating his Joys. His Coach was gone, and now he was forc'd in a dark Night to foot it in doleful Dumps through dirty Lanes. He groap'd his Way as well as he cou'd, but not being us'd to such sort of Travelling, he mist it, and seeing an Old Woman with a Lantern in her Hand, he made up to her; she was going to visit a sick Neighbour, and he prevail'd upon her by his Importunity

Cardinal *Portocarrero*. 75

tunity to light him along. That he might not be known, he had taken off his Robe, and bundl'd it up under his Arm, to prevent it's dangling in the Dirt. The Old Woman led him thro' several By-streets and Allyes, and in the Confusion he was in, he never minded his Way, till she conducted him to the Corner of some Ruins, and ask'd him whither he wou'd go; *Portocarrero* looking about, and perceiving the Place was lone and proper for a Love Matter, it came into his Noddle to tempt the Decrepit Old Woman to permit him to try whether he cou'd perform with her, what he cou'd not do with a Fine Lady.

So damnably deprav'd are the Inclinations of Corrupt Nature, when a Man once gives way to Sinful Appetites, he never after can restrain them, they will be satisfy'd, and like the Waves of the Sea, incessantly push forward one another.

Portocarrero took the Old Beldame by the Hand, and having amorously squeez'd her wrinkled Palm, he ask'd her if she was dispos'd to consent to what he desir'd. If she wou'd, he wou'd make her a good Present answerable to the Courtesy.

The Old Woman had not tasted any such Pleasure for many Years, her Mouth water'd, and she was as coming

as he cou'd wish, only being an Experienc'd Person, she desir'd her Money before hand, because she remember'd in her Younger Days, when she lov'd the Sport more than the Pay, her Sparks after their Business was done, wou'd not let her finger a Penny. The Cardinal presently greas'd her in the Fist, which was so effectual, that she suffer'd him on the Spot to do ev'n what he pleas'd with her. And he came off so couragiously, that the Beldam was extremely comforted, thank'd him with all her Heart, and promis'd to offer up Part of his Benevolence to the Patron Saint of *Spain*, for her good Fortune.

Portocarrero repenting of the Brutal Action he had been guilty of, gave her a Box o'the Ear for her Complement, and the Hag fearing he might salute her so rudely again, ran away with her Lantern, and left the poor Monk in the last Confusion, and inexpressible Despair. He cou'd not go forward or backward, but like a Man bewilder'd by Witchcraft, the farther he went, the farther he rambl'd from his Palace, and not knowing where he was, every Step he took led him from his Home. Being weary of his Perambulation, he perceiv'd

ceiv'd a Stone before him by the Light of the Stars, and down he sat to rest his Weary Limbs. Where he spent the Remainder of the Night in mortifying Meditations.

He vented his Rage in horrid Blasphemies against Heaven, desiring the Divine Vengeance to crush him with Bolts of Thunder; his Conscience his own Tormenter, represented the Enormity of his Crimes in frightful Colours, and shew'd him the Black Roll of his Sins from his Youth to that Hour. In the Horror of his Despair he exclaim'd, Come, Come ye Inhabitants of Hell, bear away my miserable Body to the Deep. My Iniquities have for ever excluded me from Paradise, and Heaven will have none of me, the Earth does not care what becomes of me, she complains that I am a useless heavy Burden to her, and will endure it no more, Swallow me up O Ocean, Hide me in thy Depths, O that I was bury'd in thy Waters. The Ocean refuses to have to do with me, He's afraid that I shou'd defile him, and has not Water in his Abyss sufficient to wash off the Filth I have contracted by my Guilt. To whom then shall I apply my self, To you only,

Ye Wild Beasts of the Woods, To you I must address, to admit me to be your Companion, and if you do not reckon me worthy of your Society, devour me, eat my Flesh and drink my Blood. Ha! Am I so foul that ye shun me, as if ye fear'd I shou'd corrupt your Natures. Come then Ye Innexorable Fiends! Since Heaven, Earth and Sea have thrown me off as an Out-cast from them. Waft me to your Infernal Regions, Fling me into your Burning Lakes, whose Flames are never consum'd, Cast me into the Fiery Furnace that is never quench'd, and let my wretched Body be soakt in Pitch and Sulphur. Since it has never been surfeited with so many Impurities. What are the Fiends afraid to receive me, least my Flames shou'd encrease the Fires of their Furnace, and my burning Lust and lawless Desires shou'd drive the Devil from his Dominion over the Damn'd, Perhaps the Salamanders or Aspicks will have Compassion on me, and drag me to their Caverns: Ah! *Portocarrero*, Do not thou with the Venom of thy Soul poyson the Aspicks and the Salamanders. He continu'd in these Abominable Rhapsodyes on this hard Pallat till Day-break:

break: He then rose from his Uneasy Bed, and it being too early to go home, he went out of the City by the first Gate he came at.

Such was the Chaos of his Contemplations, that he never heeded his Steps, and blunder'd along, till he had got so far into a Forrest, that he knew not how to go forward or backward. He wander'd up and down till Night surpriz'd him, and then he lay'd himself down under the Branch of a Tree. The Darkness of the Night and the Horror of the Wood work'd so violently on his Fear that he cou'd not sleep for several Hours, but when his Thoughts had been weary of Roving, they return'd home to Rest, and a Sound Nap put an End to his Trouble till the Morning; when he awoke, he rose and walk'd about the Desert, not knowing how he came in, or how he shou'd get out. He had not gone far before he heard a Noise, which made him hope that he shou'd meet with some body or other to put him in his Way.

He follow'd the Noise, and came to a Countryman who was cutting of Wood. He begg'd him to be his Guide out of the Forrest: The Peasant answer'd,

he must stay till the Evening then, for now he had something else to do. Besides, his Horses were run away, and 'twas above Six Miles to the Entrance into the Wood, however, if he wou'd be so kind as to take a Lodging with him that Night, he wou'd shew him his Hut which was not far off. *Portocarrero* was oblig'd to be contented with his Offer. But considering it was more for his Convenience to return to *Madrid* in the Night than in the Day-time. He proffer'd the Peasant some Pieces of Gold, if he wou'd fetch in his Horses, and conduct him to the City Gates just as 'twas Night,

The Peasant fearing to have a Trick put upon him, and taking the Cardinal for one of the High-way-men that us'd to rob in the Neighbourhood, took his Axe on his Shoulder, and wou'd have fled into the thickest of the Wood. The Cardinal pray'd him to pity him, and if he wou'd do no more for him, to stay with him, lest he shou'd be devour'd by Wild Beasts; the Countryman reply'd, if he was so wretched as he made himself, he wou'd not have had so much Gold in his Pockets, that perhaps he and his Camrades who lay in Ambush had a
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Design upon him, but that it was not worth their while, for they cou'd take nothing from him but his Life.

He was going again to betake him to his Heels, and again the Cardinal entreated him not to leave him so. He shew'd him his Ecclesiastick Habit and begg'd him not to harbour such ill Thoughts of a Brother of a Holy Order, that he wou'd not only give him the Gold, but wou'd say a Mass for the Peace of his Soul, that it might have a short Time of Purification in Purgatory.

When the Countryman heard him talk at that rate he kneel'd down, and promis'd to do all that in him lay to catch his Horses, assuring him he desir'd nothing for his Labour, and wou'd carry him Home out of Charity.

In such a Forlorn State had the Cardinal's Lust brought him, that instead of being honour'd and fear'd as a great Archbishop, and a Person of the highest Authority in the *Spanish* Empire, he was compell'd now to suffer the Affronts of a Peasant, and to beg him to hear what he had to say to him. But as 'twas un-

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der the specious Cloak of Religion that he usurp'd the Sovereign Power, so he turn'd it more to his Advantage, by making use of it to get out of this Dangerous Defart.

There is no Tye upon Mankind so binding as that of Religion, and the *Romish* Priests know very well how to turn it to their Interest, and on all Occasions make it a Colour for their most Scandalous Rogueries. If the Laiety will not consent to their Impiety, Treason and other the like Crimes, the Pretence of Religion blindly serves for all, and constrains them to approve of every thing the Fathers wou'd engage them in, and very often against their Wills, to do what otherwise they wou'd abhor. If they commit Murder and the most Crying Sin of Blood, the Priests soften it by calling it a *Separating the Tares from the Wheat*. If they drive out Millions of Men from their dear Country to perish in miserable Exile, that they may enrich themselves with their Spoils, 'tis call'd a *Propagation of the Faith*: In short, if by innumerable Perjuries and shameful Conspiracies, they betray Cities and Provinces into the Enemies Hands, *the Divine Laws*, say they, *Command us to live*
in

in Peace. Neither is there any Villany so enormous, which the Veil of Religion will not hide and turn to the Praise of the Actors, and what's most deplorable, is, that the silly People blindly follow their Pernicious Maxims, as the Ox is led to the Slaughter.

The Countryman's free and obliging Proposal discharg'd the Cardinal's Mind of a heavy Burthen. Away went the Peasant to seek his Cattle, and feign wou'd His Eminence have begg'd a Bit of Bread of him, for he had fasted Two Days ; but his Impatience to see himself out of the Desert, help'd him to endure the better the Gnawings of an Empty Stomach, and he wou'd not hinder the Countryman so long as 'twould take up to fetch him a Brown Crust from his Cottage. He cropt some Blades of Grass to exercise his Jaws, and endeavour'd thus to pass away the Time till the Peasant came with his Horses.

Night appear'd in the Horizon, and *Portocarrero* by the Moon's shewing her Silver Horns, was apprehensive that she might come upon him before the Countryman, and the melancholly Prospect of another Lodging in the Wood, began to paint the Dreadful Images of Wild Beasts

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Beasts and Spectres in the Cardinal's
Fancy.

Never Mariner in the midst of a Storm
was in more Fear of Shipwrack, nor
Prisoner of hanging, than *Portocarrero*
was of some disastrous Calamity threatn'd
him in the approaching Darkness.
Which spreading wider and wider over
the Firmament, at last cover'd the Face
of the Heavens with a dreary Gloom,
and Forest shed all her Horrors on his
trembling Head.

We desire the Reader to observe that
the Pomp of the Language is suitable to
the subject of our History; a *Spaniard*,
whose Jargon requires more Fustian and
Bombast, than agrees with a plain down-
right English Stile. And we entreat him
when he meets with any thing very ex-
traordinary in that kind, to be so just to
us as to think we have not injur'd the
Original.

The Cardinal durst not step out of
the Place where the Labourer had left
him, lest he shou'd lose him when
he came back; he durst not lye down,
lest he shou'd be overcome with sleep,
and miss his Opportunity; and his
thoughts while he kept awake was on
the Rack, with terror of the wild Beasts
de-

devouring him, sometimes he turn'd himself one way, sometimes another, as nimble as if he had been dancing an Indian Jig, in apprehension of the Enemy whom he dreaded. He every minute fancy'd the Boar's Tusk, and the Bear's Paw had hold of him, and if he heard the soft Murmurings of the Wind blowing thro' the Leaves of the Trees, he prick'd up his Ears to listen from which Corner the Foe was coming. 'Tis very rare that one Misfortune is not follow'd by another, and that what we fear very much does not happen. While he was in these Agonies, a Four footed Animal that had wander'd out of his way, as well as the two legg'd Brute we are talking of, came upon him, whether 'twas a Bear or a Calf he cou'd not distinguish, so distracting was the Terror of the Vision, yet he was so much Master of himself, as to think of his Safety, and run behind an Oak; the Beast seeing him fly first, took Courage and pursu'd him, and round the Oak, they ran for't both of them. The Cardinal luckily hit of a Stratagem, when his Heels began to fail him, he threw his purple Robe at the Animal, in which he so entangled himself, that he cou'd n

fir

stir one way or other. In the meanwhile 'twas more than time for the honest Countryman to return with his Horses, and after he had been five or six Hours on the Hunt for the spot of Ground where he left the Monk, he Hola'd to him, that the Priest might by answering him direct him to the place where to find him, for they had both lost themselves. When *Portocarrero* heard his Voice, you may be sure he cry'd out very dolefully to him to run to his Succour, that the Enemy was at hand, and he must by all means hasten to disengage him.

Tho' the Peasant had tir'd himself with running up and down the Forrest in such dark Ways. However, as soon as he knew in what Condition the poor Priest was, and where he might meet with him, he leap'd off his Horse, for it seems he cou'd find but one of his poor Team, ty'd him to a Hedge, and arming himself with an Oaken Club, made his way thro' the Bryers and Bushes to the Bishop and the Beast. He dealt such a sturdy Blow on the Animal, that he laid him on the Ground, making a hideous roaring, which the Cardinal was not afraid of now he saw he was
down,

down, his Fear was dissipated, he thank'd the Countryman heartily, calling him his Saviour, his Deliverer. The Peasant himself did not care to stay longer in the same Place, lest the noise the Beast made, should draw others to him, so catching up the Cardinal's Robe, he ran and fetch'd *Rosmante*, spread the Robe over him instead of a Saddle, leapt upon his back, and took up the Archbishop behind him. Thus mounted on the Crupper, he was convey'd to the Peasant's Cottage; *Rosmante* knew his way home, and the Countryman throwing his Halter on his Neck, let him go where he wou'd: In an Hours time the good Man arriv'd at his Hutt, and lighting, took off the Cardinal and his Purple Pillion.

Portocarrero thought now all was safe, and rejoyc'd to find himself once more under a Roof, tho' 'twas of thatch, for this was the third Night that he had had only the Skie for his covering, and been expos'd to the rigor of the Weather. He seated himself down by the Fire, which the good Woman had made against her Husband came home; but she began to wag her Chops, and mutter cruelly when she found he came empty. She

She expected that he wou'd have return'd weary, and with a heavy Burthen of Wood, to raise Mony, that she might go to Market ; on the contrary, he rode home with a Saddle Cloth and Housing, and a Companion that was Company for a King. My Dame did not know so much yet, and seeing there was no appearance of any Pence, she cou'd not forbear her Houshold Lecture; she told her Husband he was a negligent lazy Lubber, and that he might be asham'd to take no more care of his Wife and Family ; but when he produc'd the piece of Gold which the Stranger had given him, she chang'd her Tone, she grew silent, and very officious about her Guest ; she took the Bellows, and put the Chimney in a Blaze. She brought out her brown Loaf, and laid a Toast to the Fire, and cou'd'n help wishing that her good Man wou'd every Day come home with such another Burthen, which was much better than a bundle of Faggots. After they had all warm'd themselves, eat up their Toast, and drank a Glass or two of Element, the best Liquor they had, my Dame laid a Mat on the Floor for the Cardinal, who stretch'd himself upon it

as

as if it had been a Bed of Down, and slept very comfortably, till the Sun darting his Morning Rays on him awak'd him, and put him in Mind that 'twas time for him to return to *Madrid*, and as much as he was disguis'd, he was still apprehensive that he might be discover'd; besides, the Violence of his Passion was such, that he cou'd not be at rest till he was in hopes of a new Affignation with the lovely *Montpellier*; indeed he came off so scurvily at the last, that he had nothing to expect but Reproaches and Contempt at the next. However, he cou'd not be contented without seeing her, and having it in his Power to give her sensible Demonstrations that he was not the impotent Person she took him for.

He consider'd with himself, that if he shou'd ride with the Countryman to *Madrid*, 'twas impossible for him to pass, and no body to know him, and that it was not at all decent for a Prince of the Church to make his Entry into the Metropolis of a large Empire on a Cart Horse little better than Dog's Meat; after he had a while reflected on it, he call'd the Peasant, and describ'd to him

a certain great Palace in the City, bad him enter into it, and give the Master of the House, whose name was *Fernando*, that Key, as a Token for him to get his Coach ready, to fetch a Man of his Acquaintance ; the Countryman did his Message so effectually, that before Noon he arriv'd with *Fernando* at the Cottage.

Portocarrero immediately took Coach, having first amply rewarded the good Man and good Woman for their trouble, and changing his Habit on the Road, he came home very ill satisfy'd with himself, he imagin'd the Stones in the Street were conscious of his Crime, and everyone he met, look'd he thought as tho' he upbraided him with it. He cou'd not help blushing if any cast his Eyes upon him when a Man puts a strait Stick into the Water, by Reflexion it appears crook'd ; hold up Thorns to a Looking-Glass, the Points seem to dart in ones Eyes ; but present a precious Stone or a Flower, it returns the proper Likeness to us. 'Tis thus with Conscience, when 'tis defil'd by the filth of Lust, it shews as prickly Thorns, and sets our Vices before us in every thing that it presents to our view ; but when 'tis innocent, its
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Opticks are regular, and all its Prospects are just and pleasant.

Fernando cou'd not forbear asking of the Cardinal where he had been all that while, and when he lighted out of his Coach, and lead him presently to his Closet, he guess'd that his Troubles rose from a tormented Conscience.

His Heart requir'd Lenitives to sweeten the Misfortunes that had happen'd to him, and those he fear'd were to come, and as communicating to a Friend is the best *Recipe* for a sick Mind, *Portocarrero* was in Pain to discover the Mystery to the Duke of *Harcourt*, to ease the Burthen of his Soul by dividing it. He therefore commanded *Fernando* to go to his House, and in his Name, to desire that he wou'd come to him as soon as possible. The Duke was as impatient to know the end of the Adventure, as the Cardinal was to tell it, he wonder'd at his long Absence, and tho' he heard from the Countess her self, a good part of the Comedy, yet he wanted to hear the Catastrophe. He ask'd *Fernando* how long his Master had been come home, and *Fernando* telling him that he was just arriv'd, the Duke hasten'd to pay him a Visit.

After

After the usual Compliments, *Portocarrero* acquainted him with the sad Accident that befel him at the Countess's, he told him how that being involv'd in a Labyrinth of Melancholly Meditations on the Business, he had wander'd into a Forrest, where he staid two Days and three Nights, and that being an utter Stranger to the Place, and not us'd to travel on the Hoof, he was mightily at a Loss how to find out the way, and was in danger of perishing by Famine or wild Beasts, had he not met with a Countryman, who in pity of him, took him home with him to his Hut. Ah! my Lord he said, think with what Rigour Heaven punishes me, and how cruelly Fortune declares her self against me. 'Tis true, all the Fault ought to be imputed to the Countess, but Alas! how can I be angry with her; she that is so entirely possess'd of my Heart, that every Nerve in my Body tends directly to her Charms. 'Tis thou, damnable Destiny, 'tis thou that hast engender'd this Worm in my Breast, which will in the end destroy me: 'Tis thou that nourish't in my Bowels a Viper that is incessantly preying on my Vitals. Ah Wretch, how happy had I been had I
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never hearken'd to the fatal Counfels of blind Love. The Duke fo long had Patience, and bore with his Declamations, at laft he interrupted them, bad him have a good Heart, and reftor'd him to fo hopeful a State of Peace and Content of Mind, that he resolv'd to laugh at the fickle Goddeſs Chance, and to deſpiſe the malicious Turns ſhe had play'd him, or might play him hereafter.

Juſt as he was arriv'd to this Pitch of Conſolation, *Fernando* at a Signal giv'n, enter'd the Room, and gave the Cardinal a Letter from the Prior of the Royal Monaftery of *Toledo*, who wrote to him as follows.

Moſt Reverend and moſt illuſtrious
Father.

My Lord,

I Doubt not but this will find your Eminence in perfect Health, and I'm heartily ſorry that I'm oblig'd to interrupt your Repoſe thro' the particular Concern I take in every thing which has reſpect to your Eminence, by troubleſome and diſagreeable News. La Donna Antoinettra Sybella, a few Days ſince came to me to Confefſion, and with bitter Sighs
and

and Tears declar'd that she was four Months gone with Child by your Eminence, upon which I excommunicated her on Your Holiness's Account, and solemnly threatn'd her, that if she did not hold her Tongue, or lay the Child to some other Person, she shou'd never more be receiv'd into the Church, and wou'd be in danger of Damnation, which she has sworn by our holy Father the Pope to do. Your Eminence will see by the inclos'd, what are her Sentiments, and I beg you to lay your Commands on me, how I shall proceed in the Matter.

I am

Your Eminence's

Most Humble and

Most Devoted Servant.

P. Abraham.

The Duke of Harcourt saw by the rolling of the Cardinal's Eyes, that the Letter was not at all welcome, and before he read the other, he demanded of him why he was so Melancholly, and what strange News cou'd so discompose him,

as

as to shake the greatness of his Soul, which had so oftentimes triumph'd over his Enemies. The Cardinal answer'd, that when he read the inclos'd he shou'd know all, that he might stand in need of his Advice, and rejoyc'd to have so good a Friend near him, to confer with in so ticklish an Affair; he begg'd his Patience to excuse him, till he had run over the Penitent's Bill.

Most Reverend Father,

MY trembling Hand cannot express the greatness of the Affliction which you have brought upon me. You know by what Oaths you bound your self to be true to me, and how you cropt the Flower of my Virginity, which I had preserv'd inviolate, and now you have glutted your lawless Appetite you abandon me in the most deplorable and miserable Condition in the World, without taking, as I see, the least care to comfort and relieve me; are these your Promises, Most Reverend Cardinal? Are these the Assurances that you gave me, that a Man in Holy Orders, cou'd not defile or sully a Maiden's Chastity? I have been with Child four Months, which will ruin your Reputation, when 'tis known that you are the Father. Perhaps you think I will
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stifle the living Proofs of your Infidelity before it sees the Light, to hide your shame and my own; but that is a Crime more damnable than the fault I have committed, 'tis to break the eternal Laws of Nature, and to be guilty of horrid Murder, which Heaven forbid. I do'nt desire of you to continue your Affection, which does not deserve any other Name than an impudent Desire; keep, keep it to your self, and banish me from your Heart for ever, yet do not neglect your own Interest; your Honour is at a Stake, and if you are not careful of it, it may prejudice your Fortune, which shall never be envy'd by

The Unhappy

Antoinetta Sybilla.

The Cardinal was sensibly touch'd at the reading the first Letter, but the second put him in a cold Sweat, and sighing from the bottom of his Soul, he cry'd out, Destiny, Destiny, to what am I born: Ah malicious Chance! wilt thou never have done persecuting me: Ah wretched, wretched Man! thou art scarce got out of one Peril, before thou art fallen into a worse, more insup-

Cardinal *Portocarrero*. 97

insupportable and more tremendous than the former. My Life depends upon my Honour, I must think of Means to save that, or of living no longer. Saying these Words, he gave the Two Letters to the Duke and pray'd him to read them. *Harcourt* was extremely surpriz'd to see what was in them, whether he was as sorry for't as he pretended to be, we may suspect, considering what had past between him and the Cardinal. He appear'd more than ordinarily concern'd, and his Trouble encreas'd *Portocarrero's* Apprehension of the Event. The Duke to set him a little to rights again, had Recourse to his Common Place Consolations, that what was past cou'd not be recall'd, and 'twas in vain to grieve at what we cou'd n help. That if there was no Way to prevent the Blow, if after Mature Deliberation, 'twas found impossible to hush up the Matter, they must endeavour to provide one how or other against it, and if it cou'd not be done without Blood, they must away with Scruples where all was at Stake. In my Opinion, says the Duke, Your Eminence without Loss of Time, ought to go to *Toledo*, to know the whole Truth of the Business, from

the Girl's own Mouth, and to consult with her, how to prevent the Inconveniences that may otherwise arise. I make no Question but you will think of Expedients enough to bring the Matter to what Issue you desire. No, the Cardinal answer'd, No my Lord, I am too unfortunate in every thing I undertake. The Girls Love is turn'd into Hatred, and I shall certainly expose my self to one Unlucky Accident or another by it. The Duke reply'd, It cannot be worse than it is, and there's no Way of getting out of it, but by making as if you did'n trouble your self about it. Do you remember, says the Cardinal, that I must leave my Heart behind me, and be absent from the Woman, whose Presence is dearer to me than Life. The Duke made no Answer, and stood silent till *Portocarrero's* Transport was a little over, he then endeavour'd to convince him, that he ought to think of himself, of the Matter in Hand, and what it might come to, that the best Thing he cou'd do, was to set out for *Toledo*, and that he shou'd on no Account defer it longer than the Morrow Morning. The Cardinal had nothing to say against his Reasons, and gave *Fernando* Order to prepare

pare for their Journey the next Day, which Resolution put an End to their Conversation for that Time, and after mutual Civilities and Ceremonies, the Duke took his Leave of the Cardinal.

While *Fernando* was busy preparing for their Departure, his Master, who had till then trusted him as his Faithful Councillour, and employ'd him as his Secretary in all his Amorous Intrigues, began to hate him as much as he had formerly lov'd him, either repenting of his Indiscretion, in making his Domestick his Confident, or that he thought the Duke of *Harcourt* wou'd be more serviceable to him, or out of Envy that he was more happy in his Amours than himself, and being of a Changeable Temper, he cou'd in a Minute hate his best Friend to Death, without the least Reason or Provocation, and at the same Time that his Friend flatter'd himself to be highest in his Favour. He was at a Loss what to do, whether to leave *Fernando*, who was now grown a Trouble to him, at *Madrid*, or take him with him to *Toledo*. In the End he resolv'd to take him with him, for he fear'd that in his Absence, his Secretary, who was very handsom, and had so much Power over

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Livia's Affections might get ground on the Countess's, and so of his Servant become his Rival. He was very loath to let him accompany him to *Toledo*, for lately he did not love to have him in his Sight, however, rather than give him an Opportunity to make his Addresses to *Montpelliere*, and turn him out of the Saddle; he order'd him to attend him in his Journey, he continu'd in this Resolution till next Day in the Morning, when *Roderick* the Duke of *Harcourt's* Valet came to him from his Master, to receive his Commands. The Duke having gain'd so much on the Cardinal's Confidence, that he wou'd employ none but his Servants in his Intrigue for the future. He gave him a Letter to carry to the Countess from himself, and bad him to Complement her in his Name and the Duke's jointly. The Letter we have translated for the Benefit of the *English* Reader.

Light of my Eyes!

THE Misfortune which happen'd to me at my last Visit is more than I can bear, and I cannot express my Sorrow for my Imbecility on that Occasion. And yet I can't
help,

Cardinal Portocarrero. 101

help, amidst all my Fears, relying on your Constancy. I do not doubt at my next Meeting to make double amends for my Want of Courage at our last. Yet, I cannot but complain of the Rigor of my Destiny, which obliges me to take my Leave of you for a few Days. In the mean time, My Fair Countess! Love me as a Person who adores you from his Soul and will not live without You.

Your Most Affectionate

Portocarrero.

The Countess laugh'd when she read it, *Roderick* wou'd not stir without an Answer, *Montpelliere* ask'd him where the Cardinal was all the while he was missing from his House, and whither he was now going. All that *Roderick* cou'd reply, was, he did not know whither he had been, nor whither he wou'd go. Then the Countess went to her Sideboard, took Pen, Ink and Paper, and wrote to the Cardinal thus,

Holy Father !

I Can't imagine how Your Holiness cou'd hold out to get Home that Night when you left me, for I am sure the Weakness and Impotence which appear'd in you, wou'd not suffer you to put one Leg before the other. Poor Monk ! As stout as you boast your self to be, the Effect of your pretended Passion is only a of your Impotence, which warns you rather to think of the Grave, than the Bed of a young Lady. I suppose you are asham'd to shew your Imbecility, by your getting out of the Way ; but I wonder you will undertake a Journey, when the visible Signs of Death are on you. I advise you to keep your Bed, and endeavour to dissipate the Sorrows of your late Adventure. If you will continue your Visits, you must arm your self with a Coat of Mail, that you may have the Figure of a Man of Courage, and when you venture abroad, don't forget your Crutches, for fear of falling, which is the tender faithful Advice of

Montpellier.

Porto-

Cardinal Portocarrero. 103

Portocarrero commanded *Fernando* to call the Duke, who was so obliging, as to promise him to accompany him to *Toledo*, as well to endear himself to the Cardinal for facilitating his Masters Projects, as to divert himself with the Extravagance of his Amour. They were both ready to take Coach, when *Roderick* brought back the Countess's Answer, which they resolv'd not to open till they were Two or Three Miles out of Town, to shorten the Way by the Pleasure of reading it, which they flatter'd themselves wou'd be a good Entertainment on the Road.

The Cardinal had not Patience to stay to know what was in the Letter till he had travell'd so far, he was scarce Half a League out of *Madrid*, before he open'd it with the greatest Earnestness imaginable, burning with Desire to see what it contain'd. He read it out, that the Duke might hear him, who cou'd not forbear laughing at the Turn the Countess gave to her Resentment, and the Liberty she took with him in her Epistle.

When his Fit of Laughter was over, he affected to look Grave, and with an Air of Contempt said, His Eminence had

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too much Respect for an Impudent Puss, that he wou'd serve her right, never to think of her more, and he wou'd himself recommend him to a Beauty much more accomplish'd, and without Dispute more worthy to be belov'd than the Haughty *Montpellier*. The Cardinal listen'd attentively to the last Part of his Speech, and begg'd the Duke to lend him his Assistance on this Occasion, and he wou'd do all that in him lay to return the Obligation. Well, Well, reply'd the Duke, Stay till we have done our Business at *Toledo*, and then we'll set the other on foot.

In this Dialogue they continu'd on their Journey without meeting any Obstruction. They din'd together, and after Dinner, both of 'em took a Nap in the Coach. The Cardinal, whose Head was full of the New Beauty, wak'd first, and entreated the Duke when he awoke, to let him know in what Posture his Affairs stood with the Young Lady. The Duke cou'd not tell better how to pass the Time, and besides, being willing to engage the Cardinal more and more in his Interest, he communicated the Secret to him.

The

The *French King* knew very well what he did, when he sent so cunning a Minister into *Spain*, for 'tis by his Means and *Portocarrero's*, that he not only laid the Foundation of the Succession to the *Spanish Monarchy*, but has rais'd the Building to the Height we now behold it. 'Twas for this Purpose that *Harcourt* condescended to serve the Cardinal in the vilest Capacity. But he is not the first Person that has made his Fortune in the *French Court*, by his Dexterity in Coupling the Two Sexes. The Duke knew, if he render'd himself necessary to the Archbishop in his Pleasures, he had gain'd a Point which wou'd very much advance his Master's Interest. For after that he might pretend to any thing in the Cardinal's Power, he therefore open'd his Bosom to him frankly, as if he was really as much his Friend as he affected to be.

You may remember, says he, by a very good Token, the Fair Lady that was in your Company, that Two or Three Months since, I walk'd with you in the King's Garden at *Aranjuez*, and that of a sudden I parted with you, to leave you to the Society of the Lady, and to enjoy my self the Delights of so

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fine a Solitude. My Heart was not free from Emotions of one Kind and another, and the Disorders of my Mind requir'd the Serenity of so agreeable a Retirement to compose them. In the midst of my Contemplation, I wander'd out of one Walk into another, and insensibly came to a little River, a clear and murmuring Stream, which tempted me to sit down on the Bank and give a Loose to my Meditations. I had not been long there, before I heard an unknown Voice, complaining of Misfortunes, and such sorrowful Sighs, that I cou'd not forbear rising to see who it was, and enquire into the Cause that produc'd so Melancholly an Effect. I went to the Place from whence the Voice came, and found there a Young Woman, her Vail lying by her, wiping of her Tears from her Cheeks with her Handkerchief.

My Pity of her Condition oblig'd me to ask her what Misfortune had happen'd to her, and what evil cou'd draw down such Pearls as those from her Fair Eyes.

Asham'd of being discover'd, she seem'd as if she wou'd do her self a Mischief, for having shewn her weakness to

to a Stranger. I begg'd her to confide in me, and if she wou'd honour me so far as to tell me the cause of her Sorrow, perhaps I might think of a Cure. Ah Sir, says she, you can never restore what the Malice of Fortune has ravish'd from me : In speaking these words, her tears trickled down her Cheeks faster than before, and the Chrystal Torrent infinitely increas'd the Lustre of her Beauty ; I cou'd compare her to nothing but *Venus* mourning for the Loss of her belov'd *Adonis*.

My Compassion augmented every Moment, and I renew'd my Prayer that she wou'd relieve her Heart, by relating the sad Accident which gave her so much disquiet. I cou'd get out of her no more than that the greatest part of her trouble proceeded from the necessity she lay under, to forsake her Relations and her Country, and she said that was a Blow which she was sure I cou'd not prevent.

I endeavour'd to comfort her, by saying a good Husband might make amends for that, and offer'd my Service to her, provided she wou'd inform me of her Condition.

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The Sincerity with which I seem'd to speak to her, wrought upon her, and she answer'd, since you will have me, Sir, unload my Bosom to you, I obey you, that by refusing your Request any longer, I might not abuse your Patience. Know then Sir, I am an Italian by Birth, and my Family is descended of one of the most illustrious Houses of *Italy*; the World knows but too well how many Proofs it has given of the Valour and Virtue of our Race. 'Tis scarce 3 Months since that Death depriv'd me of my Father and Mother, and a little while after I lost my dear Husband the Duke of——— which overwhelm'd me with Grief: My Affairs being in this sad State, my Relations advis'd me to go to *Spain*; I follow'd their Advice, and retir'd hither, as to a Temple, to offer to my Parents and my Husband these humid Witnesses of my inalterable Fidelity and Duty: Here she wept, and I address'd my self to her. Ah Princess! torment your self no more, I beg that Favour of you; I am my self a Prince, and let me intreat you to drive these mournful Images from your Mind, and in Gratitude for the Constancy, I swear
to.

to admit me to a Share of your Heart: I was going to throw my self at her Feet, and by Oaths to confirm to her what I had said, but she wou'd not permit it, and commanded me to rise, saying, her Wounds were too fresh, that she wou'd not bring any new troubles on her self, that she despis'd the Follies of Love, and cou'd no more be subject to his Empire. Then she pray'd me to be gone, telling me her Women were not far off, and Night coming on, she was willing to return in the cool of the Evening, and before Day shut in. I took my leave of her as respectfully as I cou'd, and begg'd her to take in good part so hearty a token of my Affection, and to suffer me in her dear Company for the future to divert my melancholly Thoughts, which she granted, and parted from me with the most charming Air that ever I beheld.

She was scarce out of my sight, but I fancy'd that a Person with whom I was acquainted, talk'd to me. The Idea of her excellent Beauty was accompany'd with so much Sadness, that out of Love and Compassion my whole Soul was taken up with the Contemplation of her Affliction and her Charms. I follow'd
her

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her with my Eyes, and when I cou'd not see her, my Thoughts and my Wishes pursu'd her incessantly.

I cou'd do no more, and with Patience must wait till the next Day, when by good Luck I found the fair Dutchess, who was not displeas'd to see me so officious to drive her Sorrows from her Breast, I rally'd her, and carry'd on my Conversation in a pleasant tone, which by little and little brought her into the Confines of Mirth and good Humour. Thus by Degrees we contracted a strict Friendship, and she inform'd me that her Name was *Eumene*, that she was Daughter of the Prince of ——— she also permitted me to sweeten the bitterness of her Grief by a Billet, on condition it contain'd only matter of Comfort, I promis'd to obey her implicitly, and since she wou'd hear only of consolatory Reflexions, to talk of nothing else, that I might not render my self unworthy an Affection which I cou'd not but admire and esteem.

I sought after her several Days successively, at the usual place of meeting, and missing her always, I dispatch'd my trusty *Roderick* with this Letter, which he carry'd her from me.

Illustrious Eumene;

THE Commands you laid upon me to endeavour to dissipate the Sorrows of your Mind, are so just, that I cou'd never forgive my Heart, if by too much boldness it shou'd in the Remembrance of your Beauty forget what ever you require of me. Can there be any Consolation greater, Madam, than to entreat you to banish from your Soul, the cares and disquiets of Time and Fortune. Consider most adorable Beauty! that the Sun's warm Rays make the leaves of Roses which wither'd in a Tempest, to revive and flourish, and that a pleasant Summer, succeeds a stormy Spring. Be careful of your self, Lovely Eumene, and think no more of the cause of your Trouble. Torment your self no more, nor afflict a Person who does not live in himself, but in you only, and is,

Madam,

Your Most

Affectionate Servant

The Duke of

HARCOURT.

Eumene,

Eumene, as *Roderick* tells me, hastily open'd the Billet, and was so far from taking what I said ill, she was overjoy'd that I made use of those Expressions, and gave such a turn to my Consolations, which confirm'd me in my Hopes, that tho' she did not answer my Letter, she was not angry with me for writing it.

She complemented me upon it the next time we met in the Garden, where we became such good Friends, that she allow'd me to wait on her at home, when and as often as I pleas'd. You see my Lord, he continu'd speaking to the Cardinal; there is a fair Opportunity laid before me; I protest to you, by all that's sacred, I will not let it slip, and shall gladly give up my good Fortune to you.

From that time, *Portosarrero*, whose Heart began to conceive some sweet Hopes of the Dutches, wou'd have sacrific'd his Honour, and the Peace of his Country, if he might have been sure of enjoying her. He promis'd the Duke to assist him as much as he was able in his Embassy, and to endeavour to enlarge the Number of *Lewis le Grand's* Conquests.

quests. For tho' the *Great Monarch's* Ministers have not always been *Pimps*, yet for the most part they have been Men of such subtle Wit, and such large Consciences, that by their Flattery, Dissimulation, Bribery and Treachery, they have talk'd the Courts of *Europe* into Security, while their Master surpriz'd Cities and Provinces, extended his Empire, and usurp'd the Title of *Le Grand*, being the first Prince in the World that ever stil'd himself *Great*, who never was in a Battle. But he may as well assume that Name to himself, as to call his Thefts, Conquests.

The Duke's Story held till they arriv'd at *Toledo*; the Archbishop carry'd him to his Palace, and carest him so highly, that the Duke was pleas'd to think how much his Friendship wou'd promote his Master's Designs.

They supp'd together in the Cardinal's Apartment, and being both weary with their Journey; the Duke first desir'd to be conducted to the Chamber where he was to repose himself after the Fatigues of the Day. *Portocarrera* excus'd his haste, and the little time he had to provide for his Entertainment according to his desert; promising to double his Diligence,

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gence, and on the morrow to make more than amends for what was wanting that Night. I'm infinitely oblig'd to your Eminence, reply'd the Duke, and I beg you to put your self to no extraordinary trouble on my Account.

With these Compliments, they parted each to his Rest, the Duke very well satisfy'd that he had made such Progress the Cardinal's Mind, not doubting but the Secret he had communicated to him, wou'd infallibly engage him to do whatever he pleas'd to have him : So, says he to himself, I have one of them fast, and now I must go to work to catch the others in the Snare. The Foundation, *Great Lewis*, is laid to thy Wish, Heaven blesses the Industry of thy faithful Servant, who may boast that he has laid the Mighty Crown of *Spain* at the Feet of his Monarch, without putting him to the necessity of drawing his Sword. Oh happy *Harcourt* ! thou hast rais'd thy self by thy Intrigues and Falshood, by pretending to be what thou art not, and passing for a Friend to the Spanish Crown, while thou art contriving to introduce a foreign Tyranny, and subjecting her to the worst of Slavery, a French Government. Thy Name will be infamous
to

to all Posterity, and wherever it shall be eccho'd, the Curses of all those that love the Liberty of *Europe* will inseparably follow it. Thou wilt now find means to enrich thy decay'd House, and thy past Poverty which has expos'd thee to a Thousand Actions, unworthy thy Birth, will now be forgotten in thy future Wealth and Offices. The Duke cou'd not contain himself when he was alone, reflecting on the fair Prospect he had of succeeding in his Negotiation, he cry'd out, Ah! too fortunate Duke, how well hast thou acquitted thy self in thy Embassy, and how liberally has Fortune given thee one Advantage after another; go on, and do not neglect her Favours, improve thy friendship with the Archbishop, and when his Lust is satiated, rekindle his Flames by new Stratagems, if that is not to be done, blind him with French Gold, bind him with a golden Chain, put a golden Bit in his Mouth; and thou may'st lead wherever thou wilt.

Half the Night was spent before the Duke cou'd get a wink of Sleep, so pleasantly was he taken up by those agreeable Reflexions; he set before him, the Honour he shou'd acquire by his Success,

cess, the Authority 'twou'd give him throughout the Kingdom, and above all, the Advantage of deserving the Favour of the King his Master, which he cou'd never enough esteem. Thus musing on the Benignity of his Stars, he fell asleep, and was entertain'd with the sweetest Dreams that Fancy cou'd paint, to flatter his Vanity and Ambition, he enjoy'd his Visions and fine Imagination till the heat of the Sun's Beams drove them away as Spectres vanish at the Dawn of Day.

His Curiosity was too great to suffer him to lye long a Bed, he had still a Project working in his Brain, which he hop'd wou'd very much facilitate his Affairs. To this end as soon he was dress'd, and heard from *Portocarrero* that the Prior had been with him, he waited on his Eminence, who had dismiss'd Father *Abraham*. The Cardinal told him the Prior had promis'd him to order the matter so that after Dinner the young Gentlewoman shou'd walk in the Garden of the Palace which stood at the Towns end on the Banks of *Tagus*. The Duke believ'd 'twas for his purpose, still to impose on the Archbishop, by pre-

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tending to discover a Mystery which wou'd remove all Difficulties, and to add the Merit of such a Service to that of Yesterdays Secret.

All last Night, Holy Father ! said the French Man, I hardly clos'd my Eyes, so much was I disturb'd by the Intricacy of the Business we are come about ; but after I had study'd on't some Hours, I hit on this Remedy to the Evil threatn'd, which I believe your Holiness will find infallible, to avert the Blow, and turn off the impending Storm. I have in my Family a very cunning Fellow, one *Despacho*, whom I employ on the like Occasions, and I must own his Address and Conduct, and especially the particular Art he has to insinuate himself into the Affections of a Person, please me extremely, and as he hopes to make his Fortune under me, so there's nothing we can propose to him, which he will not be ready to accept. I doubt not all things may be made easie, and the matter brought to a good end, provided we can procure him to be made universal Secretary for the Kingdom of *Spain*, on condition that he demands *Antoinetta Sybilla* in Marriage of her Father *Don Antonio*. To be sure her Father will think
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he may depend on the Cardinal's word, and will be proud to match his Daughter to a Man in so honourable an Office.

Portocarrero was so charm'd with the Duke's Proposition, that he was almost out of his Senses, and the more he reflected on the appearance of getting out of such an imminent Danger, the more he esteem'd the Duke, who was the Author of his Joy. He threw himself about his Neck, kiss'd him, and assur'd him he wou'd for ever after be govern'd by him in all things by his Pleasure, that he wou'd not only neglect nothing that could be serviceable to the advancing his Glory and the Affair he was negotiating, but wou'd contribute with all his Power to both

In the mean time he order'd a noble Banquet to be prepar'd, and indeed 'twas his Interest to treat so faithful a Friend in the best manner. The Table was spread with the most delicious Dishes in *Spain*, and the finest Fruit that the Earth produces; they seal'd the Contract of their Friendship with several Bumpers of Sack, and the Duke prepar'd to meet *Antoinetta* in the Garden of the Archbishopal Palace.

He

Cardinal *Portocarrero*. 119

He walk'd there in Expectation of her, near half an Hour, and then the Mourning Beauty appear'd ; he cou'd not help blushing with Indignation at the sight of her, to think that a lustful Fryer shou'd desile the Chastity of so amiable a Person. She was speechless thro' Shame, and cou'd not say a word, yet she came on purpose to have satisfaction for her wrongs. The Duke in an Extasie of Wonder and Delight gaz'd on her, till she cou'd hold out no longer, but swooned away at his Feet. Her Fit was so violent, that he had much ado to recover her, tho' he made use of the strongest Essences, to chafe her Temples, and threw Water on her Face. When she cou'd speak, she bad him not give himself so much trouble to save an unhappy Damsel, who desir'd nothing more passionately than a sudden Death, to put an end to the Remembrance of her injur'd Innocence, she open'd her languishing Eyes as unwillingly as if she was asham'd of Light, and at the same time a Torrent of Tears flow'd from her Cheeks, which were accompany'd with so many broken Sighs, as cou'd not but move Pity in the most obdurate Breast. Ah Duke ! she cry'd, let me die, and never let the
Fruit

Fruit of my Womb, the Offspring of an infamous and poysonous Scorpion see the Light of the Sun. Ah! I tremble when I think of the Author of all my Misfortunes, the Father of ——— she then fell into a second Fit, more powerful than the former, which threw the Duke into mortal Agonies, figuring to himself so many different things in his Mind, if any one shou'd find with him a Woman in a Swoon by him, that he was almost as much out of his Wits as the Girl; but recollecting all his Courage he spoke to her thus in a lamentable Tone. Fair Damsel! do not give way to your Grief, rely on me, I am entirely at your Service, your Honour shall not in the least be blemish'd; for Heaven has so order'd it, that after this little Storm is blown over, you shall arrive safely in the Port of Happiness.

You have already past by the most dangerous Rocks, and may now at a distance view the desir'd Haven. At these words she cast her Eyes on him, and angerly answer'd; you have little pity, my Lord, to hinder me from putting an end to my Pains by a happy Death. Hence, Hence, and do not talk

Cardinal *Portocarrero*. 121

to me of Safety, there's no cure for my Disease. The Duke reply'd, forward take Courage, to get over the Violence of the Distemper: Defend your self against the Assaults of Fortune by your natural Generosity, and let not Despair triumph over you. Don't give the rein to Sorrow, tell me your Case, and the source of your Misfortune, and see if I cannot apply a proper Remedy. He took her by the Hand and led her into a Summer House in the Garden near the place where he met her; she sat down on one Bench, and he on another. She put all thoughts of Revenge out of her Mind, finding the Opportunity favour'd, and there being no body in the Garden to disturb them, she prepar'd to give him Satisfaction in what he desir'd of her. You know, my Lord! that all the World, to their Shame, are foolishly and blindly infatuated with one Passion or Folly or another, that the Clergy pretending to have shaken off all humane Frailties, wou'd be thought insensible of humane Desires, and that we are to our cost too apt to believe them. This wretched Prejudice, this blind Superstition, is the cause of my Misery, and like an a-

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bandon'd Slave has lead me where it pleas'd. My Father and I knowing the Influence that our Archbishop had over the King, and how great Father *Abraham* was with the Cardinal, we resolv'd to make an Acquaintance with the Prior which we did, and he promis'd to give me such certain and solid Instructions as shou'd infallibly guide me in the way to Paradise, he wou'd open all his Stores, and communicate to me the Secrets of his Sciences Celestial, with which I was mightily charm'd, and neglected nothing I cou'd think of, to keep him in so charitable and holy a Disposition; and since my thoughts were disengag'd from the things of this World, and aspir'd to a better, I entreated him to instruct me in the Doctrine he talk'd of, to make my way to Bliss sure and easie. He consented, and entertain'd me with Lessons on several things, tending all to his main Design to satiate his brutal Lust. He wou'd Catechise me sometimes, but all his Questions were commonly on such Points as these; whether the Mouth of an Ecclesiastick cou'd defile a Maiden's Chastity? Whether it was a Sin for a Preacher of Righteousness to have communication with a Lady worthy to be be-

belov'd? No, says he, the Purity of the one increaseth that of the other. Sugar does not melt in the Sun, unless 'tis temper'd by Water, so a chaste Mind remains without Spot, when despising the Children of the World, it gives itself up to heavenly Persons. How, says I, is it possible Father *Abraham*, for a Priest to feel the Passion of Love in the same manner as a Layman; yes, said he, Love is a Daughter of Heaven, and Nature our common Mother produces the same Effects in inanimate Creatures. But what is most admirable in a Priest, is, that she takes from him the common Effects of that Passion, and gives him others in the room of them, unknown to any but Men of the same Profession. The more one of the Religious is exalted in Honour, the more Pleasure a fair Lady finds in his Arms, and the nearer he approaches to the Papal See, by mingling their Souls, she has a taste of Paradise.

Perswaded by these plausible Pretences of the Truth of what he said, I felt within me an earnest desire to enjoy the singular Delights that he preach'd up to be in the Society of an Ecclesiastick, I fancy'd it must be like the Pleasures of Angels. I had trusted him with several

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things of Importance, and believ'd I might depend on his Sanctity and Sincerity, for his venerable Age seem'd to require me to give him Credit, though what he affirm'd appear'd sometimes irrational and incredible. I entreated his Reverence to procure me one of those dignify'd Churchmen, that I may partake of the Joys which were only to be met with me in the Embraces of a Person near the Papal Chair. He consented to my Proposal, and promis'd to bring me into the Acquaintance of Cardinal *Portocarrero*, and to be instrumental in settling a friendly Correspondence between us. He desir'd me to be at such a time in the Pallace Gardens, and the Archbishop himself should come to give me farther Satisfaction in the matter; what cou'd I hope for better, my Lord, than to have his Holiness honour me with his Friendship, and you may imagine how I was transported to think that in a few Days I shou'd live the Life of Gods, and drink large draughts of Nectar, that upon Earth I shou'd have a tast of those Delights which are the promis'd Rewards of Virtue hereafter; for thus did this lewd Monk impose on my Youth and Ignorance.

rance. So far was I insinuated by his false Images of Pleasure, that I thank'd him as much as if he had told me nothing but Truth: Ah Father! cry'd I, how joyfully do I accept of your Offer, and I pray the Saints in return to show'r down their Blessings abundantly on your sacred Head. The Rascal, the Traytor; the Develish Fryer having tempted me thus to Destruction, and made me fond of Ruin, advis'd me by all means to let no body know the Secret, and urg'd farther that I must keep it to myself as long as I liv'd, or a dreadful Vengeance wou'd light on me for divulging to the Profane those Mysteries, which are only the Portion of the Professors of Holy Orders. I promis'd him to be as silent as the Grave, and having a Thousand and a Thousand times thank'd him for his ghostly Counsel, I left him with my Father, who came to entertain him.

I was so possess'd with the hopes of my approaching Bliss, that I cou'd not contain my self, my Closet was too little to hold the fullness of the Joys I was in expectation of; to feast my self on the Imagination of the happy Moment. I retir'd to a House of Pleasure my Fa-

ther had in the Neighbourhood, where I had leifure and room to reflect on the sweet Premises the Reverend Prior had made me. Thus I began to flatter my self, Ah *Antoinetta* ! how glorious is thy Fortune, to have the highest Ecclesiastick in *Spain* in Love with thee. Cleanse thy Heart from all impure Thoughts to receive a Lover so worthy of thy Affections as it ought, according to his Merit and Quality. The Hours and the Minutes grew tedious to me, I was angry with the Sun for staying so long in our Horizon, and I fancy'd he did it out of envy to my Happiness, on which I reflected as a Blessing too great for an earthly Creature to aspire to. At last the long expected Hour arriv'd, I went to the Palace Garden, and found the Archbishop of *Toledo* sitting under an Orange Tree, holding a Book in his Hand.

When he saw me, he rose, open'd his Arms, claspt me and kist me with unexpressible Tenderness, I made no Resistance, for the Impression the Prior's Lectures had wrought on my Mind, dispos'd me to think every thing he did to me, was not only an Honour, but a Happiness which I enjoy'd by the particular
Bounty

Bounty of my Stars, that I ought to permit him as much out of Duty as Respect, and that my pleasing him was meritorious in me, which false Prejudice encourag'd me to such a height of Extravagance and Familiarity, that if he had not been prepossess'd by the Prior of my Ignorance, he wou'd have taken me for the lewdest Wench in the Kingdom; on the contrary, now he took my Freedom as the effect of my Simplicity, and was charm'd by it as a Novelty in Love which he did not use to meet with.

When his lustful Appetite hunger'd to satisfy itself at the Expence of my Honour; he begg'd me to go with him into his Apartment not far off, where he shew'd me a rich Bed, which he call'd *The Lover's Content*; Ah! my Life, my Soul, my Angel, *says the deceitful Cardinal*, and by his lascivious Caresses, toying and dallying, by his dying Eyes, his warm Touches, and his amorous Sighs, he so enflam'd my Youth, that having never before felt the Pains of Love, I gave a Loose to my new born Wishes, and suffer'd him to rifle my Virgin Treasures.

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'Twas in that accurst Minute that he
crop'd the Flower of my Maiden Ho-
nour, and sully'd my spotless Glory.
'Twas then that his burning Lust, wi-
ther'd the Roses in the Spring, and that he
bore away the Species of my Youth and
Beauty in Inglorious Triumph.

After the Crime was committed, I
found my self inwardly mov'd with Rage
against the false Monk; I told him, sure
this can never be a fore-tast of Pleasures
Celestial, since instead of the Content
which was pretended, I feel nothing but
Horror and mortal Sorrow. The Arch
Prelate endeavour'd to hush all the Cla-
mours of Conscience, and remove all
Scruples, which he did by his Flattery
and Falshood so effectually, that I did
not question his Sincerity. Night com-
ing on I went home, to prevent my Fa-
thers suspecting any thing, having before
prepar'd an Excuse for my Absence,
that I had been to visit a young Gentle-
woman of my Acquaintance. The Cardi-
nal swore again and again that he wou'd
ever be constant and kind to me, and
desir'd that I wou'd tell no body of what
had past between us, except honest Fa-
ther *Abraham*.

The

The next Day I manag'd the matter so as to have some talk with the Prior by himself; he ask'd me presently in Rallery, if *Portocarrero* had not a particular Art to gain the Hearts of the Ladies: You are very malicious, good Father, said I, to ask such things of me as I have no manner of Knowledge of. He reply'd, How's that? Am not I your Confident? Don't I know the Secret? that wou'd be hard indeed, when I directed and order'd the Affair; you must not pretend Ignorance to me. Come, come, Madam, *Portocarrero* is too great a Master in the Art of Love, not to be belov'd when he is himself a Lover. I doubt not before now you have tasted to Excess those Pleasures that are infinitely more valuable than all the other delights of Nature. I answer'd, why then do you take so much Pains, and go so far out of the way to be inform'd by me of what you knew your self so well before. However, if it will be any Satisfaction, you shall have my Confession from my own Mouth. I own then, I love the Cardinal to distraction, that our last meeting was not tiresom, and that I could'n help promising to meet him again next Week. Truly Madam, quoth

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the Prior, you ha'nt made an ill Choice. The Cardinal is Man enough to content your Desires, continue your good Will towards him, go on and prosper; Take a Surfeit of the Extatick Joys of Elysium, and bless your self that you are made Partaker of so much Felicity.

You see my Lord! how the Prior pass'd his time with me, what were his Instructions and Arguments, and the ways the Villain took to ruin in me, under Colour of Charity and Friendship: Ah unhappy *Antoinetta*, why wer't thou prevail'd upon by his Artifices; Alas! the Devil cou'd not have employ'd a more pernicious Instrument, than a Priest; I might have guarded my Vertue against any other Man, but the Cloak of Religion, was, I thought a sufficient Guard. Ah Wretch! how hast thou been deceiv'd. I quieted my Conscience with the Doctrine this *Judas* held forth, and like the rest of our Sex, doated on the Man that had undone me. I was not willing to lose any Opportunity to see the Cardinal; I was punctual at the time appointed to come to the Place of Rendezvous in the Garden, where the Archbishop had waited for me some time;

he

he walk'd in the Gallery, which fac'd the Garden, and has a wonderful fine Prospect; he did not I suppose presently perceive I was near him, and was so involv'd in his profound Meditations, that he forgot what brought him thither, or perhaps taking no notice, who came in or went out, his Eyes were employ'd on a more entertaining Object. Whatever was the matter, he did not look that way where I walk'd, and out of Bashfulness I did not care to speak first, so I turn'd aside a little, and sat down by the *Tagus*, which runs at the bottom of the Garden, and some Nets lying on the Bank, I threw them into the River for my Diversion, and caught a great many small Fish.

The Cardinal at last spy'd me, and his Passion kindling at the sight, he hasten'd down to me. His Impatience to renew our guilty Raptures, quicken'd his Steps, and I had not fish'd long before his Presence interrupted my innocent Sport. Happy for me if I had consider'd on the Moral, and reflected that while I was casting out my Nets to catch others, I was my self caught in a Snare more shameful and more dangerous.

Antoinetta cou'd not forbear pouring out a Flood of Tears in the Remembrance of her Offence, which join'd with suffocating Sighs hinder'd her the use of Speech. The Duke pray'd her to think no more of the fault she had been guilty of, which she shou'd wipe out of her Mind, but the Damsel cou'd not endure his Consolations, they were thrown away upon her, her Despair admitted of no Comfort. Ah! my Lord, she proceeded, so little was I conscious that I had done a fault, that I believ'd I never was more innocent in my Life, than whilst I was committing the most detestable Crime in the World. I thought I was out of all danger of Guilt or Shame, and I cou'd not imagine that there cou'd any thing happen to me at our first meeting injurious to my Reputation; on the contrary, I fear'd I might render myself much more criminal by refusing than complying with *His Holiness*. The Cardinal when he came to me, took me by the Hand, led me to the same Apartment, where I at first lost my Liberty and Honour. His Caresses, his amorous Glances, and every Action reviv'd the Flames of Love, and when he had rais'd his

Cardinal Portocarrero. 133

his own Desire and mine, he launch'd into a Sea of Pleasure, and after he had danc'd on the wanton Waves, where *Venus* and her Son are us'd to embark, his Vessel arriv'd in the Haven of his Hope, and cast Anchor in the Port of Bliss.

'Twas not at all decent for the Lady to come so close to the Point without a Smile, and the Lovers can tell best whether 'tis natural or not. *Antoinetta* continu'd her Discourse thus, after a Blush the Remains of Modesty had made it doubtful, whether she was pleas'd or sorry, with the Remembrance of those Transports which she so feelingly describ'd. I must confess, said the fair Penitent, we were both drunk with Joy, and all my Senses were in Extasie. 'Twas then that we mingled Souls, and in the height of Enjoyment were both of us expiring with Excess of Rapture. We were so far from shutting our Ears to the Voice of the Syrens, that we greedily listen'd to the Charm, and were both a Prey to those insatiate Harpies.

Pardon me, Pardon me, my Lord ! for giving way to my Despair, permit to revenge on my self, the Wrong I suffer, and to punish the Crime I have com-

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committed ; just Heaven reward the wicked Author according to his Deserts.

But what Punishment can answer the monstrous Villany of so infamous a Traytor, Racks and Wheels are too little for him ; Lightnings blast, and Thunders tear him. Hasten ye Righteous Powers, hasten the destin'd Vengeance, shoot thy dreadful Bolts on his devoted Head ; save my Innocence, save and revenge me.

She swoounded at these Words, and fell Breathless at the Duke's Feet. She had pronounc'd her Curses with such Vehemence and Rage, that one might now plainly perceive she was in earnest. The lovely Red in her Cheeks was at once vanish'd, and chang'd to pale and wan, and 'twas visible enough that she was very near the Borders of Death, her Eyes rould ghastly in her Head, and when she recover'd Breath, 'twas so short, the Duke did not doubt but she was giving up the Ghost.

He call'd *Servilio* his Page, and bad him run presently for the Cardinal, and in the mean time he took his Essence Bottle, and put it to the Patient's Nose, and

and did what he cou'd to keep Life in her.

Portocarrero hearing the sad Condition *Antoinetta* was in, doubted in himself what he had best to do, whether he had most reason to mourn or rejoice. He wou'd have been very glad to have rid himself of a troublesome Charge, but when he consider'd the Circumstances, the manner of her Death, the Place, suddenly, and in his Garden, it did not look well, and he had rather she shou'd live than go out of the World in a way which might reflect on his Character. For this Reason he resolv'd to see what was the matter, and into the Garden he went.

Before he got thither, Father *Abraham* arriv'd very much surpriz'd, to find the Cardinal entring the Walks in such Confusion and Hurry. The Prior did not stand upon Ceremony, but ask'd him in a Fright what Business he had there; *Portocarrero* answer'd, that the Duke of *Harcourt* was contriving to bring him honourably out of the Danger he was in, and to comfort *Antoinetta*; that while they two were together, the Girl either thro' Weakness or Grief fell into a Swoon, and that the Duke question'd whether she wou'd recover or not.

They

They enter'd the Arbour where the Duke and the Damsel were, immediately a cold sweat ran down the Cardinal's Face, like a Man condemn'd to be hang'd, at the sight of this lamentable Spectacle, every Joint in his Body shook. But who can expresse his Shame and Horror when *Antoinetta* looking on him with her languishing Eyes, said in a mournful Tone, Be gone Traytor! torment me no more. Her Tongue was so swoln, that she cou'd not go on, her Lips clos'd, and she fainted away.

It appear'd by her Motions, that the Pains of a Woman in Travel were coming upon her, and soon after she really miscarry'd; which very much incommoded the Duke of *Harcourt*, who held her all the while in his Arms. The Fryer perceiving the Disorders that Matters were in, was oblig'd to take upon him the Office of a Midwife. He wrapt the abortive Birth in a Linnen Cloath, and put it into a Box to lye there, till they held Council how to dispose of it. As for the Girl, the Duke cou'd not hold her any longer, so she was remov'd, and laid upon a Bed, near the Place where the Accident happen'd. And if we reflect
on

on this Gossiping, we shall find it very extraordinary. To have an Ambassador from the Most Christian King, a Duke and Peer of *France* hold the Back of a Poor Young Woman, a grave Prior for her Midwife, and a most Reverend Archbishop, the Father of the Child stand trembling, wishing them all at the Devil.

He curst the Day of his Birth, he beat his Breast, wrung his Hands, and acted the Madman to the Life, till he cou'd not bear the Load of his Grief, but out it flew in these Doleful Lamentations. Ah Unjust Fortune, Ah Conscience too squeamish, How cruelly dost thou persecute me, Cease, Cease to torture me, to wrack me, to tear my very Vitals; What wou'dst thou have with me? I yield, I yield to the Righteous Chastizements of Heaven, I submit to all the Judgments it denounces against me: And thou Omnipotent Being, who art enrag'd with me for my Abominable Crimes, Let me die, and let me not survive this Innocent Unhappy — What shou'd he call her, Virgin? He cou'd not, for Alas he had in the Vigour of his Lust depriv'd her of that once Honourable
Name

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Name, and in Good Manners and Christian Charity, 'twas indecent to give her a worse Title.

The Duke of *Harcourt*, you may be sure, though this Adventure had given him some Trouble, yet he cou'd not help laughing to himself at the Tragy-Comedy and was extremely pleas'd, that he had found Means to deliver the Cardinal so handsomly from the Apprehension of the Consequence of this Affair, he advis'd him to take Courage, and to have the Damsel carry'd off before the Business made a Noise, or her Father knew any thing of the Matter, he also gave him a Caution to absent himself till they saw how it wou'd end.

Antoinetta growing weaker and weaker, the Prior was not free from Care the less, because his Conscience reproach'd him with the Heinousness of his Crime, and let him see that he was indeed himself guilty of the Loss of the Young Gentlewoman. For which Reason, he try'd all his Science to furnish him with Ghostly Admonitions for the Salvation of her Soul: For, fearing every Minute that she wou'd depart, Madam, said he, Pray don't carry to your Grave a Desire of Revenge: Rather, Consider that you
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are a Humane Creature and a Christian, and if you wou'd die happily and the Death of the Righteous, you must be reconcil'd to those that have offended you; You must forgive them, if you will your self be forgiven. I am, I own guilty, that 'twas I who seduc'd you: But I hope, since you are going to another World, to a better, where Malice and Envy are not known, that you will begin to exercise the Blessed Disposition of the Saints, and bear no Rancour in your Compassionate Soul. Prepare your self quietly to leave this Troublefom State, to exchange a Life of Woe and Misery for the Blessings of Eternity, where neither Sorrow nor Care shall disturb your Repose. This World is only an Inn, where we are to bait in our Way to another, and not our Dwelling Place. If we wou'd obtain the Peace which is propos'd to us, I mean Life Eternal, we must neglect nothing of our Duty, for the least Negligence will render us unworthy of the Joys of Heaven, and instead of being presented with a Crown of Glory, we shall be cover'd with Shame. Since we are all to run the Race, 'tis better for the Soul to have finish'd our Course sooner than later, that we
may

may arrive at our Journeys End in our Youth rather than in Old Age, when we are quite tir'd out with the Infinite Number of Miseries and Perils in this Frail State. In short, the End that all Mankind ought with all their Might to aim at, is a Happy Death.

Thus did this Fryer, after he had been the Infamous Seducer of the Unfortunate Damsel, endeavour to comfort her, he set out all his Eloquence, and the greater her Danger seem'd to him, the more Pathetick was he in his Lectures. And thus out of a Viper, is often taken an Excellent Stone of Extraordinary Use towards the Health of Man, and frequently prescrib'd in Physick; and out of the Mouth of the Wicked and Lewd Preacher, very often comes Sound Doctrine and Wholsome Counsel.

The Duke in the mean while was beating his Brain to hit of a Way to get clear fairly of the Sick Lady, without giving her Father any Cause of Suspicion. He ask'd her how she did, She made him no Reply, but that she believ'd her Hour was come. Live happy, and accept of my humble Thanks for the Care you took of me in my last Moments.

ments. And when she had done speaking, neither the Duke nor the Prior cou'd get a Word more out of her in Answer to any of the Questions they demanded of her. Either asham'd of the Circumstances she was in, or not having Strength to satisfie their Impertinence, she remain'd like one that expected to breath her last in a few Minutes. The Prior was of Opinion that she shou'd be put into a Coach, and convey'd to the House of One of her Companions call'd *Stellania*; with whom they might so contrive the Business, that her Father shou'd never know a Word of what had happen'd. And that she shou'd give out she had been taken with a violent Bleeding which she imputed to the Operation of a strong Drug that had been giv'n her.

The Duke of *Harcourt* thank'd Heaven for delivering him of a Charge which lay heavy on his Hands, and consign'd the Damsel to Father *Abraham's* Care, to do as he thought fit, to save her Honour and her Family's, and to throw off the Scandal from the Arch-bishop. The Prior was very diligent, he immediately went to *Stellania*, who receiv'd him so obligingly, that he found there wou'd be

be no Difficulty to engage her in the Matter, she promis'd to lodge her, whether she liv'd or dy'd, and accordingly she took her into her House, and gave *Don Antonio* Notice of his Daughter's sudden Illness.

Let us for a while leave *Antoinetta* and *Stellana* together, and return to *Portocarrero* and the Duke of *Harcourt*, who were waiting for the Prior in the Summer-House. They were all of them in an amazement and as it often falls out, even among Strangers, that Danger makes 'em Friends, so here their Common Peril put all Ceremony out of their Heads, they forgot the Respect they ow'd to each other, and behav'd themselves like Fellows in Adversity, whom Danger had put on an Equallity.

When the Company were got together, they presently consulted how to proceed in the Affair. The Fryer mov'd, that as he had undertaken to dispose of the Abortive Birth, it might be consider'd what shou'd be done with it. The Cardinal, to whom it belong'd, gave his Opinion for burying it in the Box. The Duke voted for its being thrown into the River, with a Stone ty'd to it to sink it to the Bottom.

The

The Prior joyn'd with the Duke, saying, so little a Body wou'd sooner perish in the Water than in the Earth. Besides, to bury it wou'd be inconvenient, for the Gardner seeing the Earth newly dug up, might have the Curiosity to search into the Reason of it, and examine if there were nothing hid, by which means the Mystery wou'd be discover'd.

The Cardinal being convinc'd, 'twas resolv'd to drown it. *Servillio* was call'd, and order'd to fetch a great Stone, which Father *Abraham* took and carry'd to one side of the Summer-house, where he ty'd it to the Box, and for want of a Rope took off his Surcingle, fasten'd it to the Stone, and flung both that and the Box out of a Window into the River.

Night coming on, they went all into the Archiepiscopal Palace after the Hurry and Confusion they were in, to refresh and repose themselves, a Splendid Entertainment was provided by the Cardinal's Order to regale the Duke and the Prior, who both wanted something to elevate their Spirits, which were sufficiently fatigu'd with the Concern they had upon them for the Issue of the Adventure.

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venture. However, the Remains of their Distraction was such, that they cou'd not relish the most Savoury Dishes. They chaw'd the Delicacies and swallow'd them like Chopt Hay, and the Cardinal mumbl'd his fine Fricasses, as the Ass chaw'd the Thistles. Their Fear was not gone, and their Pallats were lost in the Terror of the Accident which had befall'n them. *Portocarrero* broke up the Company first, his Soul was most agitated, and he cou'd not hide his Grief, he entreated them to excuse him for withdrawing, and to confer together on all possible Ways and Means to bring the Business to a safe Conclusion, assuring them he wou'd be with them early the next Morning, and come to a Resolution about it.

He then retir'd into his Apartment, to weep over the Rigour of his Destiny. He admir'd that a Heart so harden'd as his, cou'd descend to shed Tears. But as Drops of Water will appear on the Superficies of a Stone taken out of a cold Place and presented to the Fire, so, this Wicked Wretch having been sweated in the Stove of Adversity, might very well melt into Tears, which are not to be look'd on as Signs of Repentance and
Con-

Cardinal *Portocarrero*. 145

Contrition proceeding from a Contrite Heart, but as a Hardness of Impenitence the most infamous and abominable.

The next Morning an Express arriv'd at the Gates of *Toledo*, who demanded immediate Admittance. The Watch wou'd have carry'd him to the Cardinal, the Courier told them his Business was not with his Eminence, but with the Duke of *Harcourt*, that he must lose no Time, and therefore he desir'd them to conduct him to the Duke, which they did.

The Express inform'd His Excellency that there was a Packet come from *Paris*, which was directed to himself in particular, and to be open'd by no other Person; wherefore, *Adolphus*, Gentleman of his Bed-chamber had dispatch'd him away to him, lest it might require a sudden Answer and contain Matters of Importance. The Duke open'd *Adolphus's* Letter, of which underneath we have giv'n a Copy.

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My

My Lord!

Your Lordship having Recommended to me at Parting to be careful of your Affairs, I thought it my Duty by this Courier, to advise your Excellency, that the Marquess de la Bresse arriv'd this Morning at Madrid, he enquir'd earnestly for your Lordship, and hath taken up his Lodgings in our Palace. He says he has something to communicate to you from Our Invincible Monarch, and is impatient to speak with you. I wou'd have forwarded the Letters that came in the Pacquet to Your Excellency, if he wou'd have permitted it. The Marquiss told me he was commanded to deliver them himself into Your Lordships own Hand. I beg you, My Lord, to believe that to my Last Breath I shall be constant in my Fidelity to Your Excellency, that I may with Confidence subscribe my self always

My Lord !

Your Excellency's

Most Humble and

Most Obedient Servant

ADOLPHUS.

The

The Duke being willing to dispatch the Express back that very Morning, waited on the Cardinal, and told him, he must without Delay be gone for *Madrid*, that he was heartily sorry to leave His Eminence, and as soon as he had put things in Order there, he woud'n fail to return.

The Archbishop had nothing to say against the Necessity of his Embassy, he cou'd have wish'd the Duke had staid till the Business depending was well over, and *Harcourt* perceiving he shou'd lay another Obligation on *Portocarrero* by putting off his Journey Two or Three Days, consented to it, the Courier went back with necessary Instructions to *Adolphus*, and the Cardinal and the Duke resolv'd to follow him in a Day or Two: For the Affair which kept 'em at *Toledo* cou'd not hang long. They were doubtful whether the Girl when she was recover'd wou'd not confess the whole Truth to her Father, and they put their Noddles together to think of means to prevent her Squeaking. The Cardinal's Advice was to poyson her if she got up again. For, says he, a Wary, Prudent Person will not

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rish a Snake in his Bosom, that may one Day be the Death of him, we shou'd rather stifle it in the Shell, before't has Strength enough to hurt us, than suffer it to grow strong, and in the end poyson us for our Charity and Compassion,

They sent *Fernando* to enquire into the State of her Health, and the Messenger brought back Word that she was on the mending Hand. The Cardinal bad him go back, and in his Name assure her of the Continuation of his Friendship, saying, give her this Portion from me, and tell her, I prepar'd it for her, and that 'tis an infallible Cure, Stay with her till she has drank it up, that thou mayst bring us News of her certain Recovery.

Fernando, who did not at first take any Notice of what his Master said, began to mistrust something extraordinary, and knowing there was a Mystery in the Business, he took the Potion, and went down into the Cellar of his Lodgings, to try an Experiment which his Curiosity or Suspicion had put into his Head. He was not unacquainted with the Cardinal's Treachery, and rationally guess'd the Message he was sent to be

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Cardinal Portocarrero. 149

another Instance of his Treason. He spilt Two or Three Drops of it on a Dog which he had, and he not only perceiv'd 'twas Poyson, but the most violent that cou'd be compounded. 'Twas so strong, and so deadly, that the Dog's Skin presently peel'd off as if he had been flea'd. His Wonder encreas'd, seeing the Poor Creature immediately fall down stone Dead, upon once licking the Part where the Poyson stung him, he turn'd about twice or thrice, dropt, and never stir'd more. *Fernando* ponder'd with himself what he shou'd do on this Occasion, if he shou'd execute his Master's Bloody Commission, as he had formerly done some others of the same Nature, or if he shou'd inform the Girl of her Danger. Her Innocence on one Hand, and the Heinousness of the Crime his Cruel and Sangninary Lord had put him upon on the other, struck him with Horror, and sighing he exclaim'd thus on the Malignity of his Stars. Heaven! What is to be done? Direct me, for of my self I know not what to determine. Yes, forbear, Do not be the Slave of so Wicked a Man's Impious Desires. Spare the Blood of the Innocent, and do not make thy
H 3 self

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self guilty of the Death of a Person who never wrong'd thee.

In this Resolution he laid down the Goblet, and went to *Antoinetta*, to reveal to her the Cardinal's Damnable Design, that being forewarn'd, she might be forearm'd; and take nothing that came from him. He found her in a lamentable Condition, and when she saw him, she clos'd her Eyes, as though she had been in a Slumber. *Fernando* prayd her not to discompose her self on his Account, since he came only to discover a Secret on which her future Safety depended.

Hence, Hence *Fernando*, she mournfully reply'd, I know thy Bloody Errand. Thou art doubtless laying a Snare for my Wretched Life, yet, though I do not fear Death, I wou'd not dye by thy Hand, nor give thy Master the Cruel Pleasure to rejoyce in my Murder. *Fernando* hearing her talk in this manner, desir'd her to have Patience, and lend her Attention a Moment or Two, for he had a Secret of Consequence to impart to her. Ah Madam, he continu'd, I confess you are indeed Wretched, to be concern'd with a Man whose Obdurate Heart has no Notion of Compassion, and whose Insatiate

Cardinal *Portocarrero*. 151

tiat Cruelty can never be glutted, but by the Blood of those he hates. For these Seven Years, Alas ! To my Shame be it spoken, I have been the Fatal Instrument of his Lawless Desires, and now my Awaken'd Conscience presents me with such a Dreadful View of my Crimes, that I resolve to serve him no more at the Expence of my Eternal Peace. Conscience upbraids me with selling my Fidelity to a Villain that grows weary of me, and will perhaps to reward my Services, murder me as he has done many others before. Hitherto, Madam, I have held my Tongue, and have not condemn'd as I ought to have done, his ill Courses. 'Tis Time to open my Mouth and make his Abominations known. Ev'n now he sent me to you with a Cup of Poyson, which I shou'd have giv'n you from him, pretending 'twas a Wholsome Medicine, but the Violence of it's Venom was such, that Two or Three Drops which I spilt on a Dog, struck him dead before my Eyes. Your Innocence wou'd not suffice me to be so barbarous as to offer it to you for which Reason, If you will save as I have sav'd yours, you must be taken very ill. He will not stay at

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Toledo above Two or Three Days, and then you'll have a fair Opportunity to revenge your self of the Murderer, to let the World know how he has injur'd you, and that a greater Monster of Impiety and Cruelty, never cover'd himself with the Veil of Religion.

The Young Gentlewoman was very much surpriz'd to hear the Traytor cou'd attempt to deal so wickedly by her, she thank'd *Fernando* for taking Pity of her, and promis'd to do as he desir'd. When he came Home, the Cardinal immediately ask'd him How fares the Damsel? Very ill, My Lord! said *Fernando*. Her Hatred of Your Holiness made her at first refuse the Potion, because it came from you, till I so often protested that you wou'd be her Friend, and heartily pity'd her Conditon, that she believ'd me and drank it. Assoon as she had drank a good Draught, her Eyes roll'd in her Head in such a frightful Manner, that I can't exprefs to Your Eminence how much it astonish'd me to see it's sudden Operation. These were her last Words, Farewell *Fernando*, Remember me to the Cardinal, I am a dead Woman, she cou'd say no more, her Tongue stammer'd and her Convulsions choak'd her Speech.

Thou

Cardinal *Portocarrero*. 153

Thou Villain! quo' the Archbishop,
Hast thou giv'n the Potion to the Fair
Antoinetta. Most certainly My Lord!
says *Fernando*, I durst not disobey Your
Holinesses Commands. Well, the Pre-
late reply'd, Well Traytor, I shall re-
ward thee according to thy Deserts, there's
another Goblet left for thee. He had no
sooner ended his Threats, than he took
up a Cup full of the same Poyson and
gave it him to drink.

Fernando who had for many Years been the
Cardinal's Mercury, and might have expe-
cted another sort of Treatinent from him,
was seiz'd with a mortal Fit of Fear, a Cold
Sweat hung on his Face, and not being
willing to obey his Master's Commands,
he wou'd have fled, the Cardinal, who
did not do his Business by halves, had
fasten'd the Door, and to his Astonish-
ment, Poor *Fernando* found there was no
Escaping. In this Distress he apply'd to
the Arch-Prelate, begg'd him to have
Mercy on him in Gratitude for his faith-
ful and acceptable Services.

Portocarrero wou'd not hearken to his
Reasons or Prayers, and order'd him to
prepare for Death. Is this, *Fernando*
ask'd him, Is this the Reward of my Di-
ligence and Fidelity? How often have I
ventur'd my Life, that I might in the

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End live safe and quiet? Be dumb, says the Cardinal, Not a Word more, Thy Hour is come. The Secretary, seeing he must dye, Oh Righteous Heaven, he cry'd, Punish this Butcher, Where are thy Eternal Bolts? Crush, Crush him to Atoms. I know Perjur'd! that when I am gone thou wilt pity me. Never, Never shall my Ghost nor thy own Conscience cease to torment thee. The Archbishop wou'd not let him proceed, and *Fernando* taking the Goblet swallow'd the Potion at one Draught.

The Poyson on a sudden depriv'd him of the Use of his Tongue, he reel'd round the Room, and gave up the Ghost in Horrible Pangs. Thus dy'd a Subtle Courtier, whom Fortune for a while had smil'd upon as a Favourite, and who had to his last Moment lived in all manner of Ease and Pleasure. His Death was as bitter as his Life was sweet, and may be a Warning to Persons in his Station not to sacrifice their Honour and Conscience to the Lust and Passions of the Great. For thus will the Justice of Divine Providence overtake 'em, and as they have betray'd the Innocent, they will most certainly be betray'd by the very Men that employ'd them.

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The Tyrant was not in the least concern'd for the Loss of his Faithful Minister, nor mov'd with the manner of his Death, so harden'd is the Heart of a Wicked Man, that when once he is stain'd with Blood, he cheaply commits the worst of Sins, and Murder and Ingratitude cost him nothing. Hold *Portocarrero*, the Hand-Writing is on the Wall, Time will discover thy Lewdness and Barbarity, there is in thy own Bosom a Tormentor who will severely revenge those whom thou hast injur'd, who will upbraid thee with thy Villanies, and plunge thee into Despair without Measure and without End.

He left the Miserable *Fernando* groaning forth his Spirit, and was not at all touch'd at the Sight, nor repented of the Deed, and away he went to the Duke to prepare for their Departure. He look'd so ghastly that *Harcourt* demanded of him if any new Misfortune had befall'n him, and why he appear'd so gloomy and sorrowful. *Portocarrero* did not say a Syllable of the Murder he had perpetrated on the Body of his late Darling Secretary, and only excus'd his Sadness as being the Remains of Yesterdays Accident, which he cou'd not put out of his Thoughts, saying, perhaps my
Me-

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Melancholyness forebodes some imminent Danger, I can't imagine what it shou'd mean else, No matter, I must meet my Fate. Let Time and Destiny do what they will with me.

The Duke was thinking of a By-Letter which the Express brought him from a Friend of his Excellency in *Paris*. He desir'd the Cardinal to sit down by him, and the Archbishop hoping to find something in his Company to sweeten the sorrowful State of his sad Heart, entreated the Duke to communicate what was contain'd in the Letter.

The Duke gladly consented to his Proposal, the rather because it related to the Business he was sent to *Spain*, about the Succession to that Crown, and he did not question, but 'twou'd be a means to prepare the Way for his negotiating it with the Cardinal, and to sift out of him, how much he was dispos'd to it, and what was his Opinion in so important an Affair.

I have very little News from *France*, said the Duke, only our Court is very much concern'd to know who will succeed in the *Spanish* Throne. What need they trouble themselves about that, the Cardinal reply'd, the King is not dead yet,

yet, and the *Spaniards* have yet no reason to be out of Heart, nor to despair that he will not leave a Successor of his own Blood.

The Duke answer'd, how is't possible, Holy Father, that so feeble a Prince can hope to leave an Heir behind him of his own getting, to save and settle the Spanish Empire; he's too weak, too impotent to think of it. No, no, my Lord, there's more requir'd in Procreation than can be expected from him and your Politicians must look out elsewhere for a Successor.

We live in a miserable Age, nothing is more common than for these very Persons to speak friendly to our Faces, who behind our Backs are our great Enemies; and 'tis usual for the Successor to disgrace the most faithful Ministers of a Crown, and advance such as have nothing to deserve it. I wou'd by no means insinuate that things must come to this Pass, if the Queen shou'd have the Regency or the Management of Affairs, or any other Body by her Procuration. I wou'd not be thought to mean any thing prejudicial to your Holiness's Interest, and the Interest of those that de-

depend upon you, to be sure you will provide for them and you. What I say is only byway of talk, and to consider a little between you and me, how the World will laugh when they hear that the most able and experienc'd Ministers of *Spain* have laid the Foundation of their Safety and Happiness in a quick Sand, from whence they will be oblig'd to fly trembling with all imaginable Hast, and when perhaps it may be too late to avoid being overwhelm'd in the Ruins of their impolitick Building.

Besides, the rude ignorant Populace may grow discontented, and go to work themselves to raise a new Covering which may defend them from the Weather, and those who have any care of their own Preservation, will be on their Guard in time, that the Rising Sun may not strike them through the Clouds of private Envy and open Hatred. What hinders your Holiness from setting about a Work which is of the last Consequence and Necessity. You can do what you please in *Spain*, we know very well the Power of the Spanish Monarchy is in your Hands, you hold it of Heaven, for the good of your Country, whose Father you are, and
all

all true Spaniards will bless your Paternal Affection and Care, when they see that you provide for 'em in securing your own Greatness and Authority after the King's Death.

Indeed, my Lord, reply'd *Portocarrero*, I think 'twere better we undertook the Business, and in good earnest thought of some one or other to be the true Father and Lord of this Mighty Empire. It must be own'd, 'twou'd be more glorious, and we shou'd bear it better to have the rightful Possessor leave one of his own Loins to succeed him, than a Stranger, who is not descended of the Blood Royal of our sacred Sovereign King *Charles*. However, since his Condition is as it is, we must do as well as we can. What you said of a small Revolution causing great Troubles in a Court is reasonable. But 'tis also undeniable, that Prodigious Evils may arise by a Universal Confusion, and turning the Constitution upside down, by altering its Fundamentals, or bringing in Novelties in the State.

After he had stood still a while to breath, or to reflect on what he shou'd say further, he proceeded, What wou'd you have us to do, where shall we begin
fo:

for the better, who has the most Right to the Crown, and wou'd be most careful of the Interest of our Monarchy? The Potent Kingdom of *England*, and the United Provinces seem to be agreed that it shall be dismember'd, and the Emperor's Son puts in his Pretences, and in Appearance has the best Right to the Crown of *Spain*.

The Duke of *Harcourt* was sorry *Portocarrero* had not said a word of the most Christian King, he took it so ill, that he answer'd with a scornful Air; Puh! can you imagine the King my Master will be excluded, do you fancy he'll be satisfy'd with what the King of *England* and the States shall think fit to do as to the Succession? No, no, our invincible Monarch will not suffer any one to prescribe Laws to his Pleasure, which is boundless, and not to be controul'd; he'll never permit it, but will have recourse to his victorious Arms, and make all those feel the weight of his Anger and Power who dare dispute his lawful Right.

Is not the *Dauphin* the Son of King *Charles's* Sister, and is not the *Great Lewis* himself of the Blood of the Catholick Kings?

Very

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Very well, *Portocarrero* answer'd ; but tell me, My Lord ! did not Queen *Maria Theresa* renounce all her Right, and do you belive that *England* and *Holland*, whom we have mention'd before, and ev'n the Emperor will not endeavour to put a stop to the Torrent of the *Great Lewis's* pretended Conquests ? All the Princes of the Empire will declare for them, and *Spain* almost ruin'd by continual Wars, will not be able to join with the one or the other.

Your Objection, reply'd the Duke, is very weak ; the simple Renunciation of a Lady is not of force enough to destroy the Truth I have advanc'd : If *Spain* wou'd declare for *France*, what Power can dispute their Lawful Rights with two such Mighty Empires ? What can oblige them to give up that which God and Nature have entrusted them with ?

The Cardinal answer'd, the *Dauphin*, my Lord, can never come into *Spain*, for his Subjects will never consent that he shou'd leave them ; Death may cause a Revolution in *France*, and then all the Pains he has taken will be to no purpose.

Holy

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Holy Father, reply'd the Duke of *Harcourt*, the King my Master has Grand Children, of whom, the second, the young Duke *Philip*, is by his Temper and Manners so entirely a *Spaniard*, that it seems as if Nature had design'd he shou'd reign over this People; and I assure you, this young Hero, like a noble Lyon, who has his Prey snatch'd from him, will vigorously defend the Right which his Grandfather will resign to him.

What need of all this Discourse? Your Holiness may prevent all Inconveniences; 'tis you alone that can determine this important Affair, and give your Country Peace, of which she has for above an Hundred Years been more or less depriv'd; you put it too close to me quoth the Cardinal, you propose a thing to me which I am not able to perform, and is too far out of the way, since by a Fundamental Law of our Monarchy, establish'd by the Will of *Philip IV*, the *French* are for ever excluded from the Succession to the Crown of *Spain*; and besides, Nature has set an implacable Hatred between the two Nations, which will for ever hinder their joining.

I can't suppose said the Duke, that this Objection can in any wise, and with the least Colour of Justice exclude the King my Master from his Right ; seeing a dying Monarch whose Mind is chang'd by his Disease, and as sick as his Body, whose Judgment is lost, is in no Condition to make Laws. Fie, fie, must Sovereigns govern themselves by the desire of the Populace, so far, that if they out of a blind Prejudice, will not have a Prince to reign over them ; Must he abandon his rightful Claim to please them ? No, certainly the Nature of the French is quite otherwise, they will not suffer their Head to be depriv'd of so considerable an Augmentation of Power. And I promise your Holiness, that you shall not be only supported in the exalted Station to which you are most worthily advanc'd, but I also offer in my Master's Name assure you, that during the *Inter Regnum*, you shall receive to your proper use all the Revenues of the Crown ! And farther, that in Consequence of your Friendship, you shall not live in the Reign of the Prince that's destin'd for you, as Primate of the Kingdom, but as the King's Companion, as a Person whom he ought to reverence as his Father,

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ther, and nothing shall be requir'd of you, which a Father wou'd not do for his Son.

These Offers were too great and too Honourable not to please his Eminence, he reflected, that if another shou'd mount the Throne, he shou'd loose his Power and Authority. He was a while taken up with such Thoughts as these, which the Duke interrupted, saying, sure your Holiness dos'n hesitate on a Matter on which all your Happiness depends: Have you forgot what I have done for you, how zealous I have been in your Service. At this his Anger flush'd in his Face, and he seem'd to be mightily out of Humour; he rose in a Passion from his Seat, walk'd hastily up and down the Room, look'd furiously, and curst and swore in a manner that wou'd make the most abandon'd Atheist tremble, and put the greatest Villain upon Earth to the Blush. He upbraided the Cardinal with Ingratitude, and having got a hint of *Fernando's* Murder, he threatn'd to publish it, and went so far as to tell him, that the King his Master wou'd never give over, till he had reveng'd himself as he ought of an Affront, which so sensibly

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bly touch'd him as to rob him of the Right that Nature gave him.

He need not have put himself to so much trouble, for hitherto *Portocarrero* had only dissembled, and affected to mention the House of *Austria*, that he might not appear to have Intelligence with the Duke, and to make the most he cou'd of his Compliance. However, when he saw the Duke was in such a Fury, he endeavour'd to appease his Rage, and to disperse the vain Fears with which his Heart were disturb'd. You are too violent, my Lord, quo' the Monk, if every thing does not presently hit as you wou'd have it: You have for a great while been my Master, and know but too well my Affection for the House of *Bourbon*; are you ignorant of the close Alliance that is between us, have not I promis'd you again and again to assist you in your Design, to the utmost of my Ability? Depend upon me, and assure your self that I will not be at rest till we have done our Business.

Thus argu'd this Betrayer of his Country, and we ought not to admire to hear him talk thus, for 'tis not a Vassal of the King of *Spain* that speaks, but the French King's Slave, captivated with a golden Chain,

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Chain, and who like a hungry Dog snaps at the first Bit that is offer'd him.

He continu'd to Vow and Protest that he wou'd never cease being mindful of the Affair, and in the midst of his Protestations they were both interrupted by a great Noise which they heard in the Palace Yard. They ran to know what was the matter, and met *Servilio* entring the Apartment, who told them with Astonishment, that *Fernando* was found dead, stretch'd out on the Floor in the Antichamber, which lead to his Holiness's with-drawing Room. The Duke shook his Head on the Cardinal, believing he had done the cruel Deed, and poyson'd his Secretary, and his Mistress *Antoinetta*.

Portocarrero counterfeited so well, that the Tears trickled down his Cheeks, and with a Look of Compassion, he ask'd what was the cause of his sudden Death. The Page answer'd thus, they cou'd not tell exactly, that as 'twas common in such cases, there were several Opinions about it, some said, that there being a talk of Spirits haunting the Castle, and several black Spots like Pinches appearing on his Body, they believ'd he had been

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been ill treated by them. Some thought it might be an unknown Distemper which had broken out violently, and carry'd him off; others imagin'd he had unadvisedly or unaware drank Poyson; and I am my self of that Opinion, for his Face was so swoln one cou'd not tell what to make of it.

The Cardinal, whose Heart was torn by remorse, desir'd the Duke to go and see the sad Spectacle; the Duke excus'd himself, saying, he was so weary he wanted Repose, and on the morrow if he pleas'd, he wou'd wait on him and see it. Then the Archbishop took leave of him and visited the dead Body, about which all sorts of Persons were crowding, on the noise that the Cardinal's private Secretary was found dead. As soon as he saw the Corpse, he was seiz'd by Mortal Terrors; but his Eyes gushing out with Tears, prevented the least Discovery or Suspicion of his Guilt.

Ah *Fernando*! he cry'd to himself, how thy Death afflicts me, how it tortures my Soul; Ah! wou'd to God I cou'd purchase thy Life at the Price of my own; I am ready to sacrifice it for thee, and cannot deny thee now thou art gone, the Honour to confess thou wer't a
faith-

faithful Servant. He order'd the Body to be remov'd, and was at a vast Expence to bury it with more Pomp than became his Quality. His Conscience, when he was alone, represented to him his Cruelty and Barbarity, and he felt all the Stings of Horror and Remorse; his Anguish was so great, he cou'd not go in nor stir out. If he attempted to rest his Limbs and his Mind in Sleep, this unweary'd Tormentor never slept, and persecuted him incessantly sleeping and waking. For Heaven, when Men are above the reach of an earthly Sword, wound the Guilty in the most tender Part, and more severely revenge the Innocent than the Stroke of Justice, were it not delay'd in this World, and very often adjourn'd to the next. While the Archbishop is at home on the Rack, gnaw'd and torn by the insatiate Vulture Conscience; let us see what became of *Antoinetta*, whom we left at *Stellania's* her true Friend. She was not a little allarm'd at *Fernando's* Death; she waited her last Hour with Impatience, Life was a Burthen to her, and her only Comfort was, her Hope that it wou'd not long torment her; to divert her mournful Meditations, she

too

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took her Spinnet and play'd, accompanying the Harmony with her Voice and this Song.

S O N G.

I.

*Ye Pow'rs! Implacable and dread,
Bolt all your Thunders on my Head.
Strike, strike, ye angry Deities,
Those Wretches that your Laws despise.
For Vengeance I call,
The worst of 'em all.
For Vengeance I cry, and unpity'd I fall.*

II.

*Soft Content and Peace of Mind,
Never can I hope to find;
Never ceasing Pain and Care,
Sharp Remorse, and fierce Despair.
All that Sinners feel and fear,
Is my cruel Portion here;
Guilt and Shame my Rest destroy,
And never must I hope for Joy.*

I

III.

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III.

A Dance and a Song,
The Delights of the Young,
The Sports of the Town and the Plain;
No Joy, nor the Spring,
Nor the Summer can bring,
No Pleasure to sweeten my Rain.

IV.

To some lovely Cypress Grove,
Let me far from Man remove;
Let me vent my Sorrows there,
Tell my Wrongs to Woods and Air.
To my Grief and guilt a Prey,
Let me sigh my Soul away.

V.

Happy Grave! the Bed of Rest,
Easie there I hope to lye;
Life is but a Curse at best,
None was ever truly blest,
Who could'n wish to dye.

VI.

My Mind is like the swelling Main,
By ruffling Tempests blown,

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*The swelling Seas are calm again,
And ruffling Winds are gone.
But Oh! The Storm that's in my Breast,
Will never cease to rage;
And Conscience by my Guilt oppress'd,
Eternal War will wage.*

VII.

*No Friend my Mortal Anguish can re-
lieve,
No Haven will my tatter'd Back re-
ceive.
Tost on the Foamy Waves she beats her
Way,
Grim Deaths, in dreadful Sport, around
her play.
And soon she'll split against the Rocky
Shoar,
Or sink into the Deep, and rise no more.*

VIII.

*Mourn Thou! my Soul, and you my Eyes,
Weep on, Weep all your Fountains dry;
Till wasted by incessant Sighs,
I faint, grow speechless, cold and die.*

When she had sung this Ode, she said to *Stellania*, the Villain will without doubt force his unhappy Domestick to swallow the Poyson, when he hears he did not execute his Command: Unfortunate *Fernando* ! She continu'd pitying him, dost thou deserve so tragical an end in return for so just a Deed ? And thou bloody Monster, ought'st thou under colour of instructing me in the Holy Mysteries to betray an innocent Virgin, as I then was, to commit such an abominable Crime, to satisfy thy hellish Brutality. Thou hast rob'd me of my Honour, thou hast strip'd the Infant in the Womb, which I, *Ab Miserable* ! bore thee : Thou hast attempted on my Life. Is not all this enough ; must thou sacrifice another guiltless Person to thy boundless Rage, because he wou'd not fulfil thy damnable Orders.

These Contemplations threw her into a violent Fit of Weeping, her Face was wet with Tears, and her Bosom sore with sighing, when her Grief was a little over; Anger and Resentment took place, and she spoke thus to her self : Arm, arm thy self *Antoinetta* ! 'Tis time

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time to revenge thy Wrongs on the wicked Cause of 'em ; Yes Revenge, Revenge shall pursue thee, thou Traytor, thou Tyrant. Heaven will assist my Weakness, and favour the Enterprize, and give me the Satisfaction to triumph over thee by Death.

Upon this she resolv'd to wait for *Portocarrero*, a League from *Toledo*, and to shoot him in the Head with a Pistol she had provided. And not to fail in her Blow, she begg'd *Stellania* to inclose two or three Lines in a Billet to the Cardinal, which she wrote to him without giving her Resentment time to cool.

Infamous Monk !
Worthy of Damnation !

IS it possible that just Heaven suffers thee still to enjoy the Light of the Sun, thou who so eagerly study'st to destroy the Innocent, and seekst so many Opportunities to dip thy Hands in their Blood : Is this, thou Wretch, is this the Truth thou didst so often and so solemnly swear to me ? Is it thus thou observ'st the Rules of thy Order to rob me of my Honour ? And to wrest the sacred Word of the Almighty to satisfy thy bestial Appetite. Was not that sufficient to damn thee

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to the lowest Hell. Must thou stain thy sacrilegious Hands with my Blood, in sending me a dose of Poyson, colouring it with a shew of Charity and Compassion, telling me if I drank it 'twou'd be an infallible Remedy in my Distemper. Ah! Dog, Rogue, Murderer, what shall I call thee, Monk, Priest; for that includes all that's bad and bloody; does not thy Conscience upbraid thee; do not thy Murders rise up against thee? And dost thou believe my Ghost, which is departing from my wretched Body, dost thou believe it will ever cease to haunt, to persecute and torment thee to the Dust. I can no more; the Poyson works, my Tongue falters, and my trembling Hand has scarce strength enough to reproach thee, to set thy Crimes before thee. I renounce thy Friendship, and will not accept of thy Repentance: Beware, least the Pow'rs above do not crush thee with their Thunders, and in thy last Moment thou wilt in vain deplore the sad Destiny of the poor Dying

Antoinetta.

She

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She hop'd this Letter was written sharp enough to throw the Cardinal into Despair, and having folded and seal'd it up, she gave it to Stellavia, who resenting her Friend's Injuries, consented to put this trick on the Archbishop; she wrote another Epistle herself to his Sanctity, of which the Reader has underneath a Copy.

Portocarrero,

TIS not without a great deal of trouble that I send this to you, to inform you of the Circumstances of the Murder which you made Fernando commit on the Person of my dear Friend, the Unhappy Antoinetta. I am afraid, your Hands still full'd with Poyson, will infect the Paper: However, I must obey the last Command of the poor Gentlewoman whom you have poyson'd, and I despise the Vengeance which you may prepare for me; 'tis my Duty to fulfil the Prayer of the deceas'd, to acquaint you with the success of the Potion, to upbraid you of your Wickedness, and convince you of your Cruelty. Know then, Portocarrero, how this unfortunate Girl lost her Life; as soon as she drank off the Potion Fernando brought her, the Poyson immediately work'd with such Violence, that her Eyes roll'd frightfully in her

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Head, a certain Token of the grievous Pains she felt at her Heart. She cou'd neither live nor dye; at last, Heaven took pity of her Tortures, and in about half an Hour's time receiv'd her Soul out of her tormeneed Body. I doubt not but her last Words will ring in your Ears as long as you live. Hear 'em then, hear 'em, and may they for ever be so many Stings to thy wounded Conscience. Go, Fernando, Farewel! as for me I shall die in a few Minutes. Thank Heaven! I feel my Heart is breaking, but I can't forbear, before I breath my last, to upbraid the Villain that sent me Poyson for Physick. Unworthy Priest! think of thy Crime, beg Pardon of Heaven; don't imagine that thy Eminent Quality will save thee from the Storm which thy Sins have drawn over thy Head, or that thy Profession of Priesthood will deliver thee from the Chastisement due to thy Abominations. No, thou deceiv'st thy self, time brings all things to Light, and Punishment follows the Crime. In the mean while, remember this is the Advice given you by

Stellania.

She

She gave the Letter to her Page, and told him what answer to make if *Portocarrero* shou'd ask him any Questions.

When the two Ladies thought 'twas time for them to sally out of *Toledo*, and to lye in Ambush for the Archbishop, they went forth very early in the Morning, they alighted out of their Coach a League from the Town, order'd the Coachman to wait for them in such a Place, and hid themselves in an adjacent Wood, having both of them a Brace of Pistols well loaden about them, and were both resolv'd to revenge the Injury the Cardinal had done the fair *Antoinetta*. They posted themselves near a Hedge, by which *Portocarrero* and the Duke must necessarily pass, and staid there till they came.

They had not been long in their Ambuscade, before they arriv'd, themselves and their Followers in three Coaches, and some Horsemen riding before. The Ladies let them come up without giving'em the least Disturbance, and as the Coach was going to turn out of one Route into another, *Antoinetta* leap'd from behind the Hedge, and ran directly at *Portocarrero*, who was talking with the Duke

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concerning the Letters he had receiv'd from her and her Friend. She open'd the Coach Door, got into it with her Pistol cock'd in her Hand, and fir'd on the Cardinal, and had doubtless kill'd him, but that the Archbishop, at the sight of her swooned away behind the Duke of *Harcourt*, who turn'd aside her Hand, and warded the Blow from the Cardinal. The Horsemen who attended them, hearing the Noise of a Pistol going off, rode back to the side of the Boot, to see what was the matter; they seiz'd *Stellania*, who was running to her Friend's Assistance, and brought her before the Duke, who had his Hands full to keep the Peace with *Antoinetta*. He cou'd scarce believe his Eyes, nor perswade himself that she was alive, having a Minute or two before read the Tragical Story of her Death in *Stellania's* Epistle to the Arch-Prelate.

You are too heard-hearted, my Lord, said *Antoinetta* in a Fury, or you wou'd not hinder the Justice of my Revenge. Let me go, that I may punish that Rogue, who debauch'd my Virtue, blotted my Honour, and fix'd an eternal Scandal on my Name. Oh! that I
cou'd

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could tear him into as many Bits, as he has been guilty of Lies, Perjuries, and all sorts of Abomination. Let me come at the Assassin that attempted to take away my Life; let me destroy him who is the Shame of his Country and his Coat; let him die as scandalous as he liv'd; I'll make an Example of him. She wou'd have proceeded, but her Rage choak'd her Speech, and looking wildly on the Duke all her Limbs trembled, her Cheeks glow'd with Anger, and her Teeth gnash'd with Rage.

The Duke, whose Interest it was by all means to save the Archbishop, began to give her sage Advice, to shew her the Enormity of the Crime, and pray her to consider how fatal 'twou'd be in its Consequence; that 'twas a Cardinal, an Archbishop, a Prince of the Roman Church, whom she wou'd murder; that Nature forbad her Vengeance in such a manner, and since he had not really kill'd her, she shou'd pardon his Design, or at least not kill him for his Intentions, which wou'd be both wicked and unreasonable. If *Fernando* had accus'd his Master, she ought not to give Credit to him, unless she had more certain Proof that

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that the Cardinal was in the Plot. The Duke did not give himself the trouble to preach thus to the fair Fury, out of any Love to the Cardinal's Person; she might have sent him to the Devil, if he had not had some Business for his Eminence to do on Earth.

Antoinetta was deaf to his Lectures, What! she answer'd, do you think I am a Stranger to the Bishop's bloody Humour: Don't I know that there's nothing so sanguinary, so barbarous, which his Diabolical Pride wou'd not be guilty of, to work its hellish Purposes, and to remove what he hates out of the way.

Yes, yes, I know enough of him! at that word she broke loose, drew out another Pistol, and fir'd it at *Portocarrero*, the Ball struck him, and raz'd a little the Skin on one side.

The Wound brought him out of his Trance, and as he open'd his Eyes, the Fire that sparkled in those of the angry Damsel, struck him so fiercely, that thro' Fear he entirely lost the use of his Tongue; for the Cardinal had the Heart of a Traytor, 'twas as fearful as false, and the Girl had been more than a Match for him, had not the most Christian King's Ambassador sav'd him from this

Vi-

Cardinal *Portocarrero*. 181

Virago, when she saw her firing fail'd, she fell to railing, and vented her Colour in the sharpest Words her Resentment cou'd furnish her with. Fly, fly, ye Furies of Hell ! she cry'd, to my Assistance, come and torment this accurst Assassin ; torment him with the most terrible Tortures, and bear away his filthy Soul with you to the Lake of Burning Sulphur, where he shall for ever accompany you in the Dwellings of the Damn'd. The Duke held her fast, or she wou'd have fell to handy Blows with the Archbishop, her Rage almost distracted her ; and *Harcourt* pray'd her by all that was dear to her, to desist from so unwarrantable and indecent an Attempt, or otherwise, he shou'd be oblig'd to forget the Respect he ow'd her, and do what she wou'd not very well like, and what wou'd make her repent of her Rashness. The Damsel mistrusting that he might make use of his Arm and Foot to her Prejudice, consented to give over the unequal Combat, and to retreat honourably to her Coach, considering that her Female Second was taken Prisoner, and 'twas more than likely that the Cardinal and the Duke together might have been

been too hard for her ; so she deliver'd her self up to *Harcourt's* Pages, who carry'd her to her Coach under a Guard of Horse, least she might rally and do farther Mischief on the Body of the Archbishop. The Duke examining the Wound, and finding it not at all dangerous, advis'd his Sanctity to beg the young Gentlewoman's Pardon, and to reconcile himself with her, which he hop'd might be done on easie Terms, now the Girl's Fury was a little abated with the Revenge she had obtain'd ; she stood out at first, and wou'd hearken to no Treaty, denouncing open War, but the Duke interposing, and the Damsel when her Heat was over, seeing she cou'd nothave any better Satisfaction, the Cardinal shewing all possible Signs of Humility and Repentance, accepted of his Acknowledgment of his Fault, and gave him Peace, as the French King did the Confederates when he cou'd hold out the War no longer.

All Differences were accommodated, the Lady lost her Maidenhead, and the Cardinal his Secretary ; but one Loss you will say is much easier to be made up than the other : Very true, yet it being no new thing for a Woman

to put up such a Loss, and reconcile herself so far with the Man that rob'd her, as to suffer him to rob her again. We can the more easily believe what the Story says of the fair *Antoinetta*, that she and the Cardinal were very good Friends; only, whether they were so intimate as before, we have not yet learnt, and is not much to our purpose.

The Duke desir'd the Lady to accompany them to *Madrid*, and to do him the Honour to accept of his Palace for their Lodgings for the present. They consented to the Proposal, having procur'd leave of *Don Antonio* to stay out Six Months, and they were not willing to be seen in *Toledo* so soon after what had happen'd.

We must leave them on their Journey, and wait on the Princess *Eumene*, who was very uneasie at the Duke's tedious Absence. How hard is thy Lot, said she, complaining to her self, that thou must always be so cruelly tormented by one Accident or another; thou hast lost thy Parents, Fate has taken thy dear Husband from thee, and in the Moment that thou wer't flatter'd with new Amours, they are wither'd in the Bud. What Comfort, unhappy Creature! remains for thee now, since thy well belov'd Duke,
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after he made a Thousand Proteftations of Friendship, has fo long abfented himfelf from thee, neither doft thou know if his Love ftill lafts, if his Heart is ftill devoted to thee, and if his Eyes have not been enflam'd at a new Fire. Ah! *Emmene*, thou had'ft done well if thou had'ft not fo foon discover'd the Secrets of thy Soul to this perjur'd Man: Such were the Complaints which the Princefs every Day made; infomuch, that her Beauty on one hand decreafing Day, and her Paflion daily encreafing, ſhe brought her ſelf into a Condition that wou'd move Pity in the moſt infenfible. The Princefs *Olinda*, a Kinſwoman of hers, wonder'd to ſee her in ſuch a State of Health, and Temper of Mind. She did all that in her lay, to reſtore her to her former Chearfulneſs, but tho' the Medicines ſhe oblig'd her to take every Day, cou'd in a little while have recover'd her Health, her Heart was incurable, and the Prefence of the Duke of *Harcourt* cou'd only comfort her.

In a fews Days ſhe underſtood the Duke was returning to *Madrid*, and aſſoon as he arriv'd and had ſettled the Affairs of his Embaſſy in ſome Order, he thought of

of his dear Princess, and contriv'd how he might come to speak with her. There were so many Difficulties in his way, that he cou'd not remove them as easily as he wish'd ; he walk'd in all the Places of publick meeting, but the Princess's Indisposition kept her at home, at last he met with one of her Domesticks in the Garden of *Aranjaez*, he call'd her to him, and enquir'd after her Mistress, the lovely *Eumene*. He was very sorry to hear that she had for some Days kept her Bed, and that since she was taken ill, she had not had an Hours rest. The Duke ask'd her if he might not pay his Respect to her Lady ; I believe not, said the Woman, for her Aunt the Princess *Olinda*, watches her very closely. The Duke answer'd, then do me the Favour, Madam, to give her this Letter, and by all means don't let any Body see you deliver it. The Gentlewoman took the Letter, and promis'd the Duke to do as he desir'd, adding, perhaps to morrow I may bring you the Princess's Answer, and that she reckon'd her self happy to be the Messenger of such good News.

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The poor Duke was out in his Politics this time, or his Eyes were not so good as his Brain, for the very Person he spoke with, was nor better nor worse than the Princess *Olinda* her self, to whom he gave the Epistle Amorous and Gallant. *Olinda* had a hint of their Discourse in the Garden when he met her there the first time, and began to suspect the Cause of her Niece's Distemper might arise from that Meeting. She guess'd her Disease to be Love, and endeavour'd under Hand to find out the Secret. For that purpose she came several times to the same Gardens, and at last she caught the Duke in the Trap she had laid for him, and by that means came to the Knowledge of the whole Truth. She was eager to see what was in the Inside of the Letter, and what Ground the Duke had got in her Niece's Heart, and who he was, for as yet she did'n know his Quality and Condition, she broke open the Epistle, and read as follows.

Madam.

THO' I have since my Return been often in the Garden, expecting you as usual, yet I must complain to you, that you have
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avoided all Opportunities to meet me, and to continue the Friendship of which we began to tie the Knot, before the Necessity of my Affairs oblig'd me to go into the Country for a few Days. Consider, Fair Princess, the Wounds you have made in my Heart, and how your Cruelty torments me. Think of the Pleasures which our Love once enjoy'd, and the sweet Kisses which transported us when we were last together. Remember the Alliance our Hearts have made with each other, and can you after all, fly from me, and hide your self from the Man that lives only in you. Am I shut out from my Paradise? What good is it to me to have enjoy'd the Delights of Angels, if I must enjoy them no more? and if I must be famish'd in the Abundance of my tender Thoughts and Wishes. If you wou'd have me live, Charming Princess! do not treat me so barbarously, give me one meeting more, and suffer me to taste again the Raptures that I feel when I am gathering the Roses on your Lips, and sucking in the balmy Breezes of your fragrant Breath. Ah do not deny my impatient Soul the Joys after which it hangers, more than my Body after Food. To resist the Dictates of Nature, is what Virtue it self disowns, as necessary to render a Person Virtuons. You shall find me at the usual

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*usual Hour in the Garden, where I will be
sure to wait for you with all the Zeal and Im-
patience of a Constant Lover,*

Your Most Faithful Servant

The Duke of Harcourt.

The Stile of the Letter shew'd plainly enough that the Intrigue was very near Consummation, and 'twas a mortifying Reflexion, for the Princess *Olinda*, to consider, that she had been Four Years a Widow, which was an Age for a Woman of Thirty to lye between the Cold Sheets alone, and had not in all those tedious Months met with a Servant to sooth her Amorous Inclinations, nor refresh the Solitary State of a longing Widow, and that her Neice shou'd in less than half a Year light of an Opportunity to get her another Husband. 'Twas a Comparison she cou'd not bear, and when their Fortunes were set together, the one appear'd so kind, and the other so cruel, that no Creature made of Flesh and Blood cou'd think of it without Indignation and Grief of Heart. She was a while at a Stand what she shou'd do with the Letter, whether she shou'd give it to *Eumene*, or burn it,

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it, and endeavour by her own Charms to gain the Love of a Prince who so well deserv'd to be belov'd.

She withdrew into one of the private Walks, and for want of a Glass to put on her best Looks, and examine the Virtues of her Beauty. She adjusted herself by the Reflexion of a Stream that ran at the Bottom of the Walks, and reason'd thus with herself. Thou art young enough *Olinda* to please this Worthy Prince by thy Charms, they cannot fail. Flatter thy self with the soft Hopes of enjoying the comfortable Pleasures of Matrimony in his Arms, Ah *Olinda* ! if thou cou'dst be so happy, who or what is there that thou need'st envy? here she interrupted her sweet Imaginations with reflecting 'twas to violate the Laws of Friendship to take away her Niece's Gallant. If thou shoud'st rob her, said she, of what Fortune presents her, Consider what Good 'twill do thee to be his Wife? When he has enjoy'd thee, and his First Fires are quench'd, he'll return to thy Kinswoman, and esteem her Favours infinitely more than thine, for the first Passion is by much the most violent and most lasting, and if he shou'd leave thee for her,
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what a miserable Life wou'dst thou lead? Whenever thou hast a Mind to divert thee, some new Jealousie or other will start up to torment thee, and every Minute of thy Life will add to thy Misfortune: Don't think of it *Olinda*! Do thy Duty, there are Princes enough who will yet doat on thy Beauty, and there may be many ev'n now who hide their Passion for thee.

Thus did Love combat in the Heart of this Princess with Friendship, and for which will she declare in such a doubtful Dispute? Mankind generally chooses that which satisfies their Sensual Appetites, and there's no Crime which they will not commit to gain their Ends. 'Twas thus with *Olinda*, the Faint Resistance which her Friendship made, gave Love the Advantage, and her Virtue vanish'd before her Desires. She thought she had done enough by expostulating as she did with herself on the Injustice of her depriving her Niece of her Lover, and her Wishes growing upon her, she resum'd the Argument, and turn'd it on the side of Love. What? Have I the best means in the World to content myself in the Enjoyment of all that's dear to me, and shall I refuse it? *Eumene* is
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my Kinswoman, and I shou'dn fall out with her. There's no Occasion for her knowing any thing of the Matter. After she had resolv'd to follow her Inclinations, she went home, lockt herself up in her Chamber, and order'd that no body shou'd be admitted, that she might have leisure to think seriously how to succeed in the Enterprize.

In the mean time the Duke of *Harcourt* was busy in reading over the Packet from the *French* Court, and discour-sing the Marquis who brought it. The *French* King sent him a noble Present, and assur'd him of his Favour, being per-swaded that His Excellency had already dispos'd of all things so, that he might easily effect his Intended Designs. The Duke thank'd the Marquis for his Trou-ble, and declar'd to him how much he vallu'd and respected His Majesty's Fa-vours, and the Confidence the King had in his small Endeavours to serve him. He told him, 'twas true, he had laid the Foundation on so Solid a Foot, that they might now stand firm upon it, and he en-treated him when he return'd to *France*, for he did'n see that his Presence wou'd be at all necessary in *Spain*, to assure His
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Majesty that he wou'd neglect nothing which might be useful to his Service, and for the Advancement and Success of the Grand Project. And after he had thoroughly inform'd him of the Posture of Affairs, he made a *Tour* in the Garden of *Aranjuez*, expecting a favourable Answer from his Dear Princess.

The Princess's long Absence had produc'd a more extraordinary Effect in the Cardinal's Heart than he imagin'd it wou'd. The Heart of Man is like a Fat Soil, where Love sows it's Seed, and as soon as 'tis in the Ground it sprouts out and becomes a perfect Plant; so, the first Emotions which the Duke felt, for this Fair Lady caus'd a Warmth which insensibly kindl'd into a real Flame. And now there's nothing that he desires of Heaven more than to have the League between them yet closer, to crown their Friendship by Marriage, for all his Hopes were center'd in her, and without her, he cou'd never expect to be happy and contented.

'Twas in vain for him to walk in the Garden, he saw no body that he wanted to see, and cou'd'n get the least Intelligence what was become of his belov'd

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Eumene. The Bower where he had tasted so many Delicious Pleasures with her now look'd hateful to him, when he mist the Person for whom his Heart languish'd. He was almost dead with Grief to think the Letter he had written Yesterday, shou'd have no better Success. For he cou'd not question, but that if she had the least Tenderness for him, she wou'd seek for an Opportunity to sweeten the Pains which she knew her Absence caus'd in him. In these unpleasant Meditations he wander'd to the End of the Garden, which led him to a little Valley surrounded with Shady Groves. He was delighted with the Face of this Solitude, and in the Height of his Melancholly Musements, he sat down under the Branch of a Tree, and talkt thus to himself. I thought indeed that Fortune wou'd oppose my Happiness on this Occasion. Hitherto she has giv'n me nothing but pleasant Draughts, the bitter Potion is to come. All that I have undertaken has prosper'd with me, and now I am to change my Tone, to complain of my Sad and Lamentable Condition! Is this the Goddess thou hast all thy Life time ador'd? Do's she turn her Back upon thee when thou want'st her most. Here

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he made a general Review of all the Princesses he had known in *France* and *Spain*, to disengage himself from his Passion for the last, and banish the Image of *Eumene* out of his Breast, since she was so ungrateful, so little sensible of his Affection and Merit, and despis'd rather than encourag'd his Devotion. But as 'tis impossible to hold Water in a Sieve, so 'twas impossible to fix his Roving Thoughts. He cou'd think of no Beauty so perfect as *Eumene's*, he cou'd not hope for the least Content in the Fruition of the most charming of 'em all. 'Twas *Eumene*, who by the Graces of her Mind and her Body, cou'd disperse the Gloomy Clouds of his melancholly Ideas. Ah Coward, he cry'd, Cou'dst thou not resist the Attacks of Love? Thou, who hast stood out against so many Illustrious Beauties, and never before knew what 'twas to be subject to *Cupid's* Tyranny. Ah Cruel Destiny! Why hast thou stopt the Course of my Felicities? And when I expected to be the most happy, render'd me the most miserable of Men, Why hast thou permitted the Blind God to fix his Arrow in my Heart? If thou wilt not, that the Lovely Princess for whom I sigh,

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sigh, shall heal the Wound which she has made. In this doleful Frame of Spirit, was the Duke unworthy of the Character of an Ambassador from the Most Christian King, on whose Dexterity and Diligence depended the best Part of the Old World and all the New. What shall we say? Love is the greatest Tyrant in Nature, and the Great Lewis, who stands foremost in that Damnable Roll, has himself more than once, been sighing at the Feet of a Common Jilt, while his Flatterers have been inventing more Glorious and Hyperbolical Titles for him, than the Emperors of the East assume to themselves. And well may the Duke of *Harcourt* be allow'd to waste some Minutes on his Amourous Contemplations, since his Master has set him such an Example.

He was scarce at an End of his Soliloquies, when he spy'd *Servilio* coming towards him thro' the Wood, where he had been in hunt of him. He demanded of him if he had any Extraordinary News, otherwise he was to blame to come and disturb his Meditations, and bad him to stay where he was, his Page told him, that there was one of his own Quality

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sity in the Garden, whom he did'n know, that desir'd to pay his Respect to His Excellency.

The Duke guessing the Youth brought him an Answer to the Letter he wrote Yesterday to *Eumene*, rose to meet the Page, and already excus'd the Lady to himself, and begg'd Pardon for suspecting her Honour and Fidelity. He was not deceiv'd in the main, for tho' the Letter did not come from *Eumene*, 'twas an Answer to that which he had written, and came from *Olinda*.

My Lord !

TIS not commendable in a Person of your Character and Quality, whose Merit is rever'd by the whole Town, to endeavour to betray a young Princess by your Secret and Amorous Intrigues. We know very well what is the meaning of this Gallantry and Love Conversations, which are so frequent now a days. When we don't provide against them betimes, we are in danger of repenting of our Negligence as long as we live. 'Tis easy to abuse a Young Body without Experience, and we ought not to make a Wonder of the Favours they grant. For not knowing the
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Consequence of her Liberality, she may innocently be too lavish of it. But consider, I say consider prudently with your self, whether it wou'd not be more decent, in case you design to marry, to make your Addresses to the Princess Olinda, the Lady Eumene's Aunt, and formally to demand her in Marriage, rather than by your Fault expose Eumene to Disgrace, and her Aunt to the Railery of all the World, who will not accuse you, but throw all the Blame on the Princess Olinda, for taking no more Care of her Niece. In the mean time I can assure you, that if you will so far honour that Princess as to talk to her about your Amours, Olinda, who is the most civil of Women, will contribute with all her Heatt to the Satisfaction of your Honourable Desires.

Adieu.

The Duke cou'd not tell what to make of the Letter, he perceiv'd plainly enough, that the Lady to whom he gave his Billet the Day before, had discover'd the Secret, and that the Person in whose Hands his Letter had fall'n, took his Meaning in the worst Sense. But he,

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with all his Cunning, cou'dn imagine who it was that had sent him this Epistle, there being no Name to it. 'Twas absolutely necessary therefore for his Peace and Satisfaction to talk with *Eumene* herself. The Proposal to ask *Eumene* in Marriage of her Aunt, was indeed some small Comfort to him. Yet he did not care to push the Matter so far at once. He was like some other Lovers, willing to enjoy the Pleasures of Expectation a little longer, and those Joys not being new to him, his Passion wanted to be rais'd by Difficulties. He for this Reason, resolv'd not to be too hasty in his Visit to *Olinda*, and hoping the Business wou'd have another Turn, to wait till he cou'd have an Opportunity to talk to *Eumene*, upon which they might easily rid themselves of the Trouble of a Guardian. In this Resolution he staid some time, but at last his Curiosity tempted him to change and to try what wou'd be his Fortune at the Princess *Olinda's*, imagining his Visit might facilitate his meeting with *Eumene*, and afterwards they Two cou'd settle their future Correspondence in what Method they pleas'd.

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He askt of the Page Who gave him the Letter? the Youth answer'd the same Lady to whom his Excellency had giv'n his own Yesterday. Very well says the Duke, Present my Most Humble Service to her, and tell her I will not fail too morrow to do my self the Honour to wait on the Princess *Olinda*.

We own Love had a great Ascendant over this Lord, yet we must injustice acknowledge, that he was never so far transported with that Passion, as not always to be entirely his own Master. He had so many other things in his Head, that tho' Love is a very busy impertinent Guest in a Mans Mind, yet sometimes Glory and Honour wou'd juttle him out or drive him up into a Corner. He was not long after overtaken by a Fit of Ambition and Politicks, and begging *Cupid's* Pardon for a small time, he apply'd himself to the great Work of the Succession, that he might not lose any Advantage towards promoting his Master's Interest, and to bring his Projects to the desir'd Effect. Being come home, he commanded *Roderick* to go to the Cardinal, and in his Name to desire half an Hour's Audience, that an Accident had happen'd to him, which he wou'd fain

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communicate, and he hop'd His Eminence wou'd not stand upon Ceremonies.

In a short time *Roderick* return'd, and brought back word that the Cardinal had not been at home all Day, and his Servants did'n know where he was. This News seem'd strange to the Duke, for knowing all *Portocarrero's* Secrets, he cou'd not imagine whither he was gone, and what cou'd keep him so long out of the Way. Sometimes he fancy'd he was at *Montpellier's* to take a Turn in her Garden, and divert himself in some Chit Chat. For Alas! the Poor Monk 'twas well known in that Quarter cou'd do no more. Sometimes Jealousie, for in that he was naturally of a *Spanish* Disposition, put it into his Head that he might be with *Eumene*, and that perhaps 'twas he who had sent him the last Billet.

He was out in all his Conjectures, *Portocarrero* had been meditating on the long Conference which he had had with the Duke of *Harcourt*, and on the Misfortunes that might happen to him, if a Prince shou'd mount the Throne of *Spain* who was not favourable to him. He saw well, that 'twas of the last Importance

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tance to him, that the Duke of *Anjou*, the Dauphin's Second Son shou'd be call'd to the *Spanish* Empire, because he was promis'd, in case it was so order'd, that he shou'd not only be maintain'd in the High Dignity of which he was actually possess'd, but that his Power shou'd be augmented, and his Riches increas'd. Let us ask then the Impartial Reader, if he believes there's ever a Priest in Christendom, who wou'd not sell his Country and his Gods for the same Consideration. He was transported to think, that the *Great Lewis*, and the Duke of *Anjou* his Grandson, wou'd, besides the Respect they ow'd him as a Cardinal, Primate of all *Spain*, and the Second Person in the Monarchy, live with him like a Friend and a Son, and above all, that during the *Inter-regnum*, he was to pocket all the Revenues of the Crown, and govern absolutely the several Kingdoms that were subject to it.

Let us again put it to the Reader, whether Three Months Revenues of the Crown of *Spain*, amounting to above Twelve Hundred Thousand Pounds Sterling, and the Boundless Power, a Chain almost as strong with the Priest-

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hood as Gold, of an Arbitrary Monarchy, were not enough to tempt and damn the whole Conclave, with Infallibility at the Head of them, Who then can blame the poor Sniveling Monk of Toledo, for making so good a Bargain with the Devil? And after he had been guilty of Vices enough before, to lock him up for a Thousand Ages in Purgatory, to stay there a few Years longer on so valuable a Consideration, and that must be a very dear Indulgence that could'n be purchas'd for a Doubloon, had the Crime been ten times worse than it was, if 'tis possible that any thing can be worse than betraying his Country, and selling a whole Empire for Slaves.

Ah *Portocarrero* says he, exulting with Joy at a New Thought come into his Noddle. How may'st thou fill thy Coffers if thou wert elevated to the Throne of this Mighty Empire. Sure thou wilt provide for thy self first, before thou dost take Care for others, that's a Law which Nature prescribes, and thou wilt be regular in thy Obedience.

'Twill be time enough to keep thy Word, when thou can'st not maintain thy

thy Dignity without it. There is nothing that ought to give thee any manner of Umbrage. The Grandees are thy Servants, and the People thy Slaves. The most Powerful Persons in the Kingdom will do all that thou wilt have them, since they owe their All to thy Favour.

As for the Clergy, thou art entirely Master of them, and the Ignorant and Superstitious Vulgar will easily be perswaded to swear Homage and Fealty to Thee.

'Tis true indeed, the Pope may not approve of thy Design in all its Branches. He may be of Opinion that a Monk cannot govern as he ought to do, so Potent a Monarchy, and that there can't be much expected from such a Sovereign. Alas! The Holy Father will not look at home, if he did, he'd find the same Reason good against himself, that's made use of against me. Besides, the Apostolick Vicar ought to remember, that we who are let into the Secret of the Tricks and Cheats, by which His Holiness and his Ministers rule the *Roman* Catholick Nations, know his Pious Care of States is pure grimace, and that he cares not if all the Kingdoms of *Europe* were damn'd, if
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he cou'd enlarge the Patrimony of *St. Peter* an Inch by it. Have we not various Examples of Monks getting into the Throne, and when *Casimix* King of *Poland*, put on a Cowl and threw himself into a Cloyster, Who wou'd have blam'd him for endeavouring to remount the Throne he had poorly abdicated. No, No, on the contrary, the Generous *Poles* wou'd have taken him out of his Retirement, which he refusing, and preferring a Monks Cap to a Royal Crown, they oblig'd him to shave his Pate and turn Fryer in earnest, that it might be an Eternal Memorial of Honour to their Nation to have had a Monk Lord and King of their Free Republick. Are not these Arguments strong enough *Portocarrero* to weigh with thee to establish thy own Fortune rather than expose it to the Mercy of a Master.

Think with thy self on the Falshood of the Court of *France* 'tis known to all the World, there's no Prince more liberal of his Promises than the *Grand Lewis*, but when he is to perform them, you find him quite another Man. He has forgot all that he said, Has he not rais'd himself to the Height that he boasts of by
 Fraud

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Fraud and Treason, by fair Words and wicked Deeds. Strip this Jay of the Feathers which he stole, and the little Diminutive Bird will look naked and contemptible, who struts now like a Peacock. Think with thy self well, ponder it Night and Day, whether thou can'st trust to a Prince, whose Credit is abandon'd as common Sharpers; manage thy self dextrously, and when *Charles's* Breath is out of his Body, slip into his Throne a lucky Thought, *Portocarrero!* Be upon thy Guard, act thy Part weil; thou need'st not discover thy Intentions to any Body but the Queen, and when thou art at the Helm with her, take her to thy Bed, the Pope will not dare to deny thee a Dispensation were it to marry thy Mother, when thou hast the Imperial Sword in thy Hand. She's a Beautiful Princess, and respects thee more than any Man living, make her thy Wife, throw off thy red Hat, and put on a Crown of Gold, thy Interest and her's will fix thee on the Throne.

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He came to this Conclusion in himself, and then went to Court, not doubting of the Success of his Enterprize, and having the Priviledge of going in and out at the King's Privy Chamber, he enter'd now without giving notice. He found the King and the Queen together, he fell into Discourse with them on several Affairs of State, and the Queen knowing he was very learned and curious in Medals, desir'd him to spend the Afternoon with her, and help to put her Closet in order, which lately had been in some Confusion. This Proposal was wonderfully welcome to the Cardinal, who hop'd by that means to have Occasion to discover his Sentiments, and consult with her about his Chimerical Project.

When he came, she conducted him into her Closet, and pray'd him to pull out the first Drawer that came to his Hand, and in ranging the Medals in their proper Place, Time and Order, she begg'd him to explain to her on what Account, and at what time they were *Struck*.

We will not trouble the Reader with a particular Description of all the Medals which were in her Closet, because we have undertaken only to write the History of Cardinal Portocarrero's Amorous Intrigues: However, we'll venture to describe some of them, and those especially that relate to our Subject, and are most worthy of Admiration.

He began to separate the Meddals one from another, and the Queen accompany'd him in the Work. She took out three at a time, representing three Kings of Denmark, Frederick the First, Christian the Third, and Frederick the Second. Frederick the first is drawn with his Wife, and on the Image there was this Inscription, *In Manu Domini omnis Potestas Terræ*. On the second Medal was engrav'd the Busto of Christian the third, with these words round it, *Christianus tertius D. G. Danor. Rex*, and on the Reverse, these, *Unica Spes mea Christus*. This Medal was struck in 1541, after the League of Bremen, in High Dutch, *Bremse Brörschen Bund*, the Confederacy of Bremen. On the third which Frederick, the second caus'd to be struck, was represented Fortune, on a Globe, with Wings, the Device is in Italian, *Fidelta è cosa rara*.
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Indeed, says the Queen, these Princes we must own were very godly to confess their Subjection to the Almighty Power, even in such trivial things as Medals, and to observe an exact Fidelity, which is very rare to be met with in this World ; saying this, she look'd on the Cardinal, who laugh'd from the Teeth outward, being satisfy'd that the Queen wou'd not have talk'd so particularly of Fidelity, unless she had some more than ordinary meaning by it. His Colour came and went, and he had like to have betray'd himself, and given her to know that she had touch'd him in the most sensible part, and where he was so sore that the least rub put him to a great deal of Pain, for in truth he was the very Reverse of Fidelity. His Life had been one continual Series of cheating, tricking and falsehood : He had from his Youth liv'd like a Player on a Stage, always acting a Part which did'n belong to him. But to prevent her taking notice of his Disorder, he on went pulling out the Drawers, till he had examin'd all the Medals, and at last hit upon King *Frederick* the Second's, with this Motto, *Fidelity is a very rare thing* : 'Tis true, said he, we must acknowledge there's
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nothing under the Sun so scarce as an inviolable Fidelity, and above all things, 'twere to be wish'd one cou'd find it at Court, where commonly we see nothing but Flattery, Deceit, a fair Outside, and all within treacherous and false. Courtiers are like those Apples which grow on the Lake of Gomorrah, fine in Appearance, but touch 'em and they'll crumble to Dust.

But after all, in my poor Judgment, this Virtue which is so much esteem'd, the Constancy of Friendship, tho' a very rare and desirable thing, is not to be compar'd to the tie between two Hearts that are united by Marriage, that Union is perfect one Mind and one Body. Your Majesty in a great Measure has experienc'd the truth of this Proposition with the King your Husband: However, you have scarce arriv'd to the Borders of this transcendent Virtue, you have not known the Perfections of the Conjugal Endearment, and how much two Souls are ally'd, how near the Union is between them which is made by Children born of them both. When I have reflected on this, I have often admir'd how your Majesty bears the want of Posterity so patiently as you do, especially considering

ring the great Danger *Spain* is in on that Account.

He said no more, and indeed for the first time he had open'd his Love Case as far as he durst venture to explain himself; he stop'd, to give the Queen time to continue the Conversation, and was afraid to come closer to the Point, and discover his fine Project. Her Majesty answer'd, she ought not to murmur against the Will of Heaven, that she was oblig'd in all things to govern and regulate her Actions by the divine Pleasure, and to rest content with what Heaven has ordain'd. At these words, she took up one of the Medals that came first to hand, 'twas of Silver, and round it was engrav'd this Motto, X. R. S. L. H. S. *Elegit me Regem Populo suo.* *Portocarrero* explain'd the meaning of it, he told her 'twas a Medal of *Christian*, King of *Denmark*, that it was struck in the Year 1548, after that Prince had obtain'd a Victory over the *Sweeds*, whom he pretended to treat as Rebels. The Cardinal cou'd not forbear admiring, to see a Tyrant have the Fear of God so much before his Eyes, as to choose such a Devise so holy, and becoming a good Chri-

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Christian. Perhaps, he said, the King did it to hide his Cruelty with the Cloak of Devotion, by that means to give the rein to his Rage the more safely for himself.

The Queen interrupted him, A Tyrant? Was he a Tyrant, and did he ever think of God and Heaven? No, no, *Portocarrero*, you must be mistaken; he wou'd not have had these Words in his Mouth, if the Devil had been in his Heart, and he always dwells in the Heart of a Tyrant, Tyranny is the Model of his infernal Empire, and cruel Arbitrary Kings have their Instructions and Examples from Hell. The Cardinal reply'd, I wou'd by no means contradict your Majesty, but the truth of History confirms what I have said of him, and the Massacre of *Stockholm* is enough to brand him with that odious Name, if he had not committed other abominable Cruelties to deserve the Title of a Wicked Barbarous King. When he mounted the Throne, in the Year 1520, he spar'd neither Age nor Sex, he murder'd the old Man Bedridden, and the Infant in the Cradle; the grave Matron, and the growing Maid, Virgins were first abandon'd to the Lust, and then

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then to the Fury of his Soldiers, and there was no sort of Persons of what Quality or Condition soever, that did not feel the cruel Effects of his Tyranny. Your Majesty may find a large Relation of the Slaughter and Spoil with which he wasted the Kingdom of *Sweden*, in a History of one of the most considerable Houses of that Kingdom.

Heaven had bless'd the Father of this Family with two Sons, one of Eight, and the other of Five Years of Age; the Tyrant commanded both of them to be ty'd to a Tree by the Hair of their Heads, and order'd the Hangman to cut off the Head of one of them, and let the Body fall to the Ground, which he executed, and as he was going to serve the other in the same manner, the Executioner had more pity of him than the Villain that sat on his Throne; for the poor Child having begg'd him not to spill Blood on his Shirt, as he had done on his Brothers, because his Mother wou'd chide him for't; the Hangman was so mov'd by Compassion, that he refus'd to execute the Tyrant's bloody Command on the unhappy Youth. But he whom Nature design'd for a Hang-
Man,

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man, and Fortune had made a King, order'd another Rascal to do the horrible Execution.

Ah! says the Queen, I tremble at the thought of so inhuman a Monster, let us look over the other Medals. *Portocarrero* at that very Instant was seiz'd with an Aguish Fit, his Blood curl'd in his Veins, and he shudder'd as guilty Men quake at the Appearance of the Ghost of those they murder'd. He look'd like Death itself, the violent Agitation of Mind which appear'd in the Queen, out of Compassion for the Death of those two innocent Boys, had upbraided him with his own Cruelty, and awaken'd his slumbring Conscience.

To lull her asleep again, he took up another Medal, 'twas a very large one, on it were represented the Emperor and the King of *Spain*, and about it were very artfully engrav'd all the Kingdoms and States which compos'd their two Empires, and the Hereditary Lands and Territories belonging to the House of *Austria*. The Medal weigh'd 1700 Ducatts. *Portocarrero* told the Queen that the States General of the United Provinces had formerly made a Present of such a Medal,
to

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to an illustrious House of *Germany*, to make a Seal for their Letters Pattents. This Piece of Gold being a very extraordinary one, her Majesty was so curious as to take a particular view of it, and to admire the Rarity of the Work, and the extent of the Empires describ'd on it. Yet she wonder'd more at the Cardinal's extensive Knowledge, and his Acquaintance with all sorts of curious Learning, she thought she cou'd never enough praise his personal Merit, and the Endowments with which Heaven had bless'd him: He answer'd, tho' your Majesty give me such Commendations as I do no ways deserve, yet they cannot but please me, for I cou'd not believe that a great Princess wou'd descend to praise a Man whom she did not esteem. This Thought tickled him, and the Contemplation of her Beauty, which he cou'd not forbear Ogling more than the Medals, the Place, her Closet, and the Temptation of her Applause set his Heart in a Flame, and his thoughts wandring about the Joys and the Glories with which he flatter'd himself, put him into such an Extasie, that when Reason return'd, and presented the Difficulties that lay in his way, he fell into Despair, and the height from
which

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which he tumbled, was so high, he grew giddy with the Fall, and drapt down in a fainting Fit by the side of the Table.

This Amorous Indisposition of the Cardinal, troubled the Queen a little, she did what she cou'd to get him upon his Legs again, and put him on a Seat. Alas ! 'twas lost Labour, she was herself too delicate for such a Drudgery, and had like to have sunk under the Weight of a corpulent Fryer, which oblig'd her to leave him on the Floor, till his Senses came to him. He was not so dead but he cou'd feel her warm touch, and Ogle her lovely Eyes. When he open'd his own, and fix'd them on her, and out of Pity she cou'd not refuse to enquire how he did, and what occasion'd his swoonding? *Portocarrero* recover'd at the Question, with broken Sighs reply'd. This Place is too dangerous for me, and if I stay longer I am in danger of my Life.

He rose intending to take his leave of the Queen, if Love wou'd suffer him : The blind God stood in the way, and he resolv'd to stay, in hopes to meet with a favourable Opportunity to dis-
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cover his Passion and the Mighty Project that was working in his Brain.

The Queen her self desir'd him to pluck up his Spirits, and seeing his Indisposition was likely to wear off, she believ'd his Eminence may venture to stay with her a little longer, and help her to put her Medals in Order. The Monk was transported to find her Majesty so delighted with his Company, and emboldned more and more by the Queen's Familiarity, he began to fancy the Queen had a liking to his Person. So vain are all such amorous Coxcombs, that a Woman can't be civil to them, but they must imagine 'tis Love at the bottom, and unless the Ladies are rude to them, they think presently they have nothing to do but to go to Bed with 'em. The Fryer was as kind to himself as cou'd be, and search'd into the Stores of his Merit, which he found very replete, and comparing his own Worth with the Queen's Favour, he cou'd not see any thing which was not promising in his Amour. He then cast a wanton Glance at her, and hugg'd himself with the Imagination that the Fires which burnt in his Breast, wou'd be quench'd by the Snow on her white Bo-

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Bosom, and the Ambrosia on her Vermilion Lips ; for thus did his Poetical Genius meditate to himself. In short, seeing Fortune favour'd him, he thought he shou'd be a Blockhead to let slip so fair an Occasion, and wast it in Silence, which he might improve by a happy Declaration of his Passion.

The Queen took up another Medal of the bigness of half a Crown, or thereabouts ; on one side was represented the Image of a Woman sitting on a Throne, with a Royal Scepter in her Hand, and on the other side only a round O, with little Figures in the middle of it.

Margaret Queen of *Denmark*, caus'd the Medal to be struck upon her having oblig'd the Kings of *Sweden* and *Norway* to bow beneath the Weight of her Arms. As for the O which was in the middle, it signify'd nothing but that the Medal was struck in the City of *Orebro*. *Portocarrero* was not asham'd to describe this excellent Queen quite contrary to her true Character, and to say such things of her as cou'd never enter into the Mind of so wise and vertuous a Lady, much less that she wou'd expose her Folly to the Eyes of the whole World. But since

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'twas for his Purpose, he very impudently told her that that Princess meant by the O the part of a Woman's Body which Nature commands them to conceal, to which he incessantly paid his Vows, and in Fruition of which a Gallant Lover plac'd all his Happiness and Content.

We are afraid the Reader will be surpriz'd to find a Man talk so sawcily to the Queen ; but we desire him to consider 'tis a Priest who says it, and 'twill be difficult to think of any thing too impudent for a Lustful Fryer to say or do.

He mus'd on the Medal for some time, and after very profound Contemplations he assur'd her 'twas that which govern'd all the World ; 'twas that which made the mighty Conquerors to triumph, 'twas out of that Soil the most shining Purple springs ; and he was sure there was not a Person in the World who had not the highest Veneration for this Jewel, as a thing to which he ow'd his Being. 'Tis true, he continu'd, I can't be positive from my own Experience, 'tis from my Imagination that I draw these Conclusions, and from a Million of Examples which we meet with in Story of the transcendent Effects of this
Ma-

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Magical Circle. The O which Queen *Margaret* has order'd to be struck on this Medal, as a thing more valuable than Scepters and Crowns, and to which all Mankind bow, as the Origin of their Being. Every body, Alas! except we miserable Monks, are allow'd to enjoy this precious Treasure, and yet 'tis we that support Kingdoms and States, 'tis we that direct and govern the great Affairs of the World, and that best know how to wield the Royal Scepter, 'tis by us that the mad Populace are kept in Subjection, they blindly obey us, and we blindly obey the Sovereign while he promotes our Interests, for otherwise we are the most resty of Mortals; we preach up Obedience to the Crown, but we mean by it to enlarge our own Dominion; for when the Prince is not of the same side with the Priest, Farewel Loyalty and Allegiance. *Spain* Alas! is at the last Gasp, she is I confess happy in a Father, yet how weak, how impotent wou'd his Authority be, was he not supported by the Clergy: And what can the Prince who shall succeed to the Throne, desire more, than to have the Ecclesiasticks declare heartily for him.

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What I talk to you now, Illustrious Fair One! is not without Reason, for as I see things stand, my Brain is always at Work, to find out ways and means to preserve the Lustre of your Imperial Purple, and to put you in a Condition to fix your self in the Seat where God has plac'd you, and of which you are so worthy.

Ah! *Portocarrero* says the Queen, and have you found out those ways and means? what is to be done, that we may arrive at the end you propose to me? Mighty Queen, reply'd the Cardinal, you must so order it, that the Clergy may always love you & continue as faithful to you, as they have hitherto done, and that they may desire nothing more passionately, than to be govern'd by so virtuous a Lady. All that depends upon me, your Majesty may be sure of, the Power that I have among them, I shall resign into your Hands, and will be proud to sacrifice my Reputation, my Fortune, my Life, in the service of so gracious, so charming a Princess.

To come to the Matter, what Advice I have to give in this Point, is, to think of the Propagation of your Royal Blood, or to choose a Husband who can maintain

tain you on the Throne which you at present possess and adorn; the urgent Necessity of Affairs requires on or other, the first way or the last will confirm you in your Dignity, and you have nothing more to do than to resolve on the Methods you will take for effecting the last or the first Proposal. Tell me freely Madam, which will you choose, which do you believe is the most proper, and the most likely to succeed in what we aim at? How's that, the Queen answer'd, with an Air of Impatience, is not my Husband still living, and cannot Heaven bless us with an Heir. Ah! says the Cardinal, how is it possible for so divine a Beauty to sacrifice the Flower of her Youth, to a Husband who is reduc'd to a State of Childhood. Alas, Alas! Poor Man, there's neither Heir nor long Life to be hop'd for from his Natural Imbecillity. Indeed, what cou'd one have expected better from a Creature who was bred in a Box, and never had any thing of a Man about him but his Nose? If you stay till *Charles II*, is dead, 'twill then be too late to provide for your self, nor will your late Repentance hinder a Stranger from seizing this vast Empire, and then every one must bow before

him ; whereas now it may be easie to secure your Happiness, and that of *Spain*. What Madam, shou'd oppose so just a Design. And if there are so many Instances of illustrious Princesses, who have obey'd the Dictates of Nature to please a youthful Lover, and save an amorous Gallant from the cruel effects of Despair ; how much more ought a Queen, the Mother of many Nations, to be careful to keep her Sons in Peace, and secure their future Safety and Welfare ; and are not the means propos'd, such as have been often practic'd on the like Occasions. Not to go farther off, than the Wife of a late Prince, a Royal Confessor for our Church, did not she consent to a more unpleasant and more suspicious Method, to fix a Catholick Prince over Hereticks ; did she not take upon her self the Ignominy of a Fraud, and own a Child which all the World believ'd was not born of her Body, rather than suffer her Husband's rightful Heirs to succeed in the Throne. Your Majesty is in the Glory of your Spring, and she was in the beginning of her Autumn, whose Summer had produc'd so many fair Crops, that the fruitful Soil was almost worn out, and then to bring forth so

vigorous a Plant, was an Imposition which the most credulous cou'd not endure, the Ground being under the Hands of a decay'd Labourer : On the contrary, your Majesty is in the very Prime of your Age, when Love waits on every Look, and the Fires which are kindled by your Eyes might produce Heroes enough, to rule as many Worlds as you have Kingdoms to leave them ? The Queen stood it out till now, and here she pray'd the Bishop not to tempt her Fidelity to her Husband. The Cardinal answer'd, Nature teaches all of us, that we shou'd be as careful to aggrandize, as to preserve our selves, God Almighty commands us to take as much care of our Bodies as of our Souls, and will not your Majesty live up to the Rules of Heaven's holy Precepts.

The Queen reply'd I don't approve either the one Method or the other ; and besides, the Instance you gave of a religious Queen is not at all to this purpose, what she did either to get an Heir or to own one that was gotten for her, was to prevent her Husband's Dominions falling quite away from the Church, and what Sin is there, which

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such a Design does not render lawful ? You have no Successour that can pretend to your Crown, who is not worthy the Title he is to wear of the most Catholick King ; and unless the Church was concern'd, your Holiness can't imagine that any Reason of State, excuses a Wife's Infidelity to her Husband, and Virtue ought always to be preferr'd to Vice, except 'tis for the Propagation of the Roman Catholick Apostolick Faith and Worship. Vertue is her own ward, yet she often often recompenses those that follow her Precepts the very way that Vice took to tempt them from their Duty. *Portocarrero* answer'd, Madam, Experience teaches us that there's nothing more dangerous than not to turn aside from a Dart that is just at the Point of striking us ; who wou'd offer it their naked Bosom ? Nothing is more blameable than to neglect, or not to avoid ones own Misfortune, when we see it coming.

I confess I am a Monk, and on that Account unhappy, that I cannot offer you my Service, yet notwithstanding my Profession, if your Majesty will pass over that Scruple I am ready to abandon

don my self entirely to your Pleasure, and venture all to maintain in your Sovereign Power against all Opposers. 'Tis a long time since that my Heart was inflam'd with your Perfections, and the excellent Vertues of your Soul, and nothing can make me more happy, than to add the Honour of your good Graces, to the Fires which your Beauty has kindled in my Heart. By such Encouragement it wou'd be strong enough to fix you on the Throne of *Spain*, to crown a Queen whom it esteem'd much more than all the Treasures of both the Indies, and I shou'd then despise the flattering Proposals which *France* has made me.

'Twou'd have been happy for *Europe* if the Queen had had less Vertue or more Wisdom, if she had been Vain and Amorous enough to have taken the Cardinal to her Arms, or wise enough to discover the trick he was going to play. The former wou'd have embroil'd the Affairs of *Spain*, and kept the Duke of *Anjou* in the Colledge of decay'd Kings and Princes at *Paris*, wherein himself, the Prince of *Conti*, the *Quondam* King of *Poland*, the King of *St. Germain*, and the Elector of *Cologne* might have pretty well fill'd the Hospital, in Expecta-

tion of the Duke of *Mantua*, and the Elector of *Bavaria*, who we still hope are destin'd to encrease the Merit of *Louis XIV*, by his Alms and Charity. Or had the Queen been so cunning as to have found out the Plot, to set a Frenchman over *Spain*, the High Allies who advanc'd her the King *Charles's* Bed, might by timely notice have prevented his coming thither, much easier than they will be able to turn him out, till the *Spaniards* weary of French Tyranny send him home the same way that he came.

The Archbishop went on, my Quality of a Clergyman cannot be prejudicial, for 'tis no rare thing to see an Ecclesiastick elected and chosen to wield a Scepter. The People will one and all declare for me, the Soldiers are mine, I have engag'd them by their Officers, who owe their Commissions to me, and there's never a Grandee in *Spain* who durst stand against me. Thus did the Cardinal express his Passion in such lewd Words and Postures, that one wou'd have thought he had been bred in the School of *Venus*.

The Queen cou'd no longer endure the proud Proposals of the presumptuous Cardinal, and seeing he came to talk plainly in
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down right Terms what he wou'd be at, she told him he ought not to take so much Liberty, nor endeavour to perswade her to commit Crimes which she abhor'd, and hop'd she shou'd always abhor, and never consent to such an infamous Action, which Heaven never suffers to go unpunish'd, that her Conscience wou'd be a perpetual Witness against her, and all her Life long wou'd not cease to torment her, which his Holiness knew better than she did, since he ought to be perfectly well vers'd in Scripture.

All the Cardinal cou'd say for himself, was, that her Majesty was in the right, and to beg her Pardon for talking so freely to her. He stood speechless and motionless, not knowing what Countenance to put on in so pitiful a Condition, which the Queen perceiving, permitted him to withdraw, resolving to her self, that the Cardinal shou'd have nothing to say of any Medal of hers, as Eloquent as he was on Queen *Margaret's* of *Denmark*.

When the Arch-Prelate was got home, he shut himself up in his Closet, his Heart brim full of Sorrow and Anguish, which he discharg'd in a Soliloquy, according to the laudible Custom of Madmen,

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men and Lovers : Oh cruel Love ! what sort of Malignity is there that thou dost not carry about with thee ? And how are thy Roses hedg'd round by sharp Thorns ? Shou'd I have imagin'd that under many Charms thou cou'dst hide so many Cruelties ? My Sighs are wasted to the Winds, Hell will be Paradise to me, and I shall ne'er be free till I am in my Grave. Hold, *Portocarrero*, pluck up thy Spirits, throw off thy Chains, revenge thy self of the Contempt thou hast met with ; Revenge thy self of her Disdain and Ingratitude ; thou did'st eagerly court her Favour, and wa'st shamefully repuls'd : Go elsewhere, cool thy hot Desires, and of her take Vengeance as Cruel as she deserves. Yes, By ——— here he fell to cursing and swearing ; and imprecated Heaven to crush him to pieces on the Spot, if he did not revenge the Affront in the most violent manner that his Fury cou'd invent, or the Devil inspire.

He spent the Night in these Reflections, which sway'd with him the more to agree to the Duke of *Harcourt's* Proposals, because he saw 'twas impossible for him ever to make any thing of his Project,

ject, and therefore 'twas the best and safest Side he cou'd take, as well to secure his Dignity, as to give him an Opportunity to exercise his Vengeance on the Queen, for pretending to be more Religious than an Archbishop, and more chaste than an old Fryer.

Early the next Day in the Morning he visited the Duke, with an intent to renew their Conferences about the Succession which had been lately interrupted, and to bring the matter to a speedy Conclusion, for fear the King's Death shou'd come upon them before they had determin'd whom to put in his Place.

The Duke receiv'd the Cardinal with all possible Civility, and at the same time complemented him in the Name of the French King, and deliver'd him a Letter, which in terms very exact and obliging, repeated the Promises the Embassadour had made him, *Harcourt* desir'd him to go to work in earnest, and with Application about the Business on which their Happiness and their Fortune depended.

They conferr'd together several Hours, and propos'd several Means one after another. The Cardinal to sell his Country and the Duke, to make as good

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a Bargain for his Master as he cou'd. At last 'twas resolv'd that *Portocarrero* shou'd wheedle *Charles II*, out of a Will, and tho' his August Ancestors had other ways dispos'd of that Succession, this was the only Expedient which *France* cou'd think of, with any Appearance of Justice to seize of the vast and mighty Monarchy of *Spain*. For such it has been, and such it may be again when 'its in the Hands of an active Prince.

After they had come to this Resolution, they parted each to his Retirement, to ponder on the Affair in silence, Solitude being the best Counsellor, and there both the one and the other might with more Ease and Advantage contrive how to effect their great Design.

That Duke was so overjoy'd to see his Negotiation was near a happy Success, that he almost forgot that he had promis'd to wait on the Princess *Olinda*. But this amorous Lady put him in mind of it, and sent one of her Gentlewomen to make him a Compliment in her name, and to tell him that his Excellence having told one of her Pages, he intended a Visit to her; she desir'd him not alter his Mind, and to be as good as his word.

word. The Duke of *Harcourt* answer'd, that he was preparing to pay his Respects to her, and going into the Lady's Coach, they drove to the Princess's Pallace.

The Princess had put on her best Dress, and her best Airs, she was so set out with Diamonds, that their Lustre was enough to dazle weak Eyes. Her Ornaments added to the Brightness of her Charms, and the Duke blush'd at sight of her, surpriz'd to see at once so much Beauty and so much Grace ; he was so confounded, that he cou'd not recover himself from his Wonder, till the Princess took him by the Hand and pray'd him to sit down by her. *Olinda* was not in much more serene Temper of Mind, the sight of the Duke had caus'd there a strange Disorder and Love who was Master of her Heart found her Business enough to keep all things quiet within. She fear'd her Eyes wou'd betray her. For if the Duke colour'd, seeing the Princess. And if the Fires that sparkled out of her Eyes, render'd them the more lively, the Astonishment he seem'd to be in at his first coming, put the Princess into a Passion, which increas'd when she heard him talk of his Love for her Niece, to enlarge on the Disposition of his Heart towards her,

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her, and the Vows he had made to devote the rest of his Life to her Service, how far he was bound in her Charms, and that the only Favour he ask'd of Heaven, was, that their Souls might be more close ally'd by the sacred Bonds of Marriage, of which he doubted not her Highness wou'd approve, and willingly give her Consent to it.

Olinda look'd on the Duke with an Air of Disdain, and he was at a Loss to tell whether the Clouds he saw gathering wou'd turn to a Storm, or blow off of themselves as they rose: At last, after she had breath'd several deep Sighs, she began thus; what has *Olinda* done, my dear Duke, not to deserve a share of your Affections? My Love for you is so great, that contrary to Decency, contrary to the very Nature of our Sex, it forces me to reveal my Weakness, I confess 'twas I who sent you the Letter instead of my too happy Niece. But what greater Punishment cou'd Heaven inflict upon me, than that the first time I had the Honour to see you: I shou'd, Alas! perceive that you will despise the Flame which consumes the Love-sick *Olinda*. She cou'd not speak these last Words, without shedding some Tears, which,

which, as the last Refuge of unfortunate Lovers, began to pour down from her Eyes, with such Violence, that the Duke was a while in suspense, whether *Olinda's* Sighs and Tears were not more meritorious than *Eumene's* long Absence. He answer'd in the end, that she ought to accuse her hard Fortune, to have hid so perfect a Beauty, so aimable an Angel from him, that he shou'd desire the Honour of her Friendship, and to be enflam'd with the Fires that her Eyes kindle, as the highest Blessing he cou'd hope for, if his Heart was free, if his Soul was not pre-engag'd, and if he was not in such Circumstances, that he cou'd not think of it without being guilty of the worst of Crimes, Infidelity; He added, and if to his Misfortune, he was not oblig'd to think that the fair *Eumene* had still Charms enough to content the nicest Lover. Perhaps it was the blindness of Love which made him judge so favourably of her, after he had beheld the adorable *Olinda*; but who can answer for the Mistakes and Follies of Lovers.

Olinda turn'd pale, hearing him make her that Honourable Denyal, and the Sorrow which she inwardly felt, depriv'd her

her of all her Strength. Yet as a Flame cover'd by Cinders, does not go out all at once, but keeping its Vigour, breaks out and raises it self with more Violence; so Love, depress'd by Contempt, is not quite deaden'd, on the contrary, it smokes and blazes till it find means to shew all its Power.

She upbraided this cold Lover with Bashfulness, she ask'd him why he did not make use of an Opportunity which so many gallant Men had sigh'd for in vain? What hinder'd him that he did not taste of the delicious Food after which a Thousand amorous Princes hunger'd? You despise me, Duke, says *Olinda*, and the Flames of my Incense are not warm enough to be receiv'd on your Altars. Begging her Lady Pardon for contradicting her, we cannot perceive she had any Reason to say so, and the Duke must be the Devil of a Man if he did'n think her rather too hot than too cold. I see, she went on, if your Devotion is to be rais'd, 'tis *Eumene* must do it, by the way to call the working up of a Lover, the raising of Devotion is a Cant particular to those Catholick Ladies, whose Religion consists in the Number of
their

their Amours, and whose Directors after they have serv'd them in the Capacity of Gallant till they are worn out, drudge on the Remainder of their Lives in the Reverend Office of Procuration. The Princess having so sharply rebuk'd His Excellency, she rose from her Seat, laid herself down on a Bed where she us'd to sleep after Dinner, and was not far off, hoping to overcome her Desires, by arguing with her Pillow, and to scorn the Dukes Insensibility with Time.

Harcourt reflecting on the Danger, that his Indiscreet Love had brought him into, and fearing the Fair Lady who had already made a Breach in his Heart, might become his Mortal Enemy, observing in her Looks, the Rage which was forming in her Soul against him, thought he had better take the Lady as she lay, and do as a Lover ought to do on such Occasions. With this Design he drew near her, he look'd on her with Delight, and with Pleasure beheld the Roses on her Lips water'd by her Tears. Her Head was one side of the Pillow, he turn'd it upwards, and began to quicken her Languishing Soul with his Kisses, and to wipe off the Tears from her Lips
and

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and Cheeks, she repay'd his Warmth with Interest, and held him in these Amorous Exercifes, till she had render'd her self intirely Miftrefs of his Heart.

What fhall the Duke do in the Matter? He is caught in the Snares of Love, his Brand is kindled. The Snow that cover'd her white Breasts, and the hidden Graces that he discover'd the farther he wander'd in the Garden of Beauty, had made his new Captivity sweet and pleasant to him. Shou'd he slip such an Opportunity? He's arriv'd at the Mouth of the Harbour of Happinefs, he has reach'd the Frontier of the Land of Blifs. Why do's he not enter into Paradise? And why do not his Soul and *Olin-da's* sail together in the Wanton Sea of Love's transporting Delights? The Joy that he felt inwardly in the Beginning of his Careffes, turn'd in a short time to Displeasure. He was agitated by several various Sentiments, all tending to reproach him with his Infidelity towards *Eumene*, and which encreas'd his Confusion, by setting before his Eyes the Impossibility of obtaining her, if he engag'd her Aunt farther by the last Proof of his Passion.

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He saw plainly, *Olinda* wou'd never after consent that he shou'd marry *Eumene*, and that if the Princess her self shou'd ever have the least Hint of his Inconstancy, she wou'd never trust him again.

Olinda's Desires were so inflam'd with the Dukes Toying and Dallyances, that she cou'd not think of any thing else, and when she perceiv'd he slacken'd in his Attacks, she knew how to rally him to the Combat, and recover his Heart by force of those Charms and gentle Airs with which Love inspires his Votaries in those happy Minutes. And so far did she insinuate herself into his Affections, that he was not sorry for the new Choice he had made, though she wanted a great deal in the Eyes of the Impartial, to be so handsome as *Eumene*. Yet in the Height of their Sporting and Kissing, he offer'd up his Heart to her, into which the Princess *Olinda* enter'd triumphant and victorious.

They wasted a good Part of the Night in Playing and Toying, and it being too late to go Home, the Duke resolv'd to stay it out till Morning. They were alone and on the Bed, Love had laid aside
all

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all Ceremonies, and Night excus'd Decencies, so they employ'd the Hours that were to come in a Thousand Joys and Mutual Delights, till the return of Day gave them Notice that 'twas time to leave their Bed, and separate for the present.

The Cardinal that Morning was to celebrate High Mass, and His Excellency had promis'd him to be there, so he once more embrac'd his Blushing, Sighing, Tender *Olinda*, and after he had dress'd himself, they kist till they had not Breath to hold out longer, and the Duke went from his Mistress to Mass.

We do not report this as an extraordinary thing for a Person of his Country and Quality, to steal from a Punk to Prayers, the *French* Catholicks have a particular Talent to reconcile Gallantry and Religion, and can be as zealous at Mass, and in as great Raptures of Devotion, as a Minute before they were warm and transported with their Caresses in the Arms of their Mistresses. Nor is there any difference in the Sexes, as to the Nicety of their Conscience. For whatever it disturbs 'em about, it gives them

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them no manner of Pain in their Amours.

Portocarrero was got to *St. Nicholas's* Church before the Duke, where he found a numerous Auditory crowding to have the Benefit of His Apostolick Blessing, and to say their Prayers under the Influence of his Sanctity and Merit. The Duke was not long after the Cardinal. Both the one and the other was willing to pray for a happy Success in their Enterprize. For the most impious make use of Religion as a Maxim in Politicks, so much that when they have resolv'd to commit a Crime or Piece of Roguery, they first impose upon the People by an Appearance of Piety, and seem so ready to reconcile themselves with Heaven, as if they were desirous to call the Divine Power to witness to the Sins which they are about to commit.

When they enter'd the Chaire, the first thing the Archbishop did, was to look round on the Beauties that were there to assist at his Mass. The Duke did the same, and among the rest, he perceiv'd the Lovely *Eumene* wiping the Tears from her Eyes.

his

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His Conscience immediately upbraided him with his Change, and made him repent that he had engag'd so far with *Olinda*, not out of Sorrow for the Sin, No, he cou'd have been guilty of a Hundred and a Hundred such *Venial Transgressions*, and have slept over 'em as if he had been in his Infant Innocence, but for fear he shou'd lose a Woman he believ'd he cou'd love a long while, for one he perceiv'd he shou'd not endure above once or twice more. He look'd on himself as the Cause of those Tears that trickled down the Cheek of that Fair Person, and this Thought touch'd him. However, *Eumene* is not likely to be much the happier, Destiny having decreed that her Name shou'd make one in the List of *Unfortunate Lovers*.

The Duke reflecting on the Difficulties that obstructed his Enjoyment of *Olinda*, imagin'd 'twoud be for his Advantage to sacrifice a Beauty he cou'd'n hope to possess, to his Interest; and make a Present of her to the Cardinal, he had rais'd his Expectation at *Toledo*, and took hold of this Occasion to shew her to him. He told him, if Your Holiness wou'd see a Lady worthy to be belov'd

lov'd, look on yonder Bench, 'tis the same I mention'd to you when we were on our Journey, and now I remember what I promis'd you. *Portocarrero* listen'd attentively to a Proposal which tickl'd his Fancy, more than the Musick of the Quire did his Ears. He ogld her as if he wou'd have devour'd her with his Eyes, and having examin'd her as well as he cou'd by gazing on her Face, he was so charm'd, that he begg'd the Duke of *Harcourt* by all that was dear to him, to bring him acquainted with her. The Lady having hitherto been narrowly watch'd by her Aunt the Princess *Olin-da*. That Princess gave her now more Liberty, and took her Affairs very little to Heart, having so well sped in her own. The Duke therefore advis'd the Archbishop to disguise himself, saying, he did not question but the thing wou'd succeed, yet 'twas necessary for him to pass for some Foreign Prince, and to be dress'd like a Gentleman. He told him farther, he believ'd she intended that afternoon to walk in the Gardens of his Palace, which were open for Persons of Quality at those Hours, that then he might talk to her, and discover the Passion he had for her.

M

Thus

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Thus did His Eminence and His Excellency spend their time, during the Intervals of Divine Service, and at the Hour appointed, *Portocarrero* exactly follow'd the Instructions *Harcourt* had giv'n him. He order'd his Under Procurer to provide a Magnificent Dress for him, he put a fine Perruke on his Head, and a Sword by his Side, laying down his Miter and Crozier which were cumbersome to him. He disguis'd himself so completely, that 'twas impossible for any body not to take him for a Side-Box Beau, and one wou'd have guess'd him to be any thing rather than a Church-man. He adjust'd himself by his Glass, and examin'd his Locks, to see whether his Disguise became him or not. And finding he might go thro' the World *Incognito* in the Figure he made, he took a private Key, and enter'd a Back-way into the Garden, where he walkt as a Stranger, and strutted with his Hat under his Arm, as if he had been leading up a Dance. He walkt there some time, and when he began to despair of meeting the Lady, he accidentally came to an Ally which lead to a dark Grotto. He was surpriz'd to hear as he enter'd farther into it a Voice, and af-

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afterwards to see a Woman in one of the Corners of the Grotto, playing on a Lute, and singing by her self this Song.

S O N G.

I.

*Is this, Blind Cupid the Reward,
Of my too fond Desires?
Before they're kindled quite, 'tis hard
To quench my Amorous Fires.*

II.

*Ye Powers! Revenge my Wrongs and
(dart
Your Thunders on his Head,
Let Cankers eat the Traytors Heart,
And Lightnings strike him dead.*

III.

*Wish Cruel and Unmoistned Eyes
He sees my hapless State,
And heedless of my Tears and Sighs
Pursues me with his Hate.*

IV.

*Is't thus thou wou'dst my Passion move?
 A new and odd Design,
 By changing to secure my Love
 And fix me ever thine.*

V.

*Heaven in my Punishment is just,
 Since I thy Vows believ'd,
 For she that cou'd so lightly trust
 So soon shou'd be deceiv'd.*

VI.

*But Oh thy false, thy flatt'ring Tongue
 Wou'd thousands more betray,
 'Twas giv'n thee to seduce the Young
 And lead the Weak astray.*

VII.

*'Tis now, to wish to live, in vain,
 My Sorrows ne'er will cease,
 The Grave can only ease my Pain
 And Death restore my Peace.*

VIII.

*My lifeless Corps when thou dost view
I will move thy fickle Mind
Thou'lt wish too late thou'dst been more
true
Or I had been less kind.*

Portocarrero was wonderfully delighted to hear so fine a Voice, which agreed so perfectly well with the sweet Harmony of the Lute, which she artfully touch'd. But the better to understand the Words, he softly drew near the Grotto.

The Sun was declining, and the Shades of Night began to spread their Veil over the Horizon, when this Brighter Sun, the true Daughter of *Apollo* for her Beauty and her Art, enlighten'd the dark Bower with her shining Eyes, as if Day, asham'd to behold a Lustre superior to himself which adorns the Skies, hasten'd on his Course, and ran faster than ordinarily, to hide himself from an Object whose Glories obscur'd his own.

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Assoon as the Cardinal had taken a Closer View of this new Star, he was pierc'd with her lively Beams, and his Soul sigh'd at the Loss of it's Liberty.

The Complaining Tone which joyn'd with the soft Melody of the Lute, the Sighs that penetrated the Grotto were heard by *Eumene*, who lookt up to see who 'twas that accompany'd her in her Solitude, and had listen'd to her Complaints.

She laid by her Instrument, and went forward towards the Place from whence she thought the Voice came, and where the Cardinal sat, she found the Gentleman (for so the disguis'd Arch Prelate seem'd to be) so deeply musing on his Amours, that he seem'd stupid and void of Sense and Reason. He thought to catch the Fair Lady, and instead of that, he found he was himself caught in her Chains and become her Slave. He recover'd out of his Lethargy of Love, and seeing his Sun approaching, he wou'd fain gaze on steddily to have a full View. But he might as well face the Day in his Meridian, the Brightness was too fierce for his Opticks, and dazl'd with such Amazing Lustre, he
cry'd

cry'd out, op'ning his Arms, Ah! Do not suffer me, Lovely Princess, any longer to carry about me the heavy Chains of my Slavery, without Hopes that you will ever pity me who are the sole Cause of my Bondage.

We beg once more that the Reader will have some Complacency for our Amorous Jargon, he must consider, that the Clergy have a different Way of making Love from the Laity, and that 'tis a very hard Matter for a Man who has been bred Ten or Twenty Years in a Colledge, to lay by his Bombast, the Eloquence of the Academy, out of good Manners to the Ladies, who are not us'd to Hard Words and Romantick *Hyperboles*. The Fair Sex are for Nature in all things, and in Love, if they excuse unnatural Flights and extravagant Similes, 'tis because we Men have for the Advantage of Fools and Coxcombs, who are by much the Majority of our Sex, endeavour'd to instill into them, that where there's most Nonsense there's most Love.

The Princess, prepossess'd with the sweet Idea of the Duke of *Harcourt*, whose Image was always in her Heart,

thought 'twas he himself, whom Destiny, melted by her Tears and Sighs had conducted thither, she took him by the Hand, and oblig'd him to enter farther into the Grotto, where they might more conveniently make a Reciprocal Discovery of the tender Emotions of their Souls, and she might have more Liberty to express how much Misery she had gone thro' by his Long Absence, which was the greatest Affliction that cou'd befall her.

The Cardinal follow'd her trembling, not knowing what this great Familiarity wou'd end in. But how can we describe the Surprize *Eumene* was in, when she perceiv'd 'twas not her dear *Harcourt* that she held by the Hand, on the contrary, that she had been so free with a Person of whom she had not the least Knowledge, she did'n stay long in the Grotto, she made what haste she cou'd to be gone, asham'd that she had so openly discover'd to this Stranger the secret Concerns of her Heart, and let him see, to what Excess she was in Love.

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The Strange Gentleman, or the Arch-bishop *Incognito* which you please, begg'd her for Heavens sake to stay a little while with him, to extinguish by her Presence and Charms, the Fires which the *Furnace* of Love had lighted in his Breast. You see he's not always in a Simile, and that when he abstracts it to a Metaphor, he takes care not to lose the Nonsense, for we must again assure the unexperienc'd in those Cases, that 'tis essential in *Cupid's* Rhetorick. He told her, if she wou'd have him take an eternal Farewell of his dear Life, which he had, as she saw, preserv'd till that moment, he was ready to sacrifice it to his Love for her, to give her a convincing Proof of the Fidelity which he has eternally vow'd to her. The Sorrowful Princess was touch'd with Compassion at this sad Story. And indeed, What Woman, whose Heart is not harder than Stone, cou'd withstand such Pathetick Fustian? She answer'd, if he wou'd have her stay with him, she consented, on Condition he shou'd not say a Word which related to Love.

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The Cardinal knew that was to save Decencies, for after she had heard that the Poor Gentleman was at Death's Door for her, What Business did she think he cou'd have with her, which did not relate to Love? Ah! says the Archbishop or Pretended Beau, is't possible that the Force of so violent a Passion shou'd be broken against so perfect a Beauty? Is *Cupid* so weak that he cannot cope with a Young and Charming Lady? I thought till now, that this Invincible Hero had triumph'd over the whole World, and that his Arrows had wounded the most Insensible Hearts. Sir, *Eumene* answer'd, my Heart will turn to Iron, if Love attempts to wound it with his Darts. I am not afraid of his Arms, they're good for nothing but to trouble the Mind, and are always accompany'd with Care and Sorrow, wherefore, if I stay here, you must not disturb me with things that I cannot think of without Horror, it grows dark, Let us leave this Obscurity and go breath the sweet Odours that ascend from the Fragrant Flowers, now the Sun's Heat is withdraw'n and the gentle Breezes Cool and Perfume the Walks.

She

She conducted him out of the Bower as she lead him in, and they sat down on a Bank of Flowers, where the Goddess *Flora* had spread her richest Garments of various sorts of fine Flowers and odorous Herbs.

The Nightingale diverting her self in the Silence of the Evening with her Harmonious Strains, giving Notice to all Nature, that 'twas time to seek Repose, since the Light of the Day was going to hide its self in the spreading Darknes. They for a while listen'd to this shrill Chorister of the Woods till she left off her Note, as it were on purpose to give her attentive Auditors time to continue their Discourse. *Eumene* gather'd a Rose and sweetly smiling sigh'd What Lover cou'd have a fairer Topick? The Cropping of a Rose, Why, 'tis a Theam for an Under Graduate to spin out an Oration, as long as one of *Guicchiardin's* Speeches, to read which, *Boccalini* has reported it to be one of the Torments in Purgatory. *Portocarrero* took the Hint, his Heart grew more and more inflam'd at the Sight of this new Beauty, he askt her very earnestly what she thought of. Adorable Princess, says the Archbishop, Why did you sigh?

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sigh? What did you think of when you cropt that Flower? Of nothing, the Lady reply'd, for Women you know will tell Tales in Love as well as Men, and she being a Widow, to be sure did not sigh for nothing when she cropt the Rose, yet, counterfeiting, like the rest of her cunning Sex, she pretended she was only considering how it spreads out its Leaves, as if it was capable of Presumption and glorying in its Figure and Beauty. And Alas! said she, it scarce lives an Hour before its Beauty fades, its Strength decays, and it withers and is no more.

Ah! the Disguis'd Cardinal answer'd, You did not sigh for that Madam, there is some Mystery in it. How, *Eumene* reply'd, Do you imagine I am fond of being thought mysterious, or that I ought to discover to a Stranger, that which is not fit to be known? *Portocarrero* answer'd, 'Tis not my Fault, Charming Princess, that I had not sooner beheld you bright Eyes, 'Tis Destiny is to blame for treating me as if I was a Stranger in this Country, and yet to make me your Slave the first time I had the Honour to behold you. 'Tis her Fault,

Fault, that she did not sooner guide me hither, to see the Goddess of my Soul, and to offer up the Incense of my Vows to so fair a Divinity. I hope, though late, you will not think I come with less Devotion, than the most zealous of your Votaries, that I may farther convince you of the Flame with which I inwardly burn, I make bold to enquire, which are your usual Walks, and where I may wait for an Opportunity to declare to you the Torment I endure by your Beauty and Disdain. Know, Lovely Princess, my Name is *Dorion*, that I am a *Spanish* Prince of the Blood Royal, I will not trouble you here, with repeated Assurances of the profound Respect I bear you, nor demand the Reward of my Constancy which will last for ever, hoping that you will consider my Condition, and that ev'n Heaven will concern its self in my Repose, all I ask, is that you will be so kind as to honour me now and then with your agreeable Conversation, and unload your Bosom to me of the Burthen which oppresses it, and which the Contemplation of the Rose renew'd. Assure your self Madam, I shall as well compassionate the Misfortunes which have already happen'd to you, as I shall

shall employ all my Power to defend you from those that threaten you.

You have hit the Thought said *Eumene*, that touch'd me when I gather'd the Rose. I admir'd the Likeness that was between it and the Heart of Man, as soon as one Heart wou'd unite it self to another by the Tye of Friendship, it makes a great Show of Promises in setting out its first Fire, as the Rose do's in spreading its Leaves. But Alas! of what Duration is it?

The Lady, we find is as well vers'd in Metaphor and Simile as the Archbishop, and has giv'n herself the Trouble to go as far out of the way for one, she was resolv'd to be even with the Learn'd for comparing Beauty and Youth to the Rose that flourishes to day and to morrow decays. She turns their Artillery on themselves, and makes the Rose serve as well for a False Heart as a Fair Face. She stopt a little to put her Thoughts and Expressions in the better Order, and then continu'd her Comparison.

These Fair Flowers in a few Days wither, and that Friendship so religiously sworn, is as soon forgotten, and as the
Leaves

Leaves of the Rose are gone with the first Stormy Wind, so Friendship flies before the Wind of Adversity, and one Friend abandons another as soon as his Fortune leaves him.

They had lengthen'd the Dialogue, if the Princess's Women, who had been rambling up and down the Garden, had not come together to them and interrupted 'em. *Eumene* perceiv'd by their Attendance 'twas time to go home, and *Portocarrero*, after having delay'd Parting as long as his Invention wou'd serve for Excuses, was oblig'd to let her go, and to retire himself in the greatest Uncertainty imaginable of the Issue of his Amour.

He was no sooner return'd to his Apartment, than *Roderick* came from the Duke of *Harcourt*, to invite him to dine next Day with his Excellency, who intended to make a Noble Entertainment in Honour of the King his Master. The Cardinal for some time deliberated with himself, whether he shou'd dine with him or not. He askt *Roderick*, who were the Principal Guests. *Roderick* reply'd, that among the Ladies, there wou'd be some of his Acquaintance, as the

the Princess *Olinda*, *Eumene*, *Antoinetta*, and *Stellania*, and among the Men of Quality, some French Gentlemen with *Despacho*, Secretary General. *Portocarreo* believing his Presence wou'd not be very agreeable to some of the Company, he made an Excuse, that he was afraid extraordinary Business wou'd hinder his waiting upon his Excellency at that time.

The Duke of *Harcourt* knowing his Eminence wou'd not be wellcome to a good part of his Guests, invited him only out of a Compliment, and was very glad he did not come.

The next Day the Ladies and Gentlemen met at the Duke's Palace, the Feast was magnificent, and all the Company crown'd it with Healths to *Louis le Grand*, for they were all of the French Faction. However, they were not so busy'd with their Politicks, but Love had a share in their Conversation as usual in such Assemblies. *Cupid* mingled among them, and shot many Arrows, and made many invisible Wounds; each Gentleman chose his Lady, and took her that pleas'd him best for his Mistress. The Duke stuck close to his dear *Olinda*, and renew'd his Oaths to be as true

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to her as the Needle to the North. *Eumene*, tho' she might have taken his Respect by a side Wind to be meant to her, yet cou'd'n help growing jealous that her Aunt was too well with her Lover. But there was no body amongst them more forward and intriguing than pretty *Antoinetta* ; she who had till now prov'd indifferent, and in Revenge of the Cardinal's Treachery, seem'd resolv'd to renounce all Leagues and Treaties with his Sex. She had carry'd her Resentment so far as to swear she wou'd never more hearken to false flattering Man, and yet she listen'd to *Despacho* as eagerly as she did to Father *Abraham's* Lectures. The sorrowful melancholly Air that she affected since the Mischance she met with vanish'd, the Vermilion on her Lips and Cheeks return'd, her Eyes sparkled, and shone like Stars, and her Cheeks might be compar'd to those fine Roses whose Buds are not quite open'd, or to any thing else that a Poetical Fancy pleases to match 'em with.

Ever since *Antoinetta* arriv'd at *Madrid*, *Despacho* had in vain endeavour'd to have some talk with her ; he lodg'd over against the House where *Antoinetta* had hir'd an Apartment, and being opposite

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posite to the Window, every time her glorious Star appear'd at her Casement, her Rays darted with so much Force on the Frenchman's Heart, that it first kindled, and then blaz'd out. If you can believe him, she did not come so often to her Window to take the fresh Air, only she had more than a glympse of *Despacho's* Mien and Person, and knew so much of the matter, that she thought he wou'd be a Man very fit for her Purpose; she was charm'd with his Address, and tho' she try'd at first to make some Resistance against her new Passion, yet by his winning Behaviour, by his Civility and Respect, he made his way to her Heart, and she was ready to hear him as long as he pleas'd on the Subject he wanted to talk with her about.

He durst not however make the least Declaration of the Fires that consum'd him, till he had a fair Occasion, for he knew she came to Town with the Duke, and till he was sure his Master had nothing to say to her himself, he was too well bred to put in his own Claim. When he perceiv'd the Lady was at her own Disposal, he was very assiduous in his Attendance at his Window, opposite to hers; and one Day as he was leaning
on

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on it in a contemplative Posture, like a Man who was musing on a Mistress, *Antoinetta* open'd her Casement, and took notice of it; when he look'd up and saw her, he cou'd not stir from the Place, he made her a very low Bow, and she return'd his Salutation as became her. He cast such lively tender Glances at her, that made her Heart beat within her, and at once kill'd and reviv'd her, and she being loath that he shou'd observe the violent emotions of her Soul, shut the Casement, thinking to disperse the Tumult in her Breast by Solitude and Meditation. Vain Attempt! Solitude, is the Mother and Nurse of Amorous Thoughts and Wishes, and it engender'd such a violent Passion in *Antoinetta*, that she was no longer Mistress of her self.

In a word, her Desires grew so warm, that nothing but Enjoyment cou'd quench the burning Fever. *Despacho* was in Despair to see his Sun so soon eclips'd, he lay down on his Couch, and talk'd thus to himself: Whither dost thou fly, my Content, my Joy? Why dost thou hide thy agreeable Presence, and by depriving me of the Beams of thy
thy

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thy Beauty, cover me with confounding Darkness, and fill my Soul with the most piercing Sorrow? If thou art alone, come, come, my bright Star, and let me enjoy the Lustre of thy warm Rays! I will look on no other Light, and my Eyes will hereafter despise all other Glories but thine.

After he had rav'd a while in this manner, he resolv'd to discover his Love by a Billet, for 'twas impossible for him to sustain the Rage of his Passion, without complaining to her from whom he expected Relief; he wrote to her the following Letter.

Madam,

I Doubt not you will condemn my Boldness, and when you see from whom this Letter comes, and on what Subject, you'll think I deserve to be chastis'd; yet, if you reflect on your Perfections, I am sure 'twill not be difficult for you to pardon my Fault; You'll find that 'tis'n in the Power of Man to behold your Charms, and not to love you. The Hopes I have conceiv'd that you will judge favourably of my Presumption, and rather forgive me, than push the Rigour of your Justice so far as to kill me with your Severity,

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city, emboldned me to fly to your Goodness, without which I am undone for ever. They flatter me that you'll make an Exchange of Hearts, my Life or Death is at your Disposal, and I am either Happy or Wretched, as you are pleas'd to pardon or condemn me,

Your Faithful

DESPACHO.

Having folded up the Letter, he desir'd his Landlady, to whom he had confess'd his Passion for *Antoinetta*, to watch for an Opportunity to give it into her own Hand. The Damsel seem'd unwilling to receive it, pretending that she had sworn never to permit her Soul to be caught by Loves Wiles, tho' to say truth, she never was so much caught by them as at that time; at last, her Neighbour, with much Perswasion, prevail'd on her to take the Letter, and she lik'd it so well, that she desir'd the good Woman to assure the Gentleman who wrote it, that she won'd be grateful, and esteem him as he deserv'd.

In this forwardness was their Amour when the two Lovers first met at the Duke

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Duke of *Harcourt's* Feast : Love, who always minds his Business, order'd it so, that they enter'd into a close Alliance at the Ball ; for dancing, is an Exercise the most favourable of any to those Lovers that wou'd discover the Excess of their Desires to their Mistresses. *Antoinetta* was taken out by *Despacho* for his Partner, and now they interchang'd Souls, and prepar'd their Hearts to make way for the happy end they propos'd to themselves. They swore a Thousand times to be true to each other, they stole several Kisses to confirm their Oaths, and their only care afterwards was how to enjoy honourably those Pleasures which are only lawful in the Bed of Marriage.

While these two Lovers were perfectly well satisfy'd with their Condition, *Eumene* was on the Rack to see the Familiarity between the Duke and her Aunt, and that he had not all Day long given himself the trouble to ask how she did, tho' she was more sensible of every thing which related to him than he deserv'd. There's no Torture to be compar'd to that of Jealousie in a Rival's Breast, and there's no Affection so powerful and
so

so hard to be overcome as Contempt, which visibly appear'd in *Eumene*, with reference to the Duke of *Harcourt*, her Beauty wounded several Gentlemen, who endeavour'd to gain her Favour, and above all the rest, the *Marquis de la Bresse*, lately arriv'd from *France* at *Madrid*; he was very earnest to let the Princess see the violence of his Love. Tho' he was a handsome Man, and every way made to win the Fair, yet *Eumene's* extraordinary Civility to him, was more to vex the Duke of *Harcourt*, than to please the Marquis; but Love having a mighty ascendent over the Ladies, the Caresses of this new Lover made a greater Progress in *Eumene's* Soul than she was willing they shou'd, or was aware of: His Youth, the exact Proportion of his Shape, his Presence and Air, gave him such advantages, that he seiz'd a Corner of *Eumene's* Heart, and there intrench'd himself. After many repeated Entreaties he got out of her, to consent that he might wait on her as often as he pleas'd, which equally increas'd his Love and his Satisfaction, since he shou'd by this means every Day have an occasion to give her new Proofs of his Passion.

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The Company broke up a little before Morning, and *Eumene* with the rest went home, she lock'd her self up in her Closet, and reflecting on the Marquis's civil obliging Behaviour, and the Duke's Coldness and Neglect, she cast off *Harcourt* with Scorn, and thought very favourably of *La Bresse*. She spent the Remainder of the Night in the pleasant Contemplation of the Marquisses Love and Respect, and her Hopes and Wishes keeping her awake, she argu'd thus with her self. Am I then wounded afresh? Shall I loose my freedom, and suffer my self to be overcome by Love, from whose Power I fly? That proud perjur'd Man cou'd obtain nothing of thee, *Eumene*, which thou wou'dst not willingly grant; pluck up thy Spirits, tear up this accurst Plant by the Roots, and for the future, live free as thou wer't born, and lead thy Life in Joy and Liberty, as formerly thou wer't wont to do; don't give way to an Affection which will infallibly bring Repentance after it.

If by Chance she happen'd to slumber a little in her Dreams, for Lovers are the most dreaming Creatures upon Earth; she fancy'd she saw her new Gal-

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Gallant prostrate before her, weeping at her Feet, to shew her the sad Effects of her Insensibility. When she awoke, she renew'd her Soliloquy : Ah ! I see plainly the Power of Love is infinite, and not to be resisted, he pursues faster than I can fly from him, 'tis in vain to rebel against him, he triumphs over all, and those who make the least Resistance, are the best us'd by this universal Monarch. Our Female Vessel was like a Bark tost by several Winds, uncertain whether she shou'd sink or swim, sometimes she resolv'd never to surrender up her Charter Freedom to the Will and Pleasure of Lordly Man; sometimes she was ready to bow her Neck to *Cupid's* Yoke, and submit to his Laws, and presently again she protested that she wou'd never be subjected to his Sovereignty, nor own his Authority. But Alas ! she had not courage enough to resist a powerful Temptation, and is in this Case like some Non-Jurors in another, if she don't submit to the Government ; 'tis because she wou'd be courted to it , but at the first fair Occasion she throws by her Squeamishness, and becomes one of the most Loyal Subjects in the Empire of Love. *La Bresse* had the way to please her so well, that the Embers of Love

N

which

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which were under the Ashes of Fear, by his Presence, kindled into a great Flame, and she was so far vanquish'd, that the Conqueror might perceive his Triumphs, she permitted his Love to take such deep Root in her Heart, that she cou'd not live without her amiable Marquis. When they cou'd not meet, Billet Doux the dumb Messenger was presently dispatch'd to comfort them in their Absence, and they were so pleas'd with the Expectation of their future Marriage, that it made the League between them as perfect a Union as ever was between two Lovers. While their Flames were mingling one with another, and preparing them to mingle Souls in the chaste Embraces of the Nuptial Bed; Portocarrero had notice by one of his Spies that *Eumene* was going to marry a *French* Marquis. He sought industriously for an Opportunity to speak with her, but he was not so happy as to meet with one when he walk'd by her Door with his long Wig and his Sword; 'twas always shut, and no Admittance allow'd to him: He cou'd not endure to be so treated, and he often resolv'd to take his dearly lov'd *Eumene's* Heart by force. After he had try'd all the Methods he cou'd think of, to insinuate himself into her good

Graces,

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Graces, and put her out of conceit with the Marquis.

In the end, he found there was no way to come at his Mistress, while the Marquis liv'd, and laid a damnable Design to remove him; he flatter'd himself that his secular Dress wou'd prevent Suspicion, and facilitate the Execution of his execrable Project; he was seldom unprovided of a set of Bravo's, who were ready at his Beck to cut a Rival's Throat, or bring off an unconsenting Maid, to murder a Bastard, or assassinate an Enemy. Employments, for which the Cardinal had frequent Occasions, and without any scruple of Conscience allow'd himself in all of them, to serve his Lust or his Ambition. One of these Ruffians was instructed in the horrid Business he was to go about, his Name was *Mobruno*, an Italian by Birth, a Rogue, who being expell'd the Society of the Banditti's, for the Enormity of his Crime, had offer'd his Service to *Portocarrero*, and was entertain'd by him. He was insolent in his Humour, ghastly in his Look, and of a cruel Aspect. The Archbishop did not make himself known to this Gang of Cut-throats, he set them to work by his Under Procurers, his Pimps and Mercuries, and in the Dis-

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guise that he had put himself, he thought now he might venture to instruct the Rascal in Person, that he might not miss his Blow.

His Eminence, or His Highness, which you will, told the Villain, he was a strange Gentleman, who wanted to be reveng'd of a certain Enemy, who had no fix'd Lodging in *Madrid*, but sometimes took up his Quarters in one Street, and sometimes in another, by which means he was seldom to be met with in Town. That as for himself, he might lodge where he pleas'd, provided he let him know the Place before-hand, that he might send to him as Occasion requir'd. He then pull'd out a Purse of Gold, and promis'd another of the same when the Business was done. *Mobruno* shook Hands with him, assur'd him upon his Honour, that he might depend on him, swearing he wou'd sacrifice his Life and Soul to serve him; the Cardinal commended his Zeal, and very well satisfi'd to have brought his Plot to such a Perfection left him.

It happen'd a few Days afterwards, that the Weather was very fair, and the Archbishop's Spies inform'd him that the Princess and the Marquess were to walk in a little Wood not far from the City. He

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He immediately sent, for *Mobruno*, and engag'd him to shoot the Marquess in the Head with a Fusee, in the Dusk of the Evening, at a Signal which was to be giv'n him. The Rogue, at the Archbishop's Instigation, loaded his Piece with Two Bullets, and hid himself near the Wood, behind a wide Bush, waiting for *Dorion's* coming to shew him his Man and give the Signal. He had not been long there, before the Marquess and the Princess came, the Cardinal was at hand to watch their coming, and gave him the Signal, and pointed to his Rival.

'Twas Night, and the Moon already lighted up her Torch, by the Brightness of whose Beams, Night seem'd as clear as Noon-Day. The Assassin hit his Time and Mark. The Marquess drawing so near, that the Murderer thought he cou'd not fail to strike him, fir'd his Fusee, and down dropt *La Bresse* stone dead on the Ground.

Ah Unhappy Fortune ! Must an Innocent Youth in the Flower of his Age, perish by the Hands of an Abandon'd Dog, a Mercenary Assassin by the Procurement of a Lustful Fryer, whom he had never injur'd, unless in the Prosecution of his Honourable Love. He was so far from having time to put his Hand

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on his Sword, that he cou'd not speak a Word, and dy'd the more to be pity'd, that he did'n fall in the Bed of Honour, nor in the Service of his Country and his King, and that he was forc'd to bid Adieu to his Amours in the Moment they began.

The Murderer fled into the Wood, and the neighbouring Thickets secur'd him from the Search of Justice. The Marquess's Footmen drew their Swords and ran after him, but they ran in vain, and return'd without being able to catch him. So they mounted their Master's Corpse on a Horse, and convey'd it to the Duke of *Harcourt's* Palace, where he lodg'd. For when the Archbishop told the Bravo, that his Enemy had no certain Dwelling, he did it that he might not know who he was.

The Duke was surpriz'd at so Barbarous an Action, and at once seiz'd with Grief and Horror. The Deceas'd Lords good Qualities, his soft and pleasant Manner and Disposition presented themselves to his Remembrance, and transported him with an unaffected Desire to revenge his Death, and to punish the Rogue that had been so wicked and cruel, as to assassinate such a Worthy Obliging Gentleman.

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As for the Fair *Eumene*, she was not to be comforted, the Loss of the Marquess threw her into a Fit of Despair and Rage, she tore her Hair, she beat her Breasts, and behav'd her self like one stark mad. Oh Villain! Oh Traytor! she cry'd, Cou'd Heaven, Just Heaven, look on this foul Deed, and not dash thee into Ten Thousand Pieces with his Bolts of Justice? Ah my Dear Marquess! Has he rob'd thee of thy Life, when thou wert but beginning to live? in thy Spring, in the Prime and Beauty of thy Years. Sure thou did'st not deserve this severe Destiny.

She was carry'd home in this distracted Condition, raving and weeping by turns, *Olinda*, when she saw her, and knew the sad Occasion of her Sorrow, took a great deal of Pains to comfort her, she promis'd to do Things that were impossible, to flatter her out of her Despair. The Princess was deaf to her Prayers and Promises, Ah my Dear Marquess! she cry'd, Ah Unfortunate Lover! too generous, and too faithful to live in such bad times. Why do I stay behind thee? Why am I so insensible of thy Death, that I endure to breath the Unwholesome Air after thou art no more? Kill, kill me some pitying Friend, and let me

follow him to the dark Shades of Death.

Olinda sooth'd her, and by degrees brought her to consent to turn her Despair into Revenge. And the Princess, to engage Heaven to draw down Eternal Justice on the Head of the Traytor who had rob'd her of so precious a Treasure, approv'd of her Aunts Advice to send for a Priest, to discharge the heavy Load of her Heart on his Holiness, and hoping that he would think of a Remedy to alleviate the Burden of her Mind, to sweeten the Bitterness of her Soul, and give her some Taste of Rest. Alas Poor Woman! She little thought 'twas a Priest who had done the Murder, and the very same whom she desir'd to come and comfort her. *Olinda* propos'd Cardinal *Portocarrero* to her, and she consented that he shou'd be desir'd to visit her. The Archbishop staid several Hours before he came, and when he did come, appear'd in great Disorder. After the Blow was giv'n, he went presently back to *Madrid*, threw off his Sword and his Wig, and hid himself in his *Pontificalia*, rejoycing that he had escap'd undiscover'd. And his Joy was wonderfully increas'd, to hear that the Princess

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Eumene desir'd to speak with him, and expected a Visit from him as soon as his Convenience wou'd permit.

Yet, when he consider'd what he had done, he was in Suspense, whether he shou'd go, or send word he was sick. But his Conscience being harden'd, and Proof against all Conviction and Remorse, he put an impudent Face on the matter and went to *Eumene*, and enter'd the Chamber, as if he had been the most Innocent Person in the World.

The Melancholly Appearance of that Fair, Disconsolate Lady, caus'd an Emotion in his Soul, which he stifled in its Birth, being asham'd to give way to so poor a Passion as Pity, and as much as it touch'd him, he counterfeited so well, that in a Minute's time no Body cou'd perceive that any thing troubl'd him. Those who were by thought his Confusion and Sadness were caus'd by the mournful Complaints and Groans of the Princess, and that the Reverend Prelate was mov'd with Indignation at the Recital she made of the Cruel and Astonishing Murder.

He admonish'd her so demurely, and with such forcible Expression and Pathetic Reasons to resign her self to the Will and Decrees of the Sovereign Di-

sposer of all things, that she seem'd convinc'd by his Arguments of her Duty, and promis'd to lead a regular austere Life for the future; and since all Worldly Things went cross with her, she wou'd no more trouble her self about them, and mind only the Things of another Life, whose Treasures are incorruptible, and whose Pleasures have no End.

Portocarrero was quite of another Opinion, yet it did his Business for the present to talk after that Rate, to make her forget her Loss. He hop'd those Religious Vapours wou'd be scatter'd in time; and he was glad he had got rid of an Enemy that gave him Umbrage, and was a mighty Obstacle to his Amours. He had nothing to do now, but to take off the Rogue *Mobruno*, least by one Accident or another, he shou'd come to the Knowledge of the Person who employ'd him to murder the Marquess. Since the Death of *Fernando*, the Duke of *Harcourt*, Premier Procurer to the Cardinal, had advanc'd his Valet to be his Eminency's Under Mercury and Pimp in ordinary; and by the Necessities of his Post, the Valet had been admitted into the Archbishops Secrets, and into a
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more than ordinary Intimacy with him. He thought he might trust him in the Matter, and one Day making him follow him into his Bed-Chamber, he told him, that in such a Place there liv'd an *Italian* Rascal, who all his Life long had made it his Study to be a Plague to him, and that to reward him for all the Mischiefs he had suffer'd on his Account, if he wou'd be so kind as to cut his Throat, he wou'd give him One Hundred Ducats of Gold. The Fellow, who was grown weary of his Old Master, and did'n care to live any longer with the Duke, listen'd to his Proposal, and the Cardinal promising him to maintain him like a Gentleman at *Toledo*, the Young Man swore that nothing shou'd tempt him to quit His Eminency's Service, and he desir'd he might Finger some of the Gold before-hand, Ready Money being in all Cases of Sovereign Use, and wou'd animate him in the Work he undertook, that half shou'd be paid down on the Nail, and the other half at *Toledo*.

The Cardinal agreed to his Terms, gave him the Fifty Ducats he desir'd, and the Wretch went immediately to lie in wait for *Mobruno*, to

execute the Archbishop's Bloody Orders.

Mobruno almost every Day rode out a hunting, and the Frenchman pretending he was out of Place, offer'd his Service to him, to be the Companion of his Sport, and was accepted of by him. The Fellow was very officious about his new Acquaintance, and in a little time the Young Rogue manag'd his Business so well, that *Mobruno* took a Fancy to him, enter'd into a Particular Friendship with, and entirely confided in him, not mistrusting in the least the Misfortune which threaten'd him. Indeed, the *Italian's* Carriage towards the *Frenchman* was so kind, that the Rascal sometimes chang'd his Mind, and resolv'd never to obey the Cardinal's Wicked Orders, nor attempt any thing against the Life of his Comrade *Mobruno*. But the Money he had receiv'd work'd on him, and that which was to come had it's Efficacy. He had sworn to kill him, and shou'd he be worse than his Word? Shou'd he break his Oath? No Man of Honour bred up in the Family of a Peer of *France*, suppos'd to be the Supreme Judge of *Punctilio's*, cou'd with

with Honour think of going back from his Promise, wherefore, notwithstanding he had giv'n *Mobruno* his Hand to be his True and Trusty Friend and Companion, he resolv'd to commit the Murder as soon as he met a convenient Time and Place for doing it.

A Place and Time in a little while presented, *Mobruno* had been busy all Night in the Woods and Meads, following his Sports, and by Nets and otherwise catching his Game. He was tir'd by Morning, and as soon as the Sun began to appear in the Horizon, Sleep, that cou'd not overcome him in the Night, bore him down. He rested himself at the Foot of a Tree, and the Valet seeing him lie there, thought that was the Moment for him to execute his Bloody Commission. Now is the Time says he, to knock out his Brains, or to stab him with this Dagger, and to merit the rest of the Money. He had no sooner said it, than out he drew his Dagger, and holding it in his Trembling Hand, drew near *Mobruno*.

Conscience, which inwardly stung him, warn'd him not to be guilty of such a Cruel Action, and so terribly did the Apprehensions of Future Remorse

morse assault him, that it depriv'd him of his Strength, and he cou'dn strike the Blow. Besides, when he reflected on the Danger he shou'd be in, if the Cardinal shou'd ever be displeas'd with him, it made him resolve to give over the Barbarous Design. He threw the Dagger out of his Hand, awoke *Mobruno*, declar'd to him what he was going to do, told him his Master had suborn'd him, and begg'd him to pardon him for harbouring such a Wicked Thought.

Mobruno, in the greatest Astonishment a Man cou'd be in, thank'd the *Frenchman* for discovering the Treason, for not executing the Orders of his Bloody Master. He advis'd him to go to him, to tell him he had obey'd his Commands, and as soon as he had receiv'd the rest of the Money that was promis'd, he shou'd fly into some Foreign Country. The Valet was extremely pleas'd with the Expedient, and that *Mobruno* had suffer'd him to be gone without revenging himself on him for the Plot he was in against him. He was not long studying what to do, he immediately went to the Cardinal, and inform'd him that he had happily

pily succeeded in his Enterprize, that the *Italian* was as dead as his Great Grandfather, and he desir'd His Eminence to deposite the other Fifty Ducats which was coming to him on the Account. *Portocarrero* was not willing to lose any Time, nor to detain the Unfortunate Fugitive, he paid down the Gold, & advis'd him to stay no longer in *Madrid*.

The Valet knew the Archbishop's Sanguinary Humour, and represented to himself how cruelly he wou'd persecute him, if he shou'd discover the Cheat. To lose his Money, and not to have the Murder committed, was a Crime that the Cardinal wou'd never forgive, and Death was the least he cou'd expect, wherefore without making any Stay in *Madrid*, he took Shipping and transported himself to *England*, and was not the first Cheat that has fled thither for Sanctuary. For *London*, like *Amsterdam*, is a common Receptacle for such distress'd Gentlemen of all Nations. And the *English* know their own Interest too well to enquire what brought a Man into their Island, if his Pockets are full of Ducats. As bad as the Business was, 'twas well for *Portocarrero*, that the Duke of *Harcourt's* Valet

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Valet. did not tell *Mobruno* his Name : For if he had, he might easily have discover'd who the false *Dorion* was. And the *Italian* knowing nothing of the Cardinal's Disguise, he was safe enough from the Resentment he might prosecute for so Cruel and Unpremeditated a Revenge, he might accuse him or punish him in the Person of *Dorion* when he cou'd catch him, and the Archbishop was a Man that no body cou'd mistrust to be guilty of so much Villany. Excommunication was the least that wou'd have follow'd such a Charge, and perhaps the Poor Wretch might have been burnt for a Heretick, for endeavouring to have the Bishop hang'd for a Murderer. As safe as he was in his Disguise and Character, yet the Justice of Divine Providence wou'd not suffer so Horrid a Murder to pass over, without putting him into Mortal Agonies of Terror, and drawing Salt Tears from his Eyes on the following Occasion.

Mobruno, breathing nothing but Revenge, for the Pretended *Dorion's* Ingratitude and Cruelty, to attempt to kill a Man who had done so much to serve him, went to *Madrid*, and made an Acquaintance with some of
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the Marquesses Footmen, whose Master he had shot in the Wood. He seem'd to put so much Trust in them by communicating the Secret of *La Bresse's* Murder to 'em, that they in Return shew'd a great Esteem for his Person, and became his Intimate Friends, tho' he was the very Man that committed the Murder. They were always together, and not a Day came over their Heads but they renew'd and encreas'd the Friendship between them, by Solemn Protestations and Oaths of Fidelity and mutual Assistance.

When the *Italian* had settled such a close Correspondence, and had engag'd them in his Interests, he thought he might venture to discover to one of them, the whole Truth of the Assassination, and who it was that was the Marquesses real Murderer. My Dear Friend says he, if you'll pardon me, as you are oblig'd by the Tyes of Friendship, I will discover a Secret to you, how, and by whom your Master came to his Untimely End. Some of the Circumstances I have already told you, but involv'd them in so many Fictions, because I did'n then know whether I might depend on your Honour, that my
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former Discovery will give you very little Light in that Dark Affair. The Person then, that was the Contriver of the Marqueffes Murder, was one *Dorion* an *Italian* Gentleman, who now actually resides in *Madrid*. This Man, by large Presents, and Promises of things, which I cou'd never do enough to deserve, corrupted me my self to do the Bloody Deed. And see how the Rascal wou'd have rewarded me, see how he persists in his Barbarity; not satisfy'd that he had perswaded me to be guilty of such a wicked Action, his Thirst of Blood being still unasswag'd, he suborn'd his Valet to murder me as I murder'd your Master, to recompence my good Service. If you have any remains of Love left for the Memory of your deceas'd Lord, let this Assassin be brought to suffer the most severe Tortures, and never let his Soul have Rest for the Evil he plotted against me.

At these words the Footman was so transported with Rage, that if he had had a Sword by his side, he wou'd doubtless have reveng'd his Master on the Spot, and stuck the Villain that confess'd the damnable Secret to him. *Mobruno* seeing his Choler began to boil,

boil, vanish'd from his Presence, and the Footman immediately ran to the Princess *Eumene's* Palace, to whom he amply declar'd how his Lord was murder'd, with all the Circumstances of his Death, before and after, as the Assassin had just now told him.

Eumene at first rejoyc'd to know who was the Marquesse's Murderer, and who had accus'd him of the Crime, but when she reflected in her self, who his Person might be whose Name was *Dorion*, and that there was a Man so call'd that was the Marquesse's particular Friend, she was at as great a Loss as ever in the matter. In the end, she call'd to Mind that the Gentleman who had talk'd to her in the Archbishop's Garden, had the same Name, she remember'd that he had courted her very warmly, swore to love her to the last Moment of his Life, and said all that a Lover cou'd think of to gain Credit with his Mistress. It came into her Head, that he might out of Jealousie, seeing the Marquis *de la Bresse* was happier than himself, be instigated to commit so base and black a Deed.

For there is no Action so foul, which Jealousie the foulest of all Passion will not be guilty of; and concluding it must

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must be the *Dorion* who made Love to her, that hir'd the Assassin to kill her Lover ; from that Minute, she put her Invention to the Rack, to think of means to bring the Villain to condign Punishment. No Torments she thought cou'd be too severe for so infamous a Murderer: Ah ! she cry'd, thou art still happy, *Eumene*, that thou can'st exercise thy Vengeance on the hellish Assassin, on the Villain that kill'd thy dear Marquess ; yet do not flatter thy self too fast with these pleasing Images, how dost thou know that the Barbarian is still in *Madrid*.

Here she stop'd, and contriv'd what Methods she shou'd take to find him out, she resolv'd to enquire after him in every Street, from one end of the Town to the other, tho' she need not put her self to so much trouble. *Portocarrero* is in as much hast to satisfy a Passion every whit as violent as that of Revenge, and the false *Dorion* will seek her out first, seeing all Obstacles to his Love were remov'd by the death of his Rival ; he imagin'd 'twas time to renew his Attacks on the Princess, and endeavour to obtain those Favours which cou'd only quench the Fever of his Mind, he sat down, and wrote her these Lines. Il-

Illustrious Princess!

TIS impossible for me, without endangering my Life, to obey the severe Orders you impos'd on me, to keep Eternal Silence, and by your forbidding me to discover the Flame by which I consume in the Contemplation of your Beauty, I insensibly waste my vital Spirits, and the Fires of Life will soon be extinguish'd. I confess, so great a Princess as you are, deserves the Adoration of all Mankind, that I have very little to offer you in Comparison of your Worth: But I entreat you, since 'tis you that are the Cause of all my Misery, since 'tis you that kindled the Flames in my Bosom, which threaten me with sudden Destruction, without sudden Relief: I conjure you to compassionate my Condition, and to grant my violent Desires a favourable Audience. Destiny has remov'd all the Unhappy Obstacles that lay in the way of our Loves, and nothing hinders me from publishing the excess of my Passion for you, and nothing shou'd hinder you from rewarding and comforting it effectually according to its Merits. Why then do not both of us obey the Decrees of Fate, and improve the Opportunity which presents, you to be just, and I to be happy. The ways of Destiny surpass our Knowledge, and our Power, and we cannot prevent what it ordains, and shou'd

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acquiesce in its Decrees. Mind this, Fair and Incomparable Princess, and permit me to heal my Wounds by the Balm of your Smiles to sweeten my Sorrows, by the Remedy that you only have in store for me, and to ease my Torment by the Profession of your Charms, which is the hearty Prayer of
Illustrious Eumene,

Your Most Obedient Servant

D O R I O N.

"Twas a very familiar Epistle, and had not the Archbishop been arriv'd to a great Degree of Impudence, and lust, he wou'd have thought it a very improper way to console a mournful Lady for the Loss of her intended Husband. The Prelate flatter'd himself like some vain Sparks in other Nations, that she wou'd take a Fancy to his Charming Person, and put the Remembrance of her *Frenchman* out of her Mind, that she wou'd, like other Widows, think the best way to forget their last Bedfellow, is to provide themselves with another, and we shall see whether he guess right or not in a very little while.

In the mean time *Eumene* had been on the Search, yet she cou'dn hear a Word of the *Italian*, and when she began to despair of finding him, she receiv'd this Billet, she was over-joy'd that she had met
with

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with the Rogue for whom she had prepar'd so many Tortures in her Imagination. However, she was heartily vext that such an Infamous Unworthy Villain shou'd pretend to her Favour.

She consider'd with her self, whether she shou'd deliver him up to the Sword of Justice, or give him over to a more terrible Persecution, the Stings of his own Conscience, and leave Vengeance to Heaven. She thought 'twou'd not be prudent for her to bring her Name on the Stage, and that perhaps the Persecution of her Revenge, in such a manner wou'd be ineffectual, if he was as he said descended of the Blood Royal: Besides, she imagin'd if she had him arraign'd for the Murder, the matter wou'd be difficult to prove, now the Accuser was fled, and were he condemn'd, 'twou'd not satisfie her thirst of Vengeance, unless he fell by her own Hand; wherefore she resolv'd to allay her Grievs by the Blood of the Traytor, which she intended to spill; and if no Hands but her own were worthy to revenge her for the Loss of her Lover. To succeed in her Enterprize, she saw she must affect to seem kind, to assure him of her Love, and draw him into the Snare by hopes of contenting his Desires. She determin'd to set about
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it immediately, and calling for the Man who brought the Letter, she acted the part of a Lady very much smitten with the Gentleman's Perfections; she bad the Footman tell his Master from her, that she was extreamly sensible of the Honour he did her, and in return she cou'd not give him a greater Demonstration of her Gratitude, nor a more authentick Proof of her Passion, than to give him a Meeting; that if he lov'd her as much as he pretended, he shou'd meet her at the usual Hour in the Grotto, where he had met her before, that there they might unite their amorous Fires, and both the one and the other enjoy the delicious Sweets of Love. The Lady it seems cou'd talk kind enough when she was so dispos'd, and we see by her forgetting Decency, and being so familiar with the Man, that Revenge is as Blind a Passion as Love. And those that pursue her Dictates, are guilty of as much Folly, or rather Madness, as those that are govern'd by their amorous Desires. The Lacquey rejoyc'd that he had such an agreeable Answer to carry to his Lord, and all the way he meditated on the greatness of the Reward which his Master wou'd give him for bringing him so happy an Account of his Message. *Dorion, or Cardinal*

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dinal *Portocarrero* was so transported with it, that he could'n contain himself, he leap'd up and down like a Madman, and when the Extravagance of his Pleasure was over, the soft Idea of his future Joys tickled him again to Frenzy. 'Tis impossible to express how much he exalted the Merit of the Duke of *Harcourt's* Friendship, looking on him as the Original cause of his Felicity, and came to this Resolution on the matter, that since he was by his means going to be the happiest of Mortals, he would gratefully assist him in all things that he desir'd his Assistance in, and to set the great Work of the Succession on Foot, as had been determin'd between them.

He went the same Day to Court, his Majesty who never was very well in Health, grew every Day worse and worse, and there were no hopes that he would continue long in this World. His increasing Illness put the Cardinal on hastning the Execution of the grand Project, and under a Notion of perswading the King to persevere in the good way to the last, to overcome in the Fight he was suddenly to engage in with Death, and to make his Passage to Eternity the more pleasant, he cunningly insinuated the Necessity he lay under by his Duty to God and Man,

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to think of the Condition of his faithful Subjects, and to provide for their Welfare after he was dead, which being done, he might with the more Satisfaction prepare for the Hour that was drawing on, and for the safety of his Soul. The King, who had more Religion than the Cardinal, and thought of dying more than the Archbishop, said he wou'd not confound spiritual Concerns with temporal, seeing he was going the way of all Flesh, he answer'd that he took the welfare of his Subjects very much to Heart, that he left the Crown to him who was most worthy to wear it. He hop'd his Successor wou'd behave himself justly and equitably as a true Father of his People, and govern the Nations in Peace: He added, that he found his Strength fail him, and all he desir'd was to receive extream Unction from the Hands of his Eminency, and much good it had like to do him, to have the most solemn Sacrament of his infallible Church given him by the Hands of a Fryer stain'd with Blood, and defil'd with Lust, to have the Blessing of a Monk whose thoughts ran on the feasting his sensual Appetite, and revelling in lawless Delights. But 'tis the Misfortune of good Catholicks, that as well dispos'd as they may be themselves, they must not pretend

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to pick and choose their Confessors, for 'twill be difficult to find one fit for their purpose among Ten Thousand, they must take them as they come, and make the most of them. The King after some small time to breath, entreated the Cardinal to do the last Ghostly Office, that he might take leave of this miserable World, where there is nothing but Troubles, Intrigues, Deceit and Misery to be met with.

Portocarrero wou'd not content himself with this Answer, and set out all his Rhetorick to make an Impression on his Majesty's Conscience, that no King cou'd be ready for Death who had not sufficiently provided for the Quiet of his People. He represented to him in all the frightful Images which his Eloquence cou'd paint, the fatal Consequence of making *Spain* the Seat of War, how much Blood wou'd be spilt, and how the Kingdom wou'd be expos'd for want of a necessary Force to defend it, if he did not appoint a Successor by his Last, Will and Testament ; that his People, their Lives, Liberties and Estates, wou'd be a Prey to the several Pretenders, and there was no likelyhood of hindering their being invaded on all sides. In short, he convinc'd him that he cou'd not go out of the World like a good Christian, and in

the Faith which he had preach'd to him, unless he made his Will, to which the feeble Monarch, languishing and dying as he was, seem'd to consent, by not opposing it ; the Archbishop took his silence for Approbation, and gave out that his Majesty had commanded a Testament to be drawn up on such and such Heads. The Duke of *Harcourt* and all *Portocarrero's* Faction were hard at work Night and Day, to beat it into the King that a Grandson of the Great *Lewis* might have his Name incerted as his Successor in the Throne of his Mighty Empire. While they were waiting for the Hour which was to finish the Archbishop's Treason, to which there was nothing wanting but the Death of the King. *Portocarrero* had his Thoughts divided between the Hopes of his future Greatness, and his approaching Joys ; he was full of Fancies, in expectation of satisfying his beastly Will in the Embraces of the charming Princess. Night coming on, he prepar'd for the Assignment, and we must leave him, adjusting himself to the best Advantage, and visit *Eumene* who has taken the necessary Measures to bring the villanous Assassin of her beloved Marquess to Destruction, she hir'd three Banditti's lusty resolute Fellows, bred up in the trade of Death,
and

and gave them Instructions to lie in Ambush near the Bower, and as soon as the Murderer was enter'd, to bind him Hand and Foot with Links of Iron, and put a Gag in his Mouth, thus was she provided to receive the impatient *Dorion*, who expected to be bound with softer Chains, and lock'd with Links of Flesh and Blood, and in Contemplation of his Felicity, his Heart leap'd with Joy. He cou'd not endure the Light of the Sun which hinder'd his Happiness, every Minute that he staid in this Hemisphere, he thought was an Age, and Darknes was what he wanted to give him all the satisfaction his Soul cou'd desire. All the difficulty that he found in the Intrigue was how he shou'd come off, after he had enjoy'd the Princess, if she shou'd propose Marriage to him, and how he shou'd give her to know who he was; but to put this Consideration out of his Mind, that it might not disturb his Joys, he prefer'd the first Expedient that his Invention presented to him, which was, that before it was quite Night, and the Bow'r was so dark that one cou'd perceive nothing in it, he wou'd enter in his Gown, and his Cardinal's Purple Robe, with his Train tuckt up, hoping that when his Lust was satiated, the Princess wou'd know him by his Habit.

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His Eminency might have consider'd, that it may be she might know him before he had any Knowledge of her, and that his Ecclesiastick Purple wou'd have been a Disservice to him ; but he was so full of his amorous Meditations that he did not give himself time to look on both sides of the Cause, contenting himself with that which made for him.

We may imagine what were his Reflections in the way to the Grotto, and in what Raptures he march'd along to that which he expected wou'd the Bower of Bliss. But, Ah ! how terribly was he disappointed, when entering the Grotto, those three Banditti Rogues bolted out upon him, and us'd him so unmercifully as the Princess had order'd them. He fancy'd he was in the middle of the infernal Furies, that they had hurry'd him to Hell, to answer for his Crimes and abominable Transgressions ; sometimes he imagin'd he saw the Corpse of the Marquis *de la Bresse*, which endeavour'd with its Hands to revenge the base Assassination he had committed on his Body ; he was going to ask him Forgiveness when he fell into a Swoon, which depriv'd him of the use of his Speech and Understanding. In the mean time the Russians menaced his Fists, and ty'd his Legs together. They were
gag-

gagging of him when *Eumene* enter'd the Grotto, her Eyes with rage darting malignant Fires like the Blasts of Lightning, and from her Mouth proceeded dreadful Thunders, to astonish the guilty Wretch whom she intended to sacrifice to the Manes of her Lover. In one Hand she held a Candle, and in the other a Dagger, a two edg'd Weapon, which had it not been in the Hands of a fair Lady, one might have fear'd was design'd to have made a cruel Incision on the Manhood of the Monk ; she resolv'd to cut off his Ears and his Nose, his Hands and Feet, and to quarter him by the Light of the Candle.

A Bloody Princess! But who can blame her, the Cardinal had depriv'd her of something she valu'd more than Hands or Feet, Ears or Nose, for every common Punk ventures as much as that daily in an unlawful Cause. And cou'd there be any Punishment bad enough for a Balk of that Nature. No certainly, *Eumene* understood Justice too well to spare the Cardinal a Limb, only it had been more decent if she had made use of a Hangman or a Butcher, and not have attempted to cut up a Bishop with her delicate Fingers. Whether she design'd to exercise that dreadful Weapon, we cannot be positive, nor

nor whether she only meant by the terror of the Spectacle to increase his Misfortune? But when the *Baditti* saw that instead of the pretended *Dorion*, they had caught Cardinal *Portocarrero*, so Reverend a Personage, in whose Power was lodg'd the Fate of *Spain*, and that his Eminency appear'd half dead under their Operations. The Rogues, like good Catholicks, were struck with Horror, and a prodigious trembling. The Princess bad them, since they were such Blockheads as to be guilty of so shameful a Blunder and to seize an Archbishop for a Beau, and that the Captive was not Prince *Dorion* the Murderer of the Marquess, unbind the Prisoner immediately and take to their Heels before they were torn to pieces by this furious Lion.

Portocarrero was not so deaf with Fear, but he cou'd hear the Princess talk of Freedom, and tho' he had made so many Millions of Men Slaves, he cou'd'n deny that Liberty was not almost as sweet as Life; he recover'd out of his Fit at these Words of the Princess, he look'd about him and began to make use of his Intellect, and seeing the Treatment he had met with, was design'd for *Dorion*, the Danger he was in, inspir'd him with this trick, to confirm *Eumene* that she was mistaken. He pretended to come there purely to pre-

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prevent the Ill Consequence of Two Young Persons Male and Female meeting in the Dark, add thus accosted her asoon as he was able to speak, putting on his Arch-episcopal Gravity, in a Majestical Tone, What's the meaning of this Rudeness, Madam ? Is this Usage fit for a Church-man? Is this the Respect you owe to a Cardinal your Ghostly Father ? Is it thus you keep your Word with me ? the Oath you solemnly took to dedicate your Future Life to Heaven and banish all worldly Wishes from your Soul, and expell all Criminal Affections? Ought you after this to write Amorous Letters to a Strange Prince, and receive such from him, and now you find that I concern my self to hinder your unlawful Amours, to prevent your doing that which is evil, you in return for my faithful Care, gag me and bind me with Irons, as a Thief or Murderer ? Believe me, Princess, for I swear by my Sacred Character, I will revenge the Affront.

He then rose up to be gone in a Rage, but *Eumene* who was almost dead with Shameto have been the Occasion of the Cardinal's being so rudely dealt by, tho' she was not conscious of his Character, she prostrated her self at his Feet, and pray'd him with a Torrent of Tears to
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pardon her Fault, since what had happen'd was not design'd against His Eminency, but for a certain Prince call'd *Dorion*, who had committed the Execrable Assassination on the Body of the Marquess *de la Bresse*; that she had found it out by the Confession of the very Man whom he employd to shoot him, and that she intended to assassinate him herself, to recompense his Cruelty to the Marquess, that she thank'd Heaven her Vengeance was not fullfil'd, and acknowledg'd again that His Eminency was her Spiritual Father, and had prevented her committing a grievous Crime, that to morrow she wou'd shut herself up in a Nunnery, and in observing the Strict Rules of the most Rigorous Order, she wou'd Night and Day beg of God to forgive her Sins, and thus wou'd she finish her wretched Life in Devotion & Repentance.

After he had permitted her to rise, he gave her Absolution for her past Offence, which was we believe very salutary and of strange Effect to compose the Disorders of her Mind, and cannot forbear remarking what a Convenience 'tis for a Catholick Lady to have such a Lover, who can so easily pardon the Sins she commits with him, and absolve her as fast as she offends.

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The Archbishop in a few grave Words approv'd of her noble and generous Design, and made all the haste he cou'd out of the Grotto, which was at a great distance from the Pallace, fearing if he talkt longer to the Princess, she might by his Speech find out that he was the Prince *Dorion*, and besides, his Love for the Charming *Eumene*, made his Bowels begin to yearn, when he saw her like a Penitent kneeling before him. He wish'd she wou'd give him an Occasion to absolve her once more before she parted. However, he went home with his Wishes, and seeing there was no Likelyhood to cure his Disease, he retir'd into his Closet, pleasing himself with thinking that he had luckily escap'd such Imminent Peril, and above all, that he ow'd his Safety to his Coat, to which he was indebted for all the Honour he had acquir'd, by the Mischiefs he had committed under the Robe of Religion.

But being agitated by Three different Passions, Love, Avarice and Ambition; that he might satisfie his Ambition and his Avarice, he for some time shook Hands with Love, for he was not so amorous as to abandon his Lust of Power for that of Women. He made one Vice serve as a Refreshment to an other, and Ambition
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and Avarice requiring all his Thoughts on the present Juncture of Affairs, he gave himself up wholly to them, expecting great Revolutions on the Death of Charles II. his Master, King of *Spain*. Which he doubted not wou'd cause many Alterations and much Trouble in *Europe*, but what did he care for that, since he was promis'd a vast Revenue, and an Increase of Power, to be as arbitrary and as rich as he cou'd desire.

THE END.



ERRATA.

Preface Page 20. Line 20. Read Political. p. 6. l. 6 r. and recover. p. 10. l. 29. r. thy. p. 39. l. 15. r. up in. p. 53. l. 5. r. who was. p. 56. l. 13. r. longing p. 62. l. 8. r. is like. p. 84. l. 11. r. the. p. 101. l. 19. r. where. p. 102. l. 7. r. your. l. 8. r. redoubling p. 108. l. 29 del. r. swear. p. 114. l. 10. r. in the. p. 115. l. 24 r. lead him. p. 120. l. 10 dele with him. p. 121. l. 2 del. forward. p. 125. l. 1. r. insatuated. p. 130. l. 12. del. in. p. 148. l. 14. r. Potion. p. 163. l. 3. r. the least. l. 19. r. not only. l. 21. del. offer. p. 172. l. 15. r. stifled. p. 183. l. 10. r. Ladies. p. 201. l. 10. r. Popish Priest. p. 208. l. 25. r. went on. p. 219. l. 1 del. r. the O. p. 221. l. 3. One or. p. 224. l. 13. r. reward, dele often l. 18. r. than. p. 225. l. 2. r. maintain you. p. 226. l. 8 r. to. del. the. p. 228. l. 5. r. cou'd. p. 234. l. 19 r. Ladyships. p. 235. l. 26. r. on one. p. 259. l. 25. r. in the.

